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India of To-day

BY

WALTER DEL MAR

AUTHOR OF 'AROUND THE WORLD THROUGH JAPAN'

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PREFACE

THE approaching visit of T.R.H. the Prince and Princess of Wales to India must attract the attention of the West towards the Great Dependency of the British Empire and stimulate the desire of all travellers to see for themselves the wonders of a country which it should be the duty of every Britisher to become acquainted with.

These notes of what may be seen of India in a ten weeks' tour have been framed upon the same plan as was adopted in *Around the World through Japan.* During such a tour most of the great monuments and famous sights of India, from Madura in the south to the Khaibar Pass on the north-west frontier, can be seen; and another seven weeks enables one to extend the tour to Burma, Assam, and Kashmir.

The illustrations have been selected from over a thousand photographs. Where no credit is given they are from my own cameras, and in all other cases they are reproduced with the per-

mission of the photographer. I am indebted to Mr. W. W. Schumacher, a fellow-traveller in India, for selections from his large collection of Indian views, taken in the winter of 1904-5. Photography may seize upon the most effective lights to accentuate the architectural beauties of ancient buildings, although it tends to hide the ravages of time and to conceal minor defects. On the other hand, photography utterly fails to convey any idea of the varied and brilliant hues of Indian life and scenery, or the charm of twilight and night scenes. To do justice to this land of colour requires the talent of a skilful artist.

The transliteration of proper names follows the system of the late Sir William Hunter, which was adopted by the Indian Government for the *Imperial Gazetteer of India*, but the accents which indicate the pronunciation of the vowel sounds are omitted. Exceptions are made in the case of proper names such as Punjab, Lucknow, and Chowringhee, and in the case of such words as bungalow, coolie, and sepoy, which have become anglicised. Alternative transliterations are given in the Index.

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CHAPTER I

IMPRESSIONS

The natives—Resident sahibs—The land of adieux—Social tragedies—The travelling gentlemen—The most popular Viceroy—Discomforts and hardships—Railways—Overcrowded trains—Indian wells—Birds—The sombre millions.

I've seen the old pagodas on the Irawadi's bank;
I've seen the Golden Temple in Amritsar's famous tank;
On the Jumna and the Ganges seen the architectural gems;
But I still confess a weakness for a cottage on the Thames.

I've been driven in a tonga, or an ekka light and handy;
I've been mounted on an elephant, and carried in a dandy;
I've even had a gharri in the streets of Akyab,
But I still confess a weakness for a London hansom cab.

I've met pretty Brahmin widows in their flowing robes of white
And fascinating maidens on a Burmese pwe night,
And fair Kashmiri beauties who are always more than kind,
But I still confess a weakness for the girl I left behind.

I've had the joys of travel from the tropics to the snows,
Of daking up the valley where the Jhelum river flows;
I've had the joys of plodding up the ice-bound mountain track;
But I still confess a weakness for the joys of getting back.

From the unpublished poems of Retlaw Ramled.

ACCORDING to the census taken on the night of the 1st of March 1901 the native population of India numbered, including some ninety thousand Eurasians or half-castes, over 294,000,000. The

annual net increase in population is about 8 per 1000—the birth rate in 1902 being 39.4 per mille, about the same as Hungary, and the death rate, 31.49 per mille,—so that, in spite of plague and smallpox, the total should have reached the round 300,000,000 by the end of 1903.

To these millions, sprung originally from the Aryan, Dravidian, and Tibeto-Burman races, and speaking no less than 147 vernacular languages, the 1,766,597 square miles of territory known as India is "home"; and the great majority live and die in the villages where they were born. Of the total area, which is greater than the whole of Europe outside of Russia, less than sixty-two per cent, containing, however, about seventy-eight per cent of the population, is included in "British India" under direct British administration. The rest of India is split up into about 300 Native States under the rule of feudatory princes and chiefs. The white population in 1901 was under 170,000, and about half of this number was to be found in the army, including British troops, the British officers of native troops, and the wives and children of soldiers.

The whites are generally called "Europeans" or "Anglo-Indians," but both of these terms ignore the fact that many of the whites come from the United States, Australia, and other parts of the world. There is an Arabic word used by the natives throughout India in addressing white men, which meets the case and avoids confusion. "Sahib," which literally means lord or master, is employed as a title of deference and respect in the same sense as the English word sir, and in coining the phrase "resident sahibs"

the whites who live in India are distinguished from the tourists, or, as the resident sahibs call them, the "T.G's" (travelling gentlemen). To the resident sahibs India is seldom or never "home." The planters and merchants may dwell for long years in one place, but even they go home at intervals, while the military and officials are continually moving. In consequence India is the land of adieux. Some one is always saying "good-bye," either because of promotion to another post, or of going away on leave or on going "home"—to the long home by way of the burning ghat or to a distant home beyond the seas. Meanwhile the kaleidoscope of Indian society changes as each new member is shaken into his or her place and helps to form a part of the ever-shifting design.

India is a country conquered by Irish soldiers, and governed by English officials, for the benefit of Scotch planters, merchants, and engineers. You may read the history of the warriors, you may see at a respectful distance the work of the officials, but you are sure to mingle with the Scots, and it may be through them that you get your peep at the kaleidoscope.

Perhaps your first view may be of some such places as Chaugharanapur, a town out of the beaten track, where a new member has disturbed the harmonious working of the social machine. Before the head of the Public Works Department went home on leave and brought back a wife, society in Chaugharanapur was free from all complications. The male white population consisted of four officials, two of whom were married and the other two bachelors. Mrs.

Collector monopolised the attentions of Mr. Assistant-Magistrate, while Mr. P.W.D. was attached to the apron-strings of Mrs. Deputy-Collector. The two trios were always friendly, rivalry never overstepped the bounds of amiability, and everybody was happy and content. The two husbands found their advantage in never being obliged to cut out at bridge, one of the wives with her faithful attendant taking turn with the other couple in playing against the married men. To-day the society of Chaugharanapur is divided into two hostile camps. Mrs. P.W.D. turned out to be younger, better looking, and intellectually superior to the other two ladies. These were crimes hard to forgive; but to add to her iniquities she had dared to marry one of the bachelors of Chaugharanapur, and had proved so powerful an attraction to the other as to cause him to waver in his allegiance to Mrs. Collector. Then began the system of petty tyrannies, of calculated affronts, of spiteful actions and wounding words which no doubt had the intended effect of making Mrs. P.W.D.'s life unhappy, but brought no other consolation to her enemies, and so Chaugharanapur society was split in twain. Ridiculous? Not a bit of it. The position is deeply pathetic and constitutes one of the typical minor tragedies of Indian life.

It is a source of wonder to most foreigners how it is possible that the millions of India are successfully governed by less than a thousand officials backed by an army which consists of only 221,000 men of whom two-thirds are sepoys. It is probable that the success of British rule in India and elsewhere throughout the world is

due, above all other things, to the law of primogeniture and the British love of sport. The former causes a number of young men of character and good birth to seek their fortunes in Britain's colonies and dependencies, and the latter keeps them in countries where life might otherwise be unendurable.

In India the "T.G." is looked upon with envy, as one who can come and go as he pleases, or as a harmless idiot, in that he travels through India for pleasure. Though many resident sahibs know only that part of India situated within a limited radius of the place they live in and the road to the nearest port, the number of them who spend some of their leave in Indian travel is gradually increasing. But it is curious to note how Asiatic some of these resident sahibs have become in their habits of thought and mental processes.

If a Viceroy or a Commander-in-Chief, for example, regrets that there has been a number of cases of assaults upon natives, sometimes with fatal results, and suggests that coolies should be treated more kindly in future, the resident sahibs immediately suspect him of leanings towards the most extravagant ideas of the National Congress, and he becomes unpopular with them. On the other hand, if a Viceroy lectures a lot of native schoolboys on the advantages of truthfulness, the natives read into his observations a lack of sympathy with their aspirations, and the Viceroy ceases to be popular with the natives. Perhaps the most popular Viceroy would be a good-natured figure-head content to draw his pay and leave things alone.

The tourist who credits unfavourable accounts of the country about to be visited starts with the advantage of avoiding many disappointments and of being prepared for many shortcomings. The pleasures of anticipation may not be so keen; but, on the other hand, there will be fewer cherished illusions to be dispelled, and a spirit of tolerance and sweet reasonableness will take the place of the too usual feeling of annoyance. Every defect such a tourist discovers will confirm his prejudices and flatter his judgment; while any excellence met with will come as an unexpected pleasure. If full credit had been given to all the critics of India and the Indians, we should have concluded that to thoroughly enjoy touring in India one must have the digestion of an ostrich, the patience of Job, the temper of an angel, the nerves of a veteran, and a sailor's capacity for sleep. We were told that the food was of bad quality, ill-cooked, and unclean; that the hotels were abominable, and the dak bungalows worse; that the shopkeepers were cheats and swindlers; that the servants were liars and rogues; that railway night travelling was most uncomfortable, and the turmoil around the hotels unbearable; and that cholera, dysentery, and enteric lurked in the water, plague and tetanus in the earth beneath, and smallpox and fever in the air above. Lastly, we were warned that Northern India is always cold in winter, and sometimes very cold indeed, so we were prepared to meet the rigours of what turned out to be the coldest Indian winter "in the memory of the oldest inhabitants," and enjoyed the comforts of our warmest clothes and heaviest

wraps instead of shivering in the barn-like rooms constructed to keep out the sun and let in the penetrating winds.

Although there is some foundation for much of what is said about the discomforts and even hardships of travelling in India, yet most of the dangers can be avoided by taking proper precautions, and most of the discomforts minimised by the experienced traveller. It is true that most of the hotels are poor; but as long as the resident sahibs insist on getting full board and lodgings at six rupees (say eight shillings), or less, a day, they are not likely to be very good; but in the centres where tourists congregate, and higher prices are willingly paid, the hotels are in many cases improving in their details of management, and more modern buildings are springing up to meet the increased demand.

Railway travelling in India may be the most comfortable in the world or the most uncomfortable. On the standard, five-foot-six, gauge railways the first-class compartments are roomy, and arranged for "six seated or four sleeping." There are seats placed lengthwise of the train on each side of the compartment, and above these are upper berths fastened up during the day and let down, if required, at night. These seats are over six feet long and twenty-six inches wide, and can usually be pulled out so as to be a few inches wider. As a bed by night or a lounge by day they can be made, with the aid of your bedding-roll and rugs, very comfortable indeed for one; but owing to their width and the very narrow cushions for the back they are most uncomfortable when occupied by two or three and you are

obliged to sit up. If no more than two travel in the compartment, so that you have room to spread yourself and your luggage; and if, as is usual, your servant is in an adjoining compartment—ready at your call to prepare a meal from your tiffin-basket, to wait upon you, to make your bed at night and roll it up again after serving you with *chhota hazri* in the morning, to brush your clothes and clean your boots, to fetch your soda-waters or ice them—you may travel far and find no railways so luxurious as those of India. But the moment you increase the number of passengers in a compartment you destroy its most satisfactory features; and when the compartment is occupied at night by four passengers and choked up with their luggage, when servants get in each other's and their masters' way and there is no room to turn round in, then it is uncomfortable enough to make you irritable and mindful of the dust, for Indian roads are dusty, and most probably of the fact that your train is running behindhand and losing more time at every station.

As far as our experience goes, in travelling over ten thousand miles by rail in India, a punctual train is the exception, and even the fast trains carrying the mails to and from Calcutta and Bombay seldom run to scheduled time. The primary cause of most of the delays is the rapid growth in the number of third-class passengers, who are seven times as numerous as the first and second class together, and who account for nearly two hundred million tickets in the course of a year. The accommodation for third-class passengers is, as a rule, scandalously inadequate, and the result is overcrowded carriages, over-

weighed trains, delays in setting down and taking up passengers, and the creation of discontent and exasperation in the minds of the natives and annoyance to the sahibs who travel by the same train. No doubt the Indian railways will, in time, make proper provision for the growing passenger traffic, by running more frequent trains, by operating, where the bridges and permanent way permit, more powerful engines, and by increasing the number of carriages in a train as well as improving those now run. Perhaps the Railway Board created in 1904 may find time to insist upon the urgent claims of the third-class passengers as well as to adjudicate upon the numerous schemes for increasing the present mileage of the railways. On the 1st of May 1894 there were 27,144 miles, bringing in a revenue of about four and five-eighths per cent on a capital expenditure of £228,000,000, and finding employment for over half a million people. By the 1st of May 1905 the mileage had risen to 27,749.

It is said that the Thames bargee can accurately determine his whereabouts in a fog on the river by the language used by the people on the bank; and it is doubtless true that the old smugglers could tell their whereabouts on the Chesil Beach in the darkest night by simply picking up a handful of the shingle and noting the size of the individual stones. Similarly an experienced observer landing in India from a balloon might determine the province in which he found himself by the method employed in raising water. In the Karnatic the hard-working Tamil laboriously toils at the see-saw water-mill. Balanced on the beam and resting on his right foot, he steps forward with

his left to depress the end with the bucket, and back again to bring it up, repeating the movement fifteen to twenty-two times a minute. In the north oxen are generally used. In Gujarat they haul up cone-shaped leather buckets which discharge the water from the small end; in Rajputana the skins, by means of which the water is hauled up from the deep wells, are shaped into an irregular receptacle which allows much of the water to escape before it is emptied; and in the Punjab where the water is near the surface the oxen drive a horizontal wheel which engages the teeth of a vertical wheel having earthenware pots tied to its circumference.

Although insect life may offer drawbacks to the pleasure of Indian travel, bird life materially increases it, and one of the great joys of a tour is the exceeding tameness of the winged tribes and the extraordinary brilliancy of their plumage. Even the crows add to one's amusement, and their familiar cawing is as characteristic of India as the ceaseless chirp of the cicadæ is of Japan.

One of the most depressing things about India is the hopeless sadness of the people. From Madura to Peshawar you may travel for months without seeing a smile or any other sign of happiness or cheerfulness. As a rule the native eyes turned towards you show only indifference; sometimes you notice envious looks, but more often the passing glance is one of hatred. As an exception the Mongolians in the Himalayan hill-stations who are different in race from the "sombre millions" of the Peninsula and the river plains, have not lost the art which distinguishes men from apes—the art of laughing. It may be that

grinding poverty causes their dejection, for in some of the most prosperous cities, such as Amritsar and Ahmedabad, we noticed greater animation; but, whatever the cause may be, the fact remains that the bulk of the people of India are seldom seen to change "from grave to gay."

CHAPTER II

THE FIRST CITY IN INDIA

Bombay harbour—The dowry of Queen Catharine—Sightseeing—The *dhobi*—Public buildings—The Towers of Silence—The Parsis—The Arab stables—Kolaba—The plague—Cave temples of Elephanta—Lingam shrines—The Muharram celebrations.

BOMBAY from the sea is fair to look upon, and is always a welcome sight after the monotonous voyage of 1660 miles from Aden. The sea front of the Back Bay extends, in a graceful, palm-fringed crescent, from Malabar Point to Kolaba Point. On the latter is the old Kolaba lighthouse, and south of it the Prong lighthouse, which the steamer passes to enter the commodious harbour, where it casts anchor opposite the eastern front of "the Fort," corresponding to "the City" in London or "down-town" in New York. From the anchorage the view of the domes and pinnacles of Bombay is dominated by Tata's Taj Mahal Hotel, one of the most imposing modern buildings in India. In the opposite direction the cliffs of Bawa Malang (or Mallangadh) stand out from the terraced trap peaks of the Western Ghats. To the north-east, in the middle distance, is Butcher's Island and Elephanta, while close at hand

are the fortified islands in the beautiful harbour, which is alive with ocean steamers, yachts, and country boats. You barely have time to take in the scene before the launch comes alongside, and in a few minutes you are landed on Ballard's Pier.

Bombay makes a favourable first impression with its broad, well-kept streets, sprinkled with oil to lay the dust, and its handsome buildings, some of which are due to private munificence, but most of them to the public spirit which aims to make Bombay "the first city in India." Until the census of 1901 was taken the enthusiastic citizens of Bombay were prepared to prove, with the aid of a concession or two, that Bombay was not only ahead of all other Indian cities in every other way, but that it was also first in point of population. Since the last enumeration showed that the inhabitants of Bombay and its cantonment only number 776,006 against 847,796 in Calcutta and fort, without counting in the latter number nearly 260,000 in Howrah and the suburbs, the Bombay people have never seemed happy or contented, and life there is no longer as gay as it was.

The early history of Bombay can be told in a few words. The Portuguese occupied Bombay Island, which has an area of twenty-two square miles, and lies off the coast of Konkan, in 1532; and ceded it to Charles II. of England, as part of the dowry of the Infanta Catharina, in 1661. Four years later it was transferred to Charles II., and three years after the transfer he handed it over to the East India Company at the nominal annual rental of ten pounds sterling. In 1685 Bombay was designated as the capital of the Western Presidency, the following year witnessed

the transfer of the Company's headquarters from Surat, and in another year Bombay actually became the capital.

The principal sights of Bombay can easily be seen in two days; but there were other matters which caused us to considerably exceed this period—there was a servant to be engaged, supplies to be bought, money to be drawn, railway coupons to be made out, letters of introduction to be presented, and other preparations for the tour to be made.

However much the Bombay resident may protest against the seeming slight to his city, there is little in Bombay of exceptional interest to the average tourist who has seen many lands, and who brings intelligent discrimination as well as plenty of inquisitiveness and a passion for the extraordinary. These tourists know that in order to visit the principal places of interest in India during one cold season, they have no time to waste over unimportant matters, and not even much to spare for the extremely agreeable and interesting social side of Indian life. They want to see the places or things they have read or heard about, to see them well and under favourable conditions, and then to move on. They are not specialists who stop to analyse or investigate, nor artists who remain to sketch or paint; but they are quite prepared to appreciate the labours of more serious travellers, and content to take a photograph of an interesting scene or buy some souvenir on the spot. They are not likely to go into ecstasies over the medieval Library or Post Office, the Early English High Court, the Doric Town Hall, or the mixed Gothic and Oriental

Municipal and Railway Buildings. They will be interested in the Towers of Silence, although there is not much to see. On the other hand, there is a great deal to see in the native quarters; but practically nothing different from what may be seen in other Indian cities. There is, however, the prosaic reason for prolonging the visit until the soiled linen brought off the ship is returned from the *dhobi*.

The dhobi is the Indian washerman; the more rare washerwoman is called *dhoban*. The operation of washing is performed by wetting the linen, wringing it into a club, and violently assaulting a stone with it. The stone is called *dhobi ka pata*, generally abbreviated to *dhobi-pat*. We saw many of these which had been in use for generations, and which are undamaged to this day. The linen no longer exists. We made an excursion to Ellora pending the return of the fragments from the dhobi, and then began our sight-seeing in Bombay.

Starting from the Apollo Bandar near the Yacht Club and its adjoining chambers, we enjoyed the view over the harbour before driving to the Wellington Fountain, the Charing Cross of Bombay, and passing on the way the Royal Alfred Sailors' Home. Keeping to the right we entered the enciente of the old Fort at Rampart Row and followed Marine Street towards Ballard Pier. The Bank of Bombay on Bank Street; the Town Hall, with its grand Assembly Room on the east side of Elphinstone Circle, formerly the green in the centre of the Fort; the Castle and Arsenal; the Mint; the Custom House; and the newer Port Trust building in

Ballard Road, are all close together and did not detain us long. We then followed Church Gate Street to the Frere Fountain, passing the Cathedral. At the junction of the Esplanade Road and Hornby Road are fine blocks of office buildings, and following the latter road we stopped at No. 141, and mounted to the top of a school building to get a permit, from the Society of the Parsi Panchayat, to visit the Towers of Silence. Continuing north, we passed the Victoria Terminus of the "G.I.P." or Great Indian Peninsular Railway, which is in many ways the finest railway station in India. Opposite to it is the Municipal Hall, whose architecture is an effective combination of Gothic arches with Oriental domes and minarets, and whose topmost pinnacle is only five feet short of the Rajabai Tower. Farther north is the Crawford Market, with its octagonal clock tower, which should be visited some time in the forenoon—the earlier the better. The display of fruits at the time we visited the market (third week in November) was somewhat disappointing. At the same season you could buy in London better grapes, apples, limes, pineapples, pomeloes, bananas, and plantains than we saw here, or indeed anywhere in India. The Chhota Nagpur oranges were exceptionally good, and in addition we found pomegranates and guavas. The famous Mazagon mangoes were no longer in season; but we tasted some very good early ones in the middle of March, although they are said to be at their best after the month of May.

We returned by the Carnac Road and Esplanade Road to the white marble statue of

Queen Victoria seated on a throne under a Gothic canopy, and continued down Mayo Road, passing in succession the Telegraph Office, the General Post Office, the Public Works Secretariat, the Courts of Justice, the University and Rajabai Clock Tower, and the Presidential Secretariat. The Rajabai Tower, named after the mother of the donor, and the University Library building to which it is attached, are well worth visiting. They are closed on Sundays. A broad flight of forty-four steps leads to the first floor of the tower, which forms part of the library, and there are 247 winding steps to be climbed to reach the platform above the clock at the base of the octagonal lantern spire, which reaches a height of 260 feet; but the view over Bombay and its environs will amply repay the labour involved. The clock has four faces, and the chimes are the same as those sounded from the Clock Tower of the Houses of Parliament at Westminster.

After tiffin we had a drive by way of the Band Stand and Rotten Row to Church Gate Station, the offices of the "B.B. & C.I.R." (Bombay, Baroda, and Central India Railway), and out by way of Queen's Road, passing the Gymkhana, to Malabar Hill and the Towers of Silence, the funeral place of the Parsis. Your gharri (*gari*) is permitted to enter the gates of the enclosure, and you walk up the hill by a series of steps, at the top of which a guardian takes you in charge and shows you around the grounds. He points out from a distance the five towers or *dakhmas*—three for general use, one for the exclusive use of a certain family, and one "for suicides and those who die from accidental

causes or in the hospitals." There are about a hundred funerals a month, and on the day of our visit three had taken place about sunrise, and four were expected about sunset; and at these times visitors are not admitted to the enclosure. On another day, however, we saw a funeral enter the enclosure—the mourners who followed the corpse on foot, the bearers of the bier, and the corpse on it, all dressed in white, the emblem of purity. We saw the vultures perched on the surrounding trees and on the roof of the Record House, where the name of the deceased is registered, stretch their curved featherless necks and circle through the air to the tower where the corpse is exposed naked to their ghoulish beaks, which in a couple of hours reduce the body to a heap of bones.

The funeral ceremony usually takes place at the house of the deceased, and there is none at the towers, although prayers may be said in the fire-sanctuary. Before leaving, the guardian will show you a model of one of the towers, in which you will see a circular gridiron radiating from a central well, into which the bones are pushed by the attendants and from which four channels drain into purifying chambers. The gridiron is arranged in three concentric divisions, the outer and largest one for men, the middle one for women, and the smallest for children. The largest tower has a gridiron 300 feet in circumference, and its well is 150 feet in circumference. However satisfactory this method of disposing of the dead may be to the Parsis, it is a cause of annoyance to the residents in the neighbourhood, who complain that small bones are sometimes dropped in their compounds or gardens by the vultures.

The Parsis are followers of Zarathustra, who taught the Magian religion to their Persian ancestors. Their deity is Ormuzd, "the spirit of good," and their religion forbids them to defile the elements. As they may not pollute the water, the earth, the air, or the fire which they worship, with their dead, exposure to the devouring vultures is almost the only way left to them. The Parsis are opposed to admitting proselytes, even excluding non-Zoroastrian women married to Parsis, and there are less than a hundred thousand Parsis in the whole of India; but in Bombay, where the majority live, they are among the most prominent merchants, and their business abilities have made them extremely successful. Many of the finest houses on Malabar Hill are owned by wealthy Parsi families, and they exercise a powerful influence in the trade and commerce of the City and Presidency of Bombay. The men usually wear a chocolate-coloured glazed linen hat sloping back sharply from the forehead.

At the Walkeshwar Temple we were refused admittance by the priests, who said no Europeans were admitted. From Malabar Hill we went to the Victoria Gardens by way of Grant Road, frequented by bachelors after nightfall, and then by Parell Road through Byculla. There is another road, by way of Beach Candy, Camballa Hill, and the flats, which we took one evening from Government House to Byculla. Then back to the native quarters, where we drove through the copper bazaar and visited the Arab stables in the Bhendi Bazaar. Here we saw a number of Arab ponies put through their paces by their

grooms, who all rode bareback and acquitted themselves admirably. Returning by way of Kalbadavee Road and Esplanade Road to the equestrian statue of the King, the Elphinstone College and Sassoon Library building is passed just before reaching the Wellington Fountain.

We were informed that a bronze statue of the Prince of Wales would be presented to the city by the Sheriff to commemorate His Royal Highness's visit to India in 1905.

There are many tall new buildings going up in Bombay, and it is extraordinary to see the crazy bamboo scaffolding used in their construction. One wonders how they can possibly support the weight of the workmen.

We spent a couple of hours driving through Kolaba, first by way of the cotton warehouses, which supply the raw material to the Bombay mills, and then past the barracks and as far as the English Cemetery at the extreme point. A reef, uncovered at some tides, extends from there to the Prong lighthouse, six cable lengths south.

Along the shore of the Back Bay are a number of small fish preserves, similar to those we had seen from the Chemin de la Corniche outside of Marseilles, where fish is kept fresh for the table. One of the best of the fishes one gets in India is the pomfret, which is very plentiful in Bombay; and here may also be seen the bombil, a fish which is dried and largely used as a flavouring for curries under the name of "Bombay duck."

It is a matter of some difficulty to find people who live Malabar Hill way, as the houses have no numbers, and it is a lucky chance if you

happen to find a policeman or other native who can show you the residence of the sahib you are looking for. The driver of your "ticca gharri" (*thika-gari*) or shigram will always say he knows the way; but he usually does not know it at all.

When we arrived in Bombay in November the mortality from the plague was causing some alarm, as it was higher than ever before at the beginning of the cold season, and from that time the weekly totals of deaths recorded may be expected to rise, as the plague increases during the cold weather and rapidly diminishes as soon as it gets really hot. In 1901 the recorded deaths in India from the plague were 273,000; in 1902, 557,000; in 1903, 851,000; and in 1904, 1,022,000; and it is estimated that the real deaths are thirty-five per cent higher. The recorded deaths for the first four months of 1905 were nearly 700,000; the mortality in the last month reaching 8000 a day! Even in March before we left Bombay, the weekly deaths in India from plague had exceeded 45,000; and it was worse this year in the Punjab and United Provinces than ever before.

We fixed upon a Sunday afternoon to make our excursion to the Cave Temples of Elephanta, called by the natives Gharapuri, an island in Bombay harbour about six miles from the city and four miles from the opposite mainland. In spite of the fears of our servant and his statement that "it will be a most terrible voyage, and we won't get back until ten o'clock, if at all," six of us went down to the Apollo Bandar and took a country boat manned by as many Lascars, who hail from Kathiawar, the home of the maneless

Indian lion. After a short pull we caught the afternoon breeze, which gave us a good run of an hour and three-quarters to the line of concrete blocks which form stepping-stones to the shore of the island. We beat back against a freshening breeze, which blew some spray aboard and terrified the servant; but we occupied the same time as in going, although we had to sail much closer to the old quarantine station on Butcher's Island. The boatmen were well satisfied with the fare of one rupee each or six rupees for the party.

At Elephanta, steps ascend from the shore to the great temple 250 feet above. This temple, excavated in the solid trap rock, is 130 feet in its greatest depth, measures about the same in its greatest width, and averages about sixteen feet in height. The roof of the excavation was supported by twenty-six massive columns, square half-way up, then a fluted shaft surmounted by a circular fluted cushion capital supporting brackets. Each column is carved out of the living rock, or rather left standing as are pillars in a mine chamber, but of the original number eight have been partially or entirely destroyed. The temple has three open sides or entrances similar to the Dhumnar Lena or Sitaki Nahani cave temple at Ellora; and if you enter by the north or main entrance and turn to the right or west, you come at once to the Lingam Shrine. This is a square chamber nearly twenty feet each way, with four doors, each flanked by a pair of colossal figures. In the centre of this chamber, whose floor is about four feet above the floor of the temple, stands the Linga, a cylindrical stone, with a rounded top, on an oval base. This rude representation of the

male organ of reproduction is the emblem of Siva, to whom temples are found throughout India; and the worshippers at these phallic shrines address the emblem, as well as the god, as Mahadev (or Mahadeo), "the great deity."

All the Hindu gods are forms of Parameswara, the supreme deity. Vishnu has, for example, nine incarnations or Avatars, the eighth being Krishna, one of the heroes of the "Mahabharata," an epic relating to the events of the thirteenth century B.C., and the ninth being the Buddha. In a like manner the Jains associate their religion with Buddhism by claiming that Mahavira, the last of their twenty-four Tirthankars, or saints, was a contemporary of Sakya Muni.

At the back of the cave, facing the main entrance, in a compartment reaching from floor to roof, is a three-faced bust, or Trimurti, representing the Hindu Trinity or Siva in the three manifestations of Brahma the creator, Vishnu the preserver, and Siva or Rudra the destroyer and reproducer. The middle face, of Brahma, is over four feet long, and the side faces just under four feet. Rudra, on the left or eastern side, holds up a cobra, while Vishnu, to the right, holds what looks like an onion, and is said to be a lotus. On the pilasters separating this from the adjoining compartments are sculptured duarapalas or doorkeepers about thirteen feet high, each one leaning on a dwarf. In the compartment to the left is the hermaphrodite Viraj (or Ardhanarishwar), represented by the double figure of Siva and his wife Parvati. Among the other details is a four-faced figure of Brahma on a lotus. There are many other interesting sculptures and

carvings in the Great Cave, and by no means the least interesting are the lions at the head of the steps leading down to the fore court at the east entrance. In the corresponding court to the west is a cistern and a small lingam chapel. Experts disagree as to the exact date of the excavation of the Elephanta temples, but "from the eighth century to the tenth century" would cover the greatest divergence of opinion and be near enough for all practical purposes.

When we returned to Bombay in March the Muharram celebrations were on, and there were fears that the riots of the previous year might be repeated. The tenth day of Muharram (Mohorrum), the first month of the Mohammedan year, is celebrated by the Shiah sect throughout Islam and by the Sunni sect in India in honour of the two grandsons of the Prophet, the Imams Hasan and Husain (Hosain), called by the soldiers "Hobson-Jobson." The first ten days of Muharram are called *dahe* or *daha*; and the "tenth day" (*ashara*) begins at sunset of the day before and expires at sunset of the tenth day, which in 1905 began at sunset on the 16th and ended at sunset on the 17th of March. The night of the 16th was *kata-ka-rat*, "the night of slaughter," when Husain was killed on the plains of Kerbela; and this is the time—when the fanatics work themselves into a state bordering on frenzy—for Mohammedan riots in India. Last year there was trouble in Bombay and the troops were called out; and this year the medical students were enrolled as special constables, the regular constables were armed with long staves, and the military authorities warned to be in

readiness. Owing, in all probability, to these precautions there was no trouble this year. Under licenses from the authorities, booths are erected, and in the booths are placed models of Husain's mausoleum, called *tabuts* or *taziyas*. On "the night of slaughter" these tabuts are taken out of the booths, and, headed by *toliwalas* beating drums, paraded through the town until two o'clock in the morning. As many as four thousand people take part in the Bombay procession. On the last day the tabuts are taken down to the Coolie Bandar and immersed in the sea. We drove through the native town and saw a lot of the booths surrounded by excited crowds, but the night passed without any serious rows.

CHAPTER III

ELLORA AND AURANGABAD

Munmar—The tonga—Daulatabad—The Carpenter's Chapel —Do Thal and Tin Thal—The Kailasa—A temple in one piece—Jain cave temples—The tomb of the Conqueror of the World—Daulatabad Fort—Aurangabad.

THE excursion from Bombay to the rock-cut temples of Ellora and back, including a visit to Daulatabad Fort and to Aurangabad, can be done in three nights and two days; but it is better to allow another twenty-four hours and spend a full day in examining the Ellora temples. For it is there that you can see, side by side carved in the living rock, the architectural ideals of the Buddhists, Brahmins, and Jains, spread in succession over a period extending from perhaps as early as the fourth century to probably as late as the twelfth century, the series being particularly rich in specimens of the art of the seventh and eighth centuries.

As there are no sleeping accommodations at Daulatabad station, and as no food is to be had there unless you order it in advance through the guard of the train, you should arrive by the morning train; and in order to catch this, you must leave Bombay by the 9 P.M. Calcutta

mail, arriving at Munmar (Munmad) Junction, 162 miles from Bombay, about 3 A.M. In the first-class waiting-room there are three benches, each one roomy enough to spread your bedding upon so that you can sleep until your chhota hazri is served before taking the morning train for Daulatabad by the "Hyderabad-Godavery Valley" metre-gauge line, opened in 1900. If you wish to see Ellora that day you must bring your own tiffin and have it on the train, which is due about 1 P.M. at Daulatabad. You should have previously written to Nusserwanji, the livery-stable keeper at Aurangabad, to have a tonga meet the train.

The vehicle most generally used by Europeans travelling away from the railways in the mofussil, as the country outside of the capitals is called, is the tonga. This is a low, square, covered two-wheeled cart, with a double seat running across, so that the driver and another can sit in front and two sit in back facing the tail of the cart. It is strongly built, has room for much luggage outside and in, and is difficult to overturn. Usually it has a single shaft, so as to be pulled by a pair of horses or ponies, whose *sais* hangs on in front, in back, or at either side, according as he is instructed to "trim the boat" by the driver. The charge for the tonga up to Ellora and back to Daulatabad or Aurangabad is ten rupees, plus two rupees for each day's detention.

At Lasur station we were made aware that we had entered the domains of the Nizam of Haidarabad by the appearance of a doctor at the carriage door with the request, "Please allow me to feel your pulse." This was also a reminder

that we had left a plague-infested town against which quarantine regulations might be enforced. From this station the south-west point of the plateau containing the Ellora Caves can be seen. Along the railway you may notice shallow square pits from which earth has been removed for railway construction or repairs, and in each pit a diagonal strip showing the original surface has been left untouched. These "witnesses," left to facilitate the measurement of the earth removed and the amount to be paid for it, are to be seen throughout India, and where there are deep excavations they take the form of square isolated pillars instead of ridges.

If you start from Daulatabad as soon as the train arrives there you should be able to finish your visit to the temples before sunset, and return to the dak bungalow (*bangla*), just outside the walls of Roza, half an hour later. The seventh milestone from Aurangabad is about half a mile from Daulatabad station. The eighth and ninth are within the walls of Daulatabad, and between the two is the entrance to the famous Fort, about twenty minutes by tonga from the station.

Both gates of the town are protected by strong masonry curtains, around which you drive in entering or leaving. On passing out of the farther gate you will see to the right a conduit bringing water down from a fine tank a little higher up the hill. The ascent of the Pipal Ghat begins at once, and there are views over the tank, covered when we saw it with wild-fowl. The tenth milestone is passed on a level stretch above the tank, and another steep hill brings you to the

plateau, where, just beyond the eleventh milestone, there is a small pond. There is nothing further of interest until you reach Roza and drive through the town to the dak bungalow outside the walls at the far end. There you leave the tonga and walk down to the temples. These are excavated in the volcanic trap rock of the scarp of the plateau, which here runs almost due north and south, throwing out points to the west at both ends and so forming a shallow crescent. The road passes down over the top of Das Avatar, which is officially marked "No. 15" and leads to the entrance of the Kailasa (No. 16).

Turning to the south from the Kailasa and going to the extreme end of the line of excavation, you come to a series of Buddhist monasteries (*viharas*), numbered from 1 to 9, dug out of the hill for the housing of the holy men attached to the Viswakarma Chaitya or Carpenter's Chapel (Sutar-ki-jhonpri, No. 10). All of these are supposed to be at least 1250 years old, and, with the Do Thal (No. 11) and Tin Thal (No. 12), built a century or so later, they complete the list of the Buddhist monuments. When we visited the caves No. 1 had fallen in and was water-logged. There are elevated side galleries with sculptured figures in No. 2, and the upper part of the columns supporting the roof is fluted. Statues of Buddha claim your attention in the next two viharas. The one following (No. 5), which has a frontage of seventy feet and a depth of 110 feet, is the largest single-storied one, and had a waterfall coming over its front. This vihara, which is in form like a chaitya with cells opening into it, is called Mahawara or Dherwara;

but the latter name is applied by the local guides to include all from No. 1 to No. 9. The next four viharas, No. 6 to No. 9, are connected by passages and stairs. No. 6 and No. 8 contain seated figures of Buddha in the attitude of teaching —with the thumb and first finger of the right hand holding the little finger of the left hand. The statues are curious, for the reason that the legs are down as ordinary mortals sit, and not crossed over in front as Buddha is usually shown. Perhaps it might be just as well to omit a visit to No. 6, as a colony of bees had settled there and they might resent being disturbed.

The Viswakarma or Sutar-ki-jhonpri is lighted by a horse-shoe window in the façade flanked on either side by three flying figures sculptured in the style of the latest Buddhist period. This window is peculiar as being the only one of its kind that has divisions in it. The interior of the chaitya is forty-three feet wide, eighty-five feet long, and about thirty-five feet high, and the arch of the roof is supported by thirty pillars, of which there are two square ones in front, twelve octagonal ones on either side forming aisles, and four in back forming a basilica. The roof of the navé is ribbed in imitation of a wooden building; and in place of the altar is a dagoba twenty-seven feet high, having on its squared front face a colossal painted figure of Buddha seated with legs down, supported on each side by a standing figure, and having over the head a shallow arch decorated with angels. The ends of the ribs of the roof are decorated with sculptured figures, and below these are sculptured groups in compartments. The whole of this temple is in a

very good state of preservation. Viswakarma has a forecourt, as have the next two temples Do Thal (or Dukhiya Ghur) and Tin Thal. The latter, as its name implies, has three stories; the pillars left to support the mass above are all square, and, except the two central ones in the first tier, which are carved, are all perfectly plain. The front of each story or tier shows a row of eight pillars, and each tier is six pillars deep, making forty-eight pillars on each floor. The main shrine on the second tier contains a Buddha, with a moustache, repainted about ten years ago, and a fresh coat of paint is applied whenever a devotee is prepared to provide the necessary two or three rupees. The north shrine has a Buddha seated with legs down. The top tier is seventy feet deep, and, as each story is 115 feet along the front, has a floor surface, including the space occupied by the pillars, of over 8000 square feet. The east shrine on this tier has a Buddha similarly painted to the one below; and the north and south shrines each contain two seated Buddhas with legs down. This ends the Buddhist series of caves.

The next fifteen caves and the Kailasa are Brahminic, and are 1100 to 1300 years old. The first of them is of no interest; but the second, Ravan-ka-khai or Rawankai (No. 14), had twelve highly ornamented pillars, of which one in front has been broken away. On the south wall is a fine group of Siva and Parvati, and also a well-executed figure of a mendicant with a scorpion tied around his neck. Das Avatar is a two-storied cave temple entered by

a long flight of stairs from a large forecourt containing a chapel and other appurtenances. It is the oldest of the Brahminical series and contains a lingam shrine, a marriage group of Siva and Parvati, and, amongst other sculptures, a figure of Nurso in an elliptical opening. Its upper story has seven rows of six pillars and a floor surface of over 10,000 square feet.

Next comes the Kailasa, which is not a cave but a complete rock-cut temple open on all sides and above, and elaborately carved inside and out. In order to accomplish this the side of the hill has been excavated, leaving a cliff over a hundred feet high at the back, sloping at the sides down to half this height at the gate curtain. From the back cliff to the gateway is about 275 feet, and the space between the side cliffs is over 150 feet wide. The floor of this pit forms the temple court, the base of the temple measuring 164 feet from east to west, and 109 feet from north to south where it is widest. The approach is through a gateway in the rock curtain, which is connected with an advanced porch by a bridge; and there is a similar connection between the latter porch and the large square porch or mantapa. This is in turn connected with the main temple containing the shrine. The style of architecture is Dravidian, distinguished, according to Fergusson, by the following parts: a vimana, always square in plan and surmounted by a pyramidal roof of one or more stories containing a cell for the image or emblem of the god; mantapas or porches, which always cover and precede the door leading to the cell; a gopura, or gate pyramid, which in the case of the Kailasa is in its most rudimentary form;

pillared halls or choultries; and cisterns for the lustral water.

The temple, which dates from the eighth or ninth century, and is supposed to have been made by Raja Il of Ilichpur, who founded the town of Ellora, is dedicated to Siva, and in the shrine is a linga. Around the principal shrine are five subordinate cells, and the main hall in which they are placed is a square, of about fifty-six feet, more or less, each way, whose roof is supported by sixteen pillars. On the outside the temple shows three stories, reaching a height of nearly a hundred feet at the back, and around the basement is a sculptured procession of elephants, griffins, and lions, much mutilated, but still retaining some of its original grandeur. There are also balcony porches at the sides of the temple. On either side of the fore-porch, in the temple court, is a carved pillar as well as a large elephant, while cells are carved out of the walls of the pit all around the court. A complete Dravidian temple in one piece, elaborately sculptured inside and out, has thus been fashioned from the living rock. As nothing can have been added and little of importance taken away, although the Moslems damaged it considerably, the Kailasa remains one of the most extraordinary monuments in India; and to the archæologist it is additionally interesting, as showing the last example, in a Hindu temple, of the Buddhist arrangement of cells around the shrine. Some of the columns in the temple and galleries are very beautifully sculptured, those in the second tier of the north cloister being carved to represent an urn festooned with garlands in full relief. The Kailasa is not

only the largest monolithic building known, but it is also a marvel of cheapness, as its excavation should have cost only a fraction of the amount that would have been spent if it had been constructed in the ordinary manner, while the carving of the details would cost much the same.

The illustration shows the entrance to the main temple under the bridge leading from the large square porch. In the immediate foreground is the north-west corner of the main temple, and in the background can be seen the cliff where the hill has been excavated.

Between the Kailasa and the Sitaki Nahani (No. 29) the excavations are not of absorbing interest, but the latter is notable as being the last of the Brahminical group, although in point of age it may antedate some of the others by a century or so. It is excavated in a projecting point of the plateau, and, like the main temple at Elephanta, has a central hall, nearly 150 by 100 feet large, with three entrances, each of them guarded by a pair of lions. The main shrine, which has well-carved figures around it, contains a linga; and the south aisle has been under the hands of the restorer in recent times. North of this come the Jain temples, numbered from 30 to 34, which are believed to have been finished over 1150 years ago. The two principal ones, Indra Sabha and Jagannath Sabha, are connected by a passage. The latter contains a number of Jaina Tirthankars painted red, and has fourteen ornately carved pillars. The main shrine of the former has a couple of naked figures sculptured at its sides, and contains a painted figure of Indra. In the courtyard is an elephant and a miniature temple

finely carved and well preserved, that might have served as a model for the Kailasa.

The faded glories of Roza, including the tomb of Aurangzeb, can be seen in an hour. Aurangzeb, who was the third son of Shah Jahan, was born in 1618, and died at Ahmednagar on the 21st of February 1707. For the last twenty-five years of his life he was almost constantly in the field, and during the whole of that period never once returned to Delhi, the nominal capital; but he extended the Mogul influence throughout the whole of the Indian Peninsula; and, even if he failed to entirely subdue it or consolidate his conquests, he did something towards justifying his title of Alam-gir or "conqueror of the world." The revenues of his empire were estimated to have been £80,000,000 in 1695, when the revenues of England were not above £2,500,000; and it was not until 1878 that the British budget reached the annual sum under the control of Aurangzeb. His actual grave is an uncovered space in the middle of a slightly raised stone platform in the courtyard of a mosque, and opposite is buried Asaf Jah, who founded the independent state of Haidarabad and was its first Nizam. It is an hour's drive from the tomb to the entrance of Daulatabad Fort, which can be seen in about an hour and a half, and the station gained is another quarter of an hour.

Previous to the time of the Emperor Mohammed, son of Tughlak the founder of the third dynasty of Pathan kings who reigned at Delhi, Daulatabad was known as Deogiri, and the fort was from a still more remote period the stronghold of the rulers of the Deccan. It is a conical

or pyramidal hill of rock rising abruptly 500 feet from the plain, not far from the foot of the Pipal Ghat, and having a natural perpendicular scarp 80 to 150 feet high. There are powerful outworks, defending the single approach to the summit, at the eastern base of the hill, and after passing these and the outer gates you descend nineteen steps to cross the fosse, and then begin to ascend by steps and dark passages cut in the rock until you emerge upon a platform about two hundred feet above. A path to the right leads to a small spring of water. Another path leads to an octagonal pavilion, from which the citadel is reached by something like a hundred steps. There are fine views to be had, from both the pavilion and the citadel platform, extending from Roza to the north to Aurangabad in the east, while to the south lies the railway station and a square-topped hill. There is a bronze cannon at the top of Daulatabad Fort, another cannon with a ram's head at the breech, and in the courtyard some Dutch cannon dated 1638 to 1640. The Minaret, a Tower of Victory or Jai Stambha, a hundred feet high, erected by the Mohammedans to celebrate their capture of the stronghold, is badly damaged and full of bee-hives.

Shortly after leaving Daulatabad the dome and minarets of the mausoleum of Rabia Durani at Aurangabad can be seen to the left in front. Whether Rabia Durani was the wife or a favourite daughter of Aurangzeb is disputed, but the local guides, who call the tomb the "Bibi Mubarak," are positive in asserting that she was his wife. At any rate her tomb, a feeble imitation of the Tâj at Agra built by Aurangzeb's father, is the

most prominent building, and on the whole the most interesting, in Aurangabad. Although built during the time that Aurangzeb lived here, between the years 1650-70, within a few years of the completion of the Taj and in deliberate imitation of it, it signally fails to convey any of the delicate charm of the original or incite any feeling beyond wonder at the rapid decline in architectural taste in so short a time. Moreover, the mausoleum of Rabia Durani has suffered from neglect, and is still out of repair, although part of it has recently been restored. Like the Taj the mausoleum is built on an elevated platform in a formal garden planted with trees and interspersed with artificial streams and fountains. They, moreover, have in common the heavy minarets at each corner of the platform, the great entrance arch in a square frame in each façade, and the large central dome with smaller domes at the corners of the roof. But the general design fails to give a good impression, and the details are generally poor, although the cenotaph is surrounded by a well-carved octagonal screen of white marble. The mosque, instead of being a pendant to the tomb, is here built on the platform, filling up nearly the whole of its west side. We disturbed a colony of bees in the south-east tower of the tomb, and had to beat a retreat with our faces wrapped in handkerchiefs.

The Caves of Aurangabad may be seen excavated in the trap cliffs in a direction just to the left of and above the minaret at the north-west tower of the garden wall as you stand by the north-east minaret on the platform of the tomb. The remaining sights of Aurangzeb's old seat of

government, during his viceroyalty of the Deccan, can be visited in a drive of an hour or so. There is the tomb of Aurangzeb's saintly guide in the garden of the Pan Chakki; the well-kept Jama Masjid; the Mecca Gate of the city, and the bridge leading over the river to the broad avenues of the cantonment.

CHAPTER IV

KARLI, POONA, AND BIJAPUR

The Bhor Ghat—Lonavla—The Karli Chaitya—Poona—Parvati Hill—Bijapur—The Adil Shahi dynasty—The Gol Gumbaz—The largest domed space in the world—The Great Mosque—The Citadel—The Taj Baoli—The Malik-i-Maidan.

WE succeeded in catching the afternoon train from Aurangabad connecting at Munmar with the train arriving at Bombay about 9. A.M. the following day; and leaving Bombay the same afternoon, reached Lonavla at 6 P.M. We could have left Aurangabad about 9 P.M., and changed to the Dhond line at Munmar, passing through Ahmednagar, and arriving at Lonavla at the same time as by the other route; but we wanted a few hours in Bombay, and also wished to see the G.I.P. line up the Bhor Ghat. The work on this was commenced fifty years ago, five years after the first sod on the G.I.P. was turned, and was open for traffic in 1863. The base of the mountains where the ascent begins is 196 feet above the sea, and in the next sixteen or seventeen miles the line is carried up 1831 feet, to a level of 2027 feet above the sea at Lonavla, through twenty-six tunnels, over eight viaducts, and by many other similar works. By means of these,

and a reversing station at a level of 1350 feet, the gradient is kept within the limit of 1 in 37. The views, sometimes on one side of the train and sometimes on the other, over the Konkan, and into the valleys on the way up, are very fine, and far superior to those seen in ascending the Thal Ghat on the line between Bombay and Munmar. The latter line, which also has maximum gradients of 1 in 37, and has thirteen tunnels and six viaducts, took six years (1859-65) to complete. It rises 1050 feet in nine and a half miles, and has a reversing station about eighty miles from Bombay, between Kasara and Igatpuri, where the steepest gradients occur. At Vasind, fifty miles from Bombay, there is another reversing station, and then nothing further of interest, except occasional red deer, and no extended views over the plains.

Lonavla affords in its public signboards a good illustration of the confusion to be found in the spelling of Indian proper names. The railway station and post office, which should be official, give it as Lonavla; but the railway luggage labels read Lonauli. The hotel has it Lanowli, and one shop exhibits Lanoli, while another shows Lonali!

From this variously written place a drive of under an hour in a tonga brings you to the foot of the hill, in the side of which is excavated the famous chaitya of Karli. This is about six miles from Lonavla, three miles from Karli station, and five miles from Khandala station. A short walk up the hill brings you to the temple. At one side of the entrance in the forecourt is a column bearing four lions, and there is believed to

Photographed by the Author.

THE KARLI CAVE TEMPLE.

have been a similar column on the other side of the entrance where the small modern temple now stands. The front of the cave, which faces west, is a curtain of rock pierced so as to leave a central gateway and two at the sides, and above are four oblong windows separated by square dwarf pillars. The upper part of the curtain was supported by two octagonal pillars, one of which has disappeared, while the other has only recently been protected from imminent decay by a stone casing around its base; and about a third of the rock curtain is gone. What remains has mortise holes so placed as to give the impression that they were intended to hold a wooden balcony or awning. Within the curtain is the porch, which is wider than the church, and separated from it by a rood-screen, through which there are three openings corresponding with the aisles, while above the rood-screen is a horse-shoe opening the full width of the centre aisle or nave, and the light admitted through this falls on the eastern end, where, in place of an altar, there is a dagoba or relic-chamber.

The roof of the nave has wooden rafters let into the rock; the horse-shoe opening is reduced to a semicircle by a wooden arch; and the top of the dagoba is surmounted by the remains of a wooden *chhatra* or umbrella. All of this woodwork is believed to be coeval with the original excavation of the chaitya, and this has been determined with more or less certainty to have been executed in the first or second century B.C.

The nave is divided from the narrow side aisles by fifteen octagonal columns on each side, and at the back of the dagoba there are seven plain

octagonal pillars, forming an apse, while in front there are only four columns. The interior is about one hundred and twenty-five feet long by forty-five feet wide and high, and the nave is slightly over eighty-one feet long by twenty-five feet wide. In plan this Buddhist temple, built two thousand years ago, is exactly similar to the early Christian basilicas; and it is the largest as well as the most complete chaitya found in India. The sculpture with which the temple is decorated is that of the best Buddhist period. The dagoba is a plain hemisphere, springing from a double circular base decorated with the rail pattern copied from the rail around the tope at Sanchi, surmounted by a *ti* in the form of a square, on top of which are six slabs, each one larger than and overhanging the one beneath, so as to form an inverted pyramid. The square and pyramid are carved, and above them is the wooden "umbrella" on a thick stem.

The side columns have curious fluted bell-shaped capitals supporting inverted pyramids of four slabs, and above these are carved elephants, and men and women in pairs. On the shaft of the middle column to the right are carved three Buddhist emblems, one of them being a dagoba, and on the shaft of the fifth column to the left is a conventional lotus (or rose) with a hole in the centre and an inscription. The rood-screen is sculptured with life-sized human figures, and decorated around the top with the rail pattern which is continued around the sides of the porch. These sides are carved from top to bottom, the base showing three standing elephants facing front, the top of their heads being on a level with the

aisle doors. Above them is a frieze of rail ornament cut into by carvings of human figures, and then comes a line of uncarved stone and another of rail ornament, both being continuations of those on the screen. The uncarved stone has, however, a manji or svastika cut into it. Above this level are panels showing temple entrances alternating with male and female figures in pairs. The next two tiers above show only temple entrances, and the rail ornament separating them is on the same level as the top of the main horse-shoe opening.

The photograph shows two men standing at the entrance of the little modern temple and a small boy standing at the base of the lion column. The octagonal pillar supporting the rock curtain with its mortise holes shows the recent restorations. Through the central door in the rood-screen can be seen the dagoba with its *ti*, but the "umbrella" is concealed. Above the door is the horse-shoe opening and the ancient wooden arch.

Adjoining the temple are rock-cut cells for the priests. Some of these have a stone shelf or bed similar to those found in Roman houses of the same period; some have conical holes in the rock floor, caused by stone rice-grinders; and one has a linga with the usual groove around its base to carry off the lustral water. Continuing towards the right to the southern point of the hill, there is a fine view over the plains, and across to a couple of hill forts famous a century ago, in the wars with the Marathas. There are other caves to be seen in the neighbourhood, those at Bhaja being about five miles from the dak bungalow at Karli, and those at Bedsa four miles farther away.

From Lonavla we drove to Khandala, and then took the train to Poona, the headquarters of the Peshwas of the Marathas until 1818, and now the residence of the Governor of Bombay during the rainy season. It is situated on the right bank of the Muta River, just about its junction with the Mula, and is 1850 feet above the sea, or about the same elevation as Aurangabad. Ever since the plague obtained a foothold in India, Poona has been a hotbed of the disease. In fact, during the ten years between 1891 and 1901 both the City and District of Poona suffered a serious diminution of population owing to famine and plague. The most interesting sights are Parvati Hill and its temples south of the city; the temples at Wellesley Bridge, where we saw a widow bewailing her loss; and the drive out to Government House and the Botanical Gardens, about four miles to the north-west, returning through Kirkee and over Holkar's Bridge and the Fitzgerald Bridge. It is a long walk from your carriage to the top of Parvati Hill, but one is well rewarded by a close inspection of the curious architecture of the temples, whose pyramidal tops decorated with a great number of small domes are quaint rather than beautiful, and by the fine views from their walls.

From Poona we took the night train and went by way of Hotgi Junction to Bijapur, the ancient Vijayapura. At the junction we changed into the cramped carriages of the "Southern Mahratta" metre-gauge line, and arrived at Bijapur station in time for an early tiffin. Bijapur owes its monuments to the Adil Shahi dynasty, founded in 1489 by Yusaf Khan, a Turkish adventurer, who seceded

from the services of the King of Ahmedabad and proclaimed himself, with the people's consent, King of Bijapur. He built the fort now known as The Citadel; and the dynasty reigned for nearly two centuries, until Sikandra, his eighth successor, was defeated by Aurangzeb in 1686, and the city taken. Most of the buildings date from the period of about a hundred years beginning with the accession of Ali I. in 1557 and ending with the death of Ali II. in 1672. The city walls and aqueducts were constructed by Ali I., and the Jama Masjid and other works commenced by him. The walls are twenty feet high and over six miles around, the city within the walls being just over two miles from east to west.

Taking a tonga with two horses you can easily see the monuments of Bijapur, said to be "the most picturesque collection of ruins in all India," in the course of an afternoon. We started by visiting the tomb of Mohammed Adil Shah, who died in 1660. This is just within the ancient walls, west of the railway station, and is known as the Gol Gumbaz, a building for "grandeur of conception and boldness of construction unequalled by any edifice erected in India." The fabric seems to be uninjured, and even with its neglected appearance is most imposing. In general plan it is a square with octagonal towers seven stories—or with their domes eight stories—high attached to the corners. The exterior is remarkable for the cornice which at the level of the sixth floor of the towers is supported on heavy brackets and projects twelve feet. This has, however, fallen in part. Above it is a row of arches, above the arches is a row of lozenge-shaped ornaments,

and above and behind the latter springs the great dome. The interior is one great chamber, the floor of which is 135 feet square, and is the largest space in the world covered by a single dome. The dome itself is smaller than that of the Pantheon or of St. Peter's, but the platform from which it springs is smaller than the chamber below, the reduction being accomplished by cutting off the angles with pendentives, whose interlacing arches bring down the diameter of the circle to be arched to ninety-seven feet, and whose great weight counteracts to a large extent the outward thrust of the dome. Internally the dome has a diameter of 124 feet and a height of 175 feet, the Pantheon being 142 feet in diameter and also 142 feet in height. At the base of the dome is a whispering gallery similar to the one in St. Paul's. In the centre of the great chamber under the dome is the tomb of Mohammed, and, by the side of it, tombs of various members of his family. On the west side of the platform on which the mausoleum stands is a mosque, formerly used as a dak bungalow, but now restored to its original purpose.

From the Gol Gumbaz we drove to the Alipur Gate, one of the best preserved of the old gates in the city wall, and then to the Jama Masjid. The building of the latter was begun by Ali I., and is still unfinished, the eastern wall with its great gateway being missing. The mosque proper is on the west side, as it must be in India, so that the faithful face towards the Kaba or Temple of Mecca when they turn to the mehrab in prayer. It has a façade of nine arches, surmounted by a cornice, broken in parts, and above

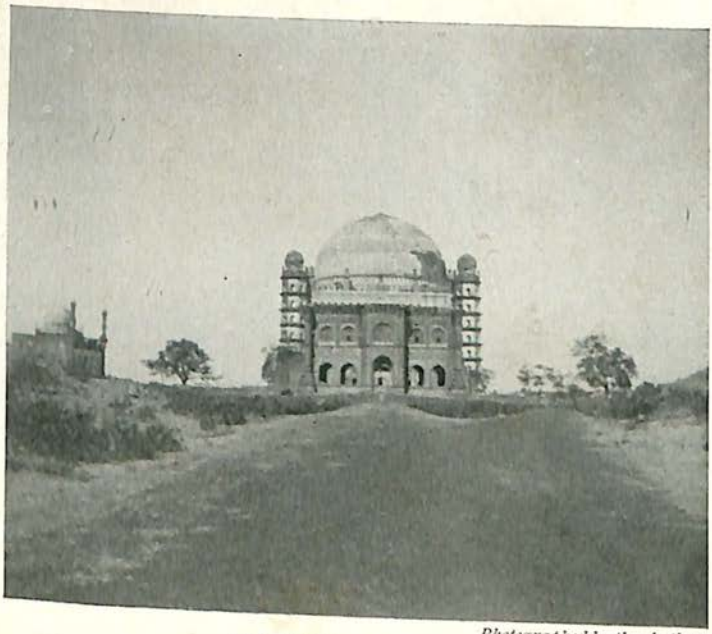
the cornice the dome is seen to spring from a square arcade, of nine arches each way, decorated with twelve small minarets. The mosque is five bays deep, and each bay is covered with a flat dome invisible from the front. There are thirty-three such bays, the central dome occupying the space of twelve of them. The floor is divided by black lines into praying compartments. The north and south arcades are each 219 feet long, and the mosque is 165 feet deep and 291 feet wide. Then to the Mehtar Mahal, the beautiful three-storied stone gateway of the "Sweeper's Mosque." The door is a pointed four-centred arch in a square frame, and above it is a very pretty oriel window, protected by an awning supported by delicate carved brackets. Above is a story without a roof, with windows shaped the same as the doorway. There are only a few fragments left of the pierced stone parapet, above which rises at each of the front corners a graceful minaret.

Then we drove north to the Asar-i-Sharif, built by Mohammed just outside the Citadel. Here we saw teak pillars sixty feet high; but we found that the guardian of the precious relics had fled the city on account of the plague and taken the keys of the upper apartments with him. So we went on to the Citadel and saw the Old Mosque, built by Yusaf with materials adapted from earlier Jain and Hindu temples. The Arnand Mahal, built by Ibrahim II. for the ladies of the harem, is now used as an official residence. The roof is gone from the Gagan Mahal, or Audience Hall of Ali I., but the three fine arches of the façade remain, and in front of them the

level space is utilised for lawn-tennis courts. Near by two large cannons built up of bars and bands are lying on the ground. One of them measures sixteen feet in length, and has eight rings to facilitate its being moved by elephants. The quaintly decorated little Station Church was locked, and the headman had to be found before we could view the interior of it or see the pierced iron screen, from the Chini Mahal, advantageously set in a wooden frame. We had a similar difficulty in getting into the very small and pretty Mecca Mosque after we had examined the pavilion in the road in front of the Granary.

Leaving the Citadel we drove to the Andu Masjid and admired the fine work which Ibrahim II. secured from his masons there. The mosque has a fluted dome and eight minarets, four at the back of the dome and one at each corner of the building. Driving westward towards the Mecca Gate we entered a gateway between two small stone elephants and looked at the domes of the Jor Gumbaz or "Matched Domes," and then drove on to the Taj Baoli. This is the largest tank in Bijapur, and has a fine arched gateway in the high walls flanked by octagonal towers. From the walk around the tank can be seen the Jor Gumbaz. On the west side of the entrance to the tank, in a room whose ceiling has stone rafters, of the form used in wood constructions, is established "The Fly Shuttle Loom School," but the scholars and teacher had fled from the plague, and the looms were idle. The room was open to whoever might care to enter, but the school was closed.

From the Taj Baoli we drove out beyond the



Photographed by the Author.

GOL GUMBAZ, BIJAPUR.

Photographed by the Author.

TAJ BAOLI, BIJAPUR.

western walls to the mausoleum and mosque of Ibrahim II. These two buildings are the most profusely ornamented and richly carved in Bijapur. They stand on masonry platforms with a depressed garden or tank between. The mosque has a façade of five equal arches; a highly ornamented cornice, from which two chains carved out of stone are suspended; and a pierced stone parapet, whose line is broken by dwarf minarets placed above the piers separating the arches. The mausoleum is a square of seven arches, the three central and two end ones being of equal width, the other two being much narrower. Under these arches is a broad veranda going quite around the central chamber, the windows of which are filled with pierced stonework in the form of Arabic letters all beautifully executed. The cornice and parapet are similar to the mosque, and the dome springs from an interior square platform supported by another fine cornice. Ibrahim II. lived to finish his own mausoleum, and lavished upon it all that great wealth and power could accomplish; but others of his line were not so fortunate. The tomb of Ali II. lies in the centre of an unfinished square building, with a base of 215 feet each way, designed to have seven magnificent Gothic arches in each façade. Some of the arches are completed, but in most cases only the piers have been built and no part of the roof begun, so that the tomb is exposed to the elements and the interior of the building overgrown with trees.

Between these two tombs we stopped to see the famous bronze cannon, the Malik-i-Maidan, lying dismounted in the Burj-i-Sherza. This

enormous casting has a bore of twenty-eight inches, and is about fourteen feet long, and its muzzle is wrought to represent a monster swallowing an elephant. From this bastion there is a good view across the city, from the Upari Burj with its outside staircase close at hand to the left, to the Gol Gumbaz far away; but it is a scene of desolation and decay. Famine and plague have decimated the population; the prickly pear is again encroaching on the cultivable land and appearing in the public streets; the crumbling walls of the old houses have been left to decay; and a large proportion of the inhabitants had left their plague-invested abodes in the city to seek refuge in grass huts outside the eastern walls beyond the railway line. There we watched them from the station for nearly four long hours whilst waiting for a train, which came in three hours late and managed to lose another hour and a half in the fifty-eight miles run to Hotgi. At Hotgi we changed to the G.I.P. for a run of eighty-four miles to Wadi Junction, and there changed again to H.H. the Nizam's Guaranteed State Railway, built by an English company under State guarantee, for Haidarabad, 115 miles up the line. Owing to missed connections this across-country journey of 200 miles took the best part of a day and night. To the north of the railway between Savalgi and Gulbarga, the seat of the first Mohammedan dynasty in the Deccan, extensive brick ruins, including a round tower, can be seen from the train.

CHAPTER V

HAIDARABAD, DECCAN

The Char Minar—The Nizam—Hali Sikka rupees and "dubs"—The Residency—The Mecca Mosque—The Palace—Faluk-Numa Palace—Golkonda—The Fort—The Tombs of the Kings—Tiruvalur.

THROUGH the courtesy of Col. Afzur-ul-Mulk, the Commander-in-Chief of H.H. the Nizam's regular troops, who placed at our disposal an elephant and an escort, and who provided us with passes to visit the principal places of interest, we had a very satisfactory two days in Haidarabad.

Passes are required for the Char Minar (apply for passes, Private Secretary of Nizam's Minister, Mr. Faridoonji Jamshedji), the Bathir Bagh, the Baradari of Sir Salar Jang, the Shamsu-'l-umara Baradari, Faluk-Numa, and Golkonda Fort. The Residency, the railway station, and the hotels lie to the north of the city, on the road to Secunderabad, the great military cantonment of Southern India. Here are stationed the British troops maintained, by the treaty of 1800, at the Nizam's capital and at the Nizam's cost. At Bolaram, six miles farther north, is stationed the Haidarabad Contingent Force, of 7660 men

under British officers, recently incorporated into the Indian Army. In addition to these forces the Nizam's regular troops, numbering 30,000, and the irregular troops are quartered in the vicinity, and every prominent official has his armed retainers or guards to accompany him when he appears in public.

When you enter the city through one of the gates in the stone wall, which makes a circuit of about six miles, you will find these guards in motley uniform scattered about the streets; closed carriages escorted by horsemen carrying lances; armed sais leading their masters' horses; running footmen carrying staves clearing the way for some official whose guards ride with drawn swords; Mohammedan fanatics armed with a triple row of daggers carried horizontally in the front of the belt; others armed with swords or spears; and all the bustle and confusion of a camp. In fact, there is more movement in the cross-roads which meet at the Char Minar, built by the Kutab Shahi King of Golkonda who founded Haidarabad in 1589 and erected the mosque in imitation of the one at Mecca, than in any other city in India. But this is not surprising when it is remembered that Haidarabad, with its population of nearly 450,000, is the fourth city in India, only the "Presidency capitals," Calcutta, Bombay, and Madras, being larger; and that it is the capital of the largest Native State in India.

H.H. the Nizam, the principal Mohammedan ruler in India and the premier native prince, rules a population of over eleven million souls, of whom eighty-nine per cent are Hindus and ten per cent Mussulmans, occupying an area nearly as large as

Great Britain, and yielding an annual revenue of about £2,700,000, or four crores of rupees (Rs. 4,00,00,000). The Nizam belongs to the Sunni sect of Mohammedans. He has his own post office, and although his foreign relations are in British hands and a British Resident is at his court supported by British troops camped at his gates, he retains what is still considered in Eastern countries (as it was in the West) to be the greatest prerogative of independent sovereignty, —the right to issue his own coinage.

The Hali Sikka rupee is of the same weight as the "Government" rupee, but it is at a discount ranging in recent years from seven to twenty-two per cent. The frequent and rapid fluctuations in exchange give employment to a large number of money-changers, or sowcars, who also make large profits by reason of the scarcity of small change. The new coins issued in 1904 are very well executed. Of these the new "Mahbubia" rupee is a milled coin with a very good representation of the Char Minar on one side. The smaller silver pieces—eight, four, and two annas—have smooth edges, the four-anna piece being called a "bit," the Spanish-American name for the eighth part of a dollar. The Hali Sikka rupee equals sixteen annas or ninety-six "dubs," which are bits of base metal, sometimes round, but generally irregular in shape, worth nominally two-thirds of a farthing. Owing to the scarcity of small change the money-changers were only giving, when we visited the city, eighty dubs for a rupee, or a premium of twenty per cent for small change, and we were told that the premium had been much higher. The natives call four dubs

a "gunda." Dubs must not be confused with "dibs," the common slang equivalent throughout India for rupees or money.

We began our sight-seeing by going to the Zoological Gardens, near the railway station, where we saw a South African lion and lioness, both remarkably tame. Then we drove through the Residency grounds, at Chudda Ghat on the Musi River, and had a look at the granite staircase built a century ago, each step formed of a single block; then south to the Afzal Ganj Bridge, passing the mosque of the same name with its four tall minarets, and on to Salar Jang's Baradari. Continuing south, we passed under two ornamental masonry archways, rising high over the street at an interval of some hundreds of feet, and arrived at the Char Minar, which stands "four-square to all the winds," in the centre of the city at the intersection of the two main streets. It is a building a hundred feet square, and the minarets at the corners are said to reach the height of 250 feet. The lower half of the building is plain, and sadly needs a coat of whitewash; but the upper part is much more ornamental, and makes a fine effect when seen from a distance. But the greatest attraction of the Char Minar is the crowd of officials, soldiers, and citizens surging around its base from sunrise to sunset. Followers of Mohammed and worshippers of Siva and Vishnu; Telugu tribes from the south, and Marathas from the north; Arabs and Rohillas; Sikhs and Parsis—all representative of the heterogeneous population of the Deccan—pass and repass on foot, on camels, on horseback, on elephants, in ox-carts, in two-horse gharries, in one-horse jatkas (or

jutkas), in rickshaws drawn or in palkis carried by men; and throughout the day there is a hubbub and commotion that is extremely interesting, not to say exciting.

Near the Char Minar is the Mecca Mosque, built by Kutab Shah Mohammed Kuli on the same plan as the great mosque at Mecca. There are fine archways and monolithic granite pillars in the mosque, and the graves of all the past eight Nizams, except the first, in its magnificent quadrangle measuring 360 feet each way; but foreigners are not welcome there, and the crowd is hostile to any long intrusion. The first Nizam was Chin Kilich Khan, generally known as Asaf Jah, a general of Aurangzeb's, who was appointed in 1713 Viceroy of the Deccan and Nizam-ul-Mulk ("Regulator of the State"), and who established his independence upon a firm foundation before his death in 1748. He is buried close to Aurangzeb in Roza.

From the mosque we went to the palace, and saw the stables and the state coaches, all handsomely decorated in yellow, and furnished with all modern improvements, including rubber tyres. A decided novelty was a two-horse hansom. Then we passed into the gardens of the Char Mahal, which has a large oblong tank in the centre with fountains and a pavilion on each side. The one called the Afzal Mahal has great crystal chandeliers hung as close together as in a shop or exhibition; the Aftal Mahal is brilliant with gilt chairs; the Tehnat Mahal has chairs gorgeous in purple and yellow; and the Chan Mahal is the treasury. There we saw the guards playing a game of cards called "trup." We also saw the Nizam's famous

elephant wearing the trappings used at the Delhi Durbar.

The Faluk-Numa Palace, well situated on a hill to the south of the city, is full of modern furniture, ornaments, and pictures. Among the latter are oil-paintings of King Edward VII., Queen Alexandra, Queen Victoria, and many in oil, and every other medium, of the Nizam, all since those taken when he was a boy, showing him with heavy "mutton-chop" whiskers or "Dundrearys." The palace consists of a main building of two stories above a basement; the upper floors, containing the public rooms, having verandas supported by Ionic pillars. On each side of the main building is a similar, connected, wing used for private apartments. Ascending an outside staircase, you come to the entrance hall, with a marble fountain. The coffered ceilings of the hall and some of the rooms are very fine; and in the various rooms, mixed up with much rubbish, there are some good curios, notably a pair of old gold-lacquer vases, a Satsuma vase, a Japanese silver-thread screen, some malachite ornaments, and some fine examples of Bidri-ware or silver inlaid on iron. Driving back through the city we saw the Nizam's eldest son go by with an escort; and on the way north towards the cantonment we passed the British Resident, Sir David Barr, known locally as "Sir Barr."

Another interesting excursion was to the Fort of Golkonda, seven miles to the west, and to the tombs of the Kutab Shahi kings, which lie just outside the ancient stronghold of their dynasty. The fortress covers a granite hill which rises to an elevation of 2024 feet above sea-level;

Haidarabad itself being only about 1700 feet. The crenellated granite walls which surround this and another smaller hill are over three miles in circuit; and the granite bastions are machicolated as well as crenellated. The gateway in the outer walls is double, and the inner gates are armed with sharp spikes as a protection against the attacks of elephants. In front of the entrance to the fort are two flat-topped towers arched on the two inner sides. On the way up to the citadel, in a vaulted chamber to the left at the top of a flight of steps, are some Hindu carvings, recently painted red, on the rock wall. Higher up is a black stone, near a doorway, bearing the date 1052 A.H., equivalent to 1642 A.D. In the basement of the palace on the top of the hill is a cleft leading to a subterranean passage; and from the roof is a splendid view over the surrounding country, in which the most striking feature is the wild and picturesque summits of the granite hills piled up with an endless confusion of blocks and boulders of rock taking on all sorts of fantastic shapes, and making some of the hills look more like forts than the actual fort from which you see them. Far away to the east lies Haidarabad and its suburbs, while close at hand are the tombs of the whole dynasty of kings who reigned at Golkonda for 170 years; the only one not buried here being the last, who died in Daulatabad Fort in the year 1701.

We were advised not to go into the city after nightfall unarmed, or, better still, not to go after dark at all; and it is worthy of note that throughout the whole of India it is only in the Mohammedan cities of Haidarabad and Peshawar

that it is supposed not to be safe for a sahib to go at any time.

Taking the early morning train from Haidarabad, we had breakfast at Wadi Junction and caught the mail for Madras. Wadi Junction is 376 miles from Bombay and seventy-three miles from Raichur Junction, where the G.I.P. joins the Madras Railway. At Yadagiri, exactly 400 miles from Bombay, there is an old rock fort to be seen from the railway, and twenty-seven miles farther on, the rocky channel of the Kistna River is crossed. We had tea at Raichur, 351 miles from Madras, and half an hour later crossed the Tungabhadra River, the boundary between Haidarabad and Madras. Higher up this river, on the right or south bank, near the railway station of Hospett, is Hampi, founded in the fourteenth century on the site of Narsinghgarh, the ancient capital of the Vijayanagar kings. With this dynasty, who ruled from the beginning of the twelfth century until the Mohammedan conquest in 1565, the authentic history of Southern India begins, and the extensive ruins here are among the oldest in this part of India.

After Aspari the hills disappear, and we make good time over a level country to Guntakal, where there is a medical examination, and we are given a "plague passport," which requires us to report ourselves to the police once in twenty-four hours for the next ten days, after which period we are supposed to be free from plague contagion. At Guti, 258 miles from Madras, we have dinner, and are given guavas, which have a very strong flavour of strawberries.

Tiruvalur, twenty-six miles from Madras, has a

temple enclosed in a court, 940 feet by 701 feet, having five gates. The gopuras or pyramidal gateways are said to be the finest parts of the temple, and, as far as we were concerned, they undoubtedly are, as we were denied admission to the rest. After an uncomfortable drive of twenty minutes in a jatka, a cart with a round top and no seats, from the station to the north-east temple gate, we engaged a local guide, and had advanced under his guidance into the outer courtyard as far as a gilt flagstaff, when a fat chetti, who was holding some function in a shrine near by, rushed out and excitedly insisted on our immediate departure. So we found ourselves driven out and the gates shut in our faces. In order to get them open again we would require a permit from the headman of the village, and he had gone to Madras for the day. So we inspected the buildings outside the gate, and walked around the walls and the adjoining tank. The walls are of stone and are in an excellent state of repair. At regular intervals the U-shaped caste mark of Vishnu is painted on them. The tank is also of stone, and has steps to the water all around, while in the centre is a miniature shrine rising from a platform in the water. The Tamils call such a tank a Teppa Kulam. The Hindus use the Sanskrit word Kund to indicate a holy tank for bathing.

CHAPTER VI

MADRAS, CHIDAMBARAM, AND TANJORE

The Madras Cathedral—Fort St. George—The Museum—Ancient arms and coins—Madras harbour—The Dravidian temples—Chidambaram Temple—Brahmins—Tamil women—Tanjore Temple—Subrahmanya's shrine.

MADRAS has an appearance of staid respectability and ancient importance together with an air of having seen better days. Arriving by train the first impression is a good one, as the Central Station is a fine structure, and opposite to it on one side is the big General Hospital, and to the north is Moon Market and Victoria Hall, at the southern end of the People's Park.

On the way from the station to the hotel you cross the Walajah Bridge over one arm of the Cooum River, which bisects Madras from west to east, to The Island, in the middle of which is a big equestrian statue by Chantrey of "Maj.-Gen. Sir Thomas Munro, Bart., Gov. of Madras 1820-27," with the point of his sword resting on his instep. The southern arm of the Cooum is crossed by Government Bridge, and in front of the western entrance to Government House grounds stands the statue of King Edward,

"given to the city of Madras by Rao Bahadrok. Lodd Krishnadas Balamukundas." It was unveiled the 8th of April 1903, and represents His Majesty wearing robes and crown, and holding the orb and sceptre. Farther on you come to Harris Bridge and Mount Road, a fine broad boulevard running south-west almost to the Long Tank, opened as long ago as 1795. In the middle of the road, in front of the grounds of the Madras Club, is the statue of Brig.-Gen. Neill, who fell at the relief of Lucknow; and you will probably take rooms in one of the hotels near this centre. Continuing along the Mount Road you come to St. George's Cathedral and the Horticultural Gardens.

The cathedral, a lofty building with Ionic columns, was consecrated in 1816, and contains some interesting monuments. There is one to Maj.-Gen. Sir Robert Henry Dick, who served in the Peninsular War, fought at Quatre Bras, and fell on the field of Sobraon in 1846; and, among others, one to Major George Broadfoot of Kirkwall in the Orkneys, who was one of the defenders of Jalalabad, and after serving in the Afghan Campaign was killed in 1845 at Firozshah. His body is buried in the cemetery of the Memorial Church at Firozpur. The Cathedral Road, going east from the gardens to the South Beach, is, like the Mount Road and the Punamali Road, a broad boulevard lined with fine old banyans. Owing to the nearness of the seashore there is plenty of sand to fill the air whenever the wind is stirring, and when the beach is reached you leave the cool shade of the banyans and drive south along a shadeless road to the

Roman Catholic Cathedral and Mission Church at San Thomé, near the south-east corner of Madras.

From the old church we drove the full length of the Marina, the road along the beach, to the Fort, passing along the east side of Chepauk Park in which are situated the Presidency College, the Public Works Secretariat, the College of Civil Engineering, the Chepauk Palace occupied by the Board of Revenue, and the Senate House with its statue of Queen Victoria. Taking them together they form a highly ornamental group of buildings in various styles of architecture from Italian to Hindu-Saracenic.

Far more interesting from the historical point of view is Fort St. George, for it was here, on ground ceded by the Raja of Chandragiri in 1639, that the East India Company acquired its first territorial possessions and the foundation of British power on the Coromandel Coast and in India was laid. The Fort was commenced in March of that year, and fourteen years later Madras was raised to an independent presidency under the title of the Presidency of Fort St. George, and to this day the official gazettes of Madras are dated from Fort St. George, in the same manner as the viceregal gazettes are dated from Fort William. In the Fort is a statue of Cornwallis; and St. Mary's Church, consecrated in 1680—they seemed to be in no hurry for a church in those days,—was the first English church in India. To-day the Municipality of Madras extends about eight miles along the coast and about three miles and a half inland, covers an

area of twenty-seven square miles, and contains a population of 510,000, of whom about eighty per cent are Hindus. From Fort St. George we drove to the new High Court, certainly the most conspicuous, and probably the finest buildings architecturally, in Madras. Then circling around the Fort we drove through Chepauk Park and the grounds of Government House, where there was a herd of tame deer, and back to the hotel (where kerosene lamps are still burnt) by Mount Road.

The best part of a day can be spent driving about on the Egmore side of the river, watching from the Harris Bridge the boatmen punt their narrow catamarans with bamboo poles; and visiting the Museum. As you need not go far afield you can vary your mode of conveyance by taking a rickshaw or a raikla (or reckla), the latter a vehicle like an American trotting sulky drawn by two bullocks. You may notice the curiously carved lintels over the doors of many of the native houses in Madras, and the high stone rests for the coolies to shift their bundles from their heads while they repose in the shade.

The museum contains a natural history collection, a variety of curiosities connected with Southern India and specimens of its products. There can be seen very fine close-woven grass mats from Tinnevelli; pithwork from Trichinopoli and Tanjore; ivory carved, and inlaid with designs in black (sgraffito); Tanjore-ware in welded mixed metals; carved sandal-wood; Bidri-ware, the pattern chased on an iron base and inlaid with silver; inscriptions; sculptures; and even a toy from Kondapalli showing each step in

the making, from the rough wood to the finished painted article. But the most interesting collections are the coins, native and foreign, found in Southern India and Ceylon; and the arms, mainly from the arsenal of Fort St. George, and the pick of the collection at Tanjore. Among other treasures are three fine elephant goads of chiselled steel; a dagger with a gauntlet handle, dated 1664, and decorated with a three-headed peacock; a four-pointed dagger from Sivaganga; a twelve-foot gun which belonged to the Nawab of the Karnatic; leather petards with straps to fasten them; a projectile which opens out when fired from a cannon; a tiger-headed gun taken at Seringapatam in 1792, and many other curious old European and Indian cannon, including some bearing the cipher "C. VII."

Ancient coins have a great fascination; for not only are they "the only monuments that never lie," but they stimulate the imagination to weave romances not only as to their meaning or history, but about their successive possessors. And there is room for much romance in the collection of the Madras Museum, arranged in specially constructed cabinets fitted into iron safes which are placed in the attic and only unlocked on application to the superintendent. There they remain so carefully concealed that only one other visitor saw them during the year 1904. From 1787, when the first Roman coins were discovered,—in that case gold ones of the second century of our era,—to the present day, when the fishermen's children on the Coromandel Coast pick them up from the sand after storms or heavy winds, there have been many notable "finds." Most of them have been made

within a radius of thirty miles from the beryl mine at Padiyur, whence came the beryls of pure sea-water green so highly prized by the Roman lapidaries.

The gold coins in the museum were all struck within the 200 years ending with the reign of Commodus (A.D. 180-193). Many of them are as fresh and bright as when they first came from the mint; but most of them have been perforated so as to be worn as ornaments. In 1817 a silver coin (denarius) of Augustus was found, and in 1842 a pot was discovered containing over 500 silver denarii of Augustus, Tiberius, Caligula, and Claudius. Specimens of each of these, dating from 23 B.C. to 51 A.D., are in the museum. The large number of Roman copper coins recovered from the river Vaigai at Madura and picked up on the neighbouring coast is strong evidence that there was a Roman colony at that place, if not a Roman mint. These coins have a diameter of ten to fifteen millimetres, and their average weight is about twenty grains. They are all much worn, but portions of the names of Valentinian, Theodosius, Arcadius, Eudoxia, and Honorius can be deciphered, and their reigns date from 364 to 423 A.D.

Although a mint was founded at Goa by Albuquerque in 1510, the very year he seized the place, and within twelve years of the time Vasco da Gama cast anchor off Calicut on the Malabar coast, yet the earliest Indo-Portuguese coin in the Madras Museum is a silver "rupia" of 1748, and the latest is one of 1882. These coins were legal tender in British India up to 1893. The series of Ceylon coins goes back to the end of the

twelfth century, and there are Dutch coppers of 1789 to 1795, and English coins from 1801. The coins of the East India Company date from the time of Queen Elizabeth—it was incorporated on the 31st of December 1600—almost to the year 1858, when India was transferred to the Crown, and include mohurs, pagodas, rupees, annas, dubs, and pies.

Madras harbour was formerly an open roadstead exposed to the full fury of the terrific hurricanes which visit the Coromandel Coast. Now partial protection is given by two breakwaters enclosing a space to the north and south of the pier, opposite the custom-house, and forming with it an exact letter E.

Madras was at one time a great emporium for spices, condiments, indigo, and coffee, and the Madras Presidency is still the greatest producer in India of these articles of commerce.

The great Dravidian temples in the Tamil-speaking country south of Madras, on the South Indian Railway, are interesting, more on account of their size and cost than for grandeur of design, and are more noteworthy as monuments of patient work than as triumphs of architecture. Chidambaram is 154 miles from Madras, Tanjore is 220 miles, Trichinopoli 251 miles, and Madura 340 miles. The fastest express, the "boat mail," connecting with the steamer for Colombo at Tuticorin, about 100 miles beyond Madura, makes but twenty miles an hour, including stops, when it is on time. But even at this pace you can, at some little inconvenience it is true, do the round trip to Madura and back in four days.

Going south from Madras you traverse the

plains near the coast, where rice is the great crop, and tropical vegetation is to be found wherever there is enough water. At Chengalpat, on the left bank of the Palar, there is a good tank to be seen from the train; and, after crossing the Pennar River to Cuddalore, you can see the ruins of Fort St. David. It is advisable to arrive at Chidambaram before dark, for although the temple is only half a mile from the station the dak bungalow is half an hour's drive in an oxcart, say a mile and a half away, and when you arrive there you will probably find no food on the premises and no fire lit. On the other hand, you will be rewarded by a brilliant display of fire-flies.

On the way from the dak bungalow to the temple, you will see in the fields to the left near milestone "27" a small ruined temple, and farther on along the right of the road is a fine tank with many water-lilies floating on its five and a half feet of water, and a shrine to Ganesa by its steps.

We entered the great temple by the southern gateway, the corners of which are blocks of granite forty feet long and five feet thick, and the basement of two stories is also built of granite; while above this the gate-pyramid, or gopura, is of brick 122 feet high, and is decorated to the top with stucco figures of beasts and gods, many of the latter being nude. The outer walls of the temple are thirty feet high and enclose an area of thirty-nine acres. There is an inner wall of the same height, and between the outer and inner wall to the left of the south entrance is a copper-gilt pillar erected in 1891. In the centre of the inner enclosure is the Sivaganga or Hemapashkarani (Golden Tank), 315 feet by 180 feet, entirely

built of granite, many of the blocks being forty feet long. Great restorations are going on here, as well as in the central temple to Siva, where the pillars with double shafts have all been renewed in granite and the whole building lit with electric lamps set in crystal lustres. By the north-east corner of this temple is a great painted stucco bull or nandi.

At the temple shrine, supposed to be the oldest in Southern India and at least 900 years old, we were decorated with garlands or phul mala of sweet-smelling flowers, in return for which we gave a nazr (nuzzer), or offering, of a rupee. Near the northern gopura, where on the third story to the right of the centre can be seen a spirited representation of a boar hunt, is the peacock shrine to Subrahmanya with stairs decorated with elephants. The shrine of Parvati comes next with its golden canopy fringed with bullion, in a temple with a handsome porch remarkable for the heavy bracketing of its central pillars. Opposite the temple of Parvati is the charming little shrine of Miratha Sabha (Sabha meaning golden shrine), considered to be the most perfect gem of Dravidian architecture in Southern India. It is a tiny temple, with carved wheels and horses at the side to represent a car, sculptured with well-executed dancing figures.

South of the tank is the Hall of a Thousand Pillars, 340 by 190 feet, more complete than is usually the case if, as the local guide informed us, there are in reality 1028 pillars in it. These pillars are each of them of a single block of granite, and not less than twenty-six feet high. The side walls of this hall are of brick decorated

near the entrance with an elephant carved in high relief, and the roof is composed of brick vaulting in pointed radiating arches. This form of construction is unusual in the Dravidian temples, as the horizontal or bracket mode of constructing arches is the one usually employed. This hall is supposed to have taken ninety years to build; that is, from the years 1595 to 1685. A tame elephant was tethered in the hall when we visited it. The eastern gopura has several stories painted instead of sculptured with figures, and outside of this are to be seen four processional cars, one much smaller than the other three, recently carved with minute figures and designs. There is a well in a corner of the temple enclosure built up of rings of granite, each hewn from a single stone.

The temple belongs to about 250 families of a distinct sect of Brahmins, called Dikshatars, who do not marry outside of their own sect. The children are by far the prettiest of any we saw in Southern India; and a widow who fluttered by in her white garments was one of the best-looking native women we saw in the whole country. We made inquiries of the Brahmin priests and guides as to the source of the large sums being spent in restoring the tank and the temples, and were informed by one that a certain Ramma Swami Chettaiyer was finding all the money, by another that thirty-six villages were providing the funds, and by a third, an enormous pot-bellied headman, that the money came entirely from voluntary contributions. From this we gathered that Ramma is treasurer and pays the bills, that the villages give what they can, and that contributions

from visitors are welcomed. There is a great fair at Chidambaram in the month of December.

Going from Chidambaram to Tanjore you cross the deltas of the Kolerun and the Kaveri (Cauvery), where the population numbers over six hundred to the square mile. At Mayavaram we saw a villager with a quaint home-made straw umbrella incapable of being folded up, but useful for either rain or sunshine. The crowds at the wayside stations increased in picturesqueness as we approached the south. The district must be a prosperous one, as the women wear an excessive amount of jewellery. Not only do they wear the ordinary silver rings, bracelets, armlets, and anklets; but the nose is frequently pierced in three places—in each nostril for a sort of brooch, and in the centre for a large ring ornament which hangs over the mouth. In addition the lobes of the ears are dilated so as to hold ornaments as big as bracelets, and we were told that amongst the Kallars of Pudukota a dilated lobe was considered so great a mark of beauty that some had been stretched wide enough and pulled low enough to allow the owner's forearm to be inserted. A crown-shaped gilt metal head-dress is frequently worn, and the women are often adorned with flowers.

The married women in some castes are distinguished by wearing silver rings on the second toes and a *tali* around the neck. The tali is a necklace with a metal ornament. The necklace is usually of beads, small black glass ones being preferred; and the ornament may be of gold or silver, or be merely a round brass disc. The tying on of this necklace (tali-kettu) is an import-

ant part of the Tamil marriage ceremony. The Tamil men shave the front of the head and decorate themselves with necklaces of carved nuts. The seeds of the *Putranjiva Roxburghii* are so worn by the Brahmins. The Brahmin married women pass one end of their cloths between their legs and then tuck the end in at the waist. At Kumbhakonam, nineteen miles from Mayavaram and twenty-four miles from Tanjore, is the Mahamokam Tank. The vimana of the temple of Tanjore, once the capital of the ancient Chola kingdom and now a city of over 57,000 inhabitants, comes into sight half an hour before you arrive at the station, where the railway company have built excellent sleeping accommodations, which were finished in 1903, far superior to the dak bungalow.

The great temple of Tanjore dates from the eleventh century, and is in the fort, which is a short walk from the station. It has an advantage over many of the other temples of South India in the fact that it was commenced on a well-defined plan which was adhered to until its completion, so that as a whole it is more satisfactory than most of its class. After passing under two gopuras you arrive in front of the great granite bull so blackened with oil and smoothed with rubbing as to make it difficult to distinguish the stone. This nandi is over twelve feet high, sixteen feet long, and seven feet broad, and is carved out of a single block of stone. A stone canopy supported on sixteen columns, some of which are handsomely carved and bracketed, is erected over it. Near this is a small flagstaff hung with bells and bound up in straw.

There are continuous inscriptions on the walls

of the entrances, on the base of the main temple, and even on the pavements. The base of the vimana of the main temple is eighty-two feet square and contains two stories; above these is a pyramidical structure of twelve stories whose topmost spires reach a height of nearly two hundred feet. On the left side of this pyramid, built nine centuries ago, is said to be carved "a European with a wide-awake hat on his head," but we were unable to discover the gentleman. The west and north colonnades have lingam shrines between the columns, but the decorations at the back are very tawdry. The western gopura has carvings of nude figures; and the sculpture on all the gopuras relates to the worship of Vishnu, while the courtyard sculptures relate to Siva. The most modern shrine is the one to Subrahmanya, a son of Siva, in the north-west corner of the temple enclosure. This is considered by many experts to be the finest piece of decorative architecture in Southern India, and, although small, is certainly very effective. The shrine is approached at the sides by staircases, with carved elephants in place of balustrades, and by the side of one of these staircases is sculptured a spirited horse rearing on his hind legs.

After leaving the temple gate you turn to the left between the main stone wall of the fort and the crenellated brick wall overhanging the moat, and walk until you come to a fine tree at the entrance to the People's Park. Next to this is the Sivaganga Tank and Schwartz's Church with its monument to the famous missionary. The palace is hardly worth troubling about, except perhaps to see the durbar room with its platform

of black granite and its statue of Sharfoji Rao, the raja who was Schwartz's pupil. The library of Tanjore, founded three hundred years ago, is to the student the most interesting in India, its manuscripts alone numbering eighteen thousand.

CHAPTER VII

TRICHINOPOLI AND MADURA

Trichinopoli Rock—Dalton's Battery—Srirangam Temple—The Horse Court—Temple of Jambukeshwar—Tobacco and Cigar factories—Dindigal—Madura—The Golden Lily Tank—Tirumala's Choultrie—Rameswaram—Mahavellipur.

FROM Tanjore the railway runs inland up the valley of the Kaveri to Trichinopoli, a city of over 104,000 inhabitants, on the right bank fifty-six miles from the sea. After leaving Budalur station Trichinopoli Rock comes in sight to the right, and at Tiruverumbur there is an old fort on the same side. There is an excellent guide at Trichinopoli station who will undertake to show you all that you wish to see of the temples and fort and bring you back to the station under five hours. There are bedrooms at the station, which were finished in 1904, similar to those at Tanjore.

It is well to plan your visit so as to see the Rock in the early morning or late in the afternoon, as the climb up to the temple on the peak is very hot work in the midday sun. Trichinopoli has the highest mean temperature recorded for any place in India, although it is very closely

Photographed by W. W. Schumacher.

TAMIL BATHING-PLACE, TRICHINOPOLI.

followed by Vizagapatam, Madras, and Madura. The Rock or Elephant's Head looks more like a tiger's head, and this faint resemblance is accentuated by the red and white perpendicular stripes with which the upper parts are painted. The entrance and the steps leading to it, guarded by granite duarapalas (dwapals) black with oil and camphor smoke, are on the south side between two small stone elephants and through a passage which leads to the first of a series of steep steps. Just before the Siva temple is reached the stairs are in a covered passage which now has some opening to admit light, but which was formerly quite dark, and in a panic which occurred here in 1849 two hundred and fifty people were crushed to death.

We were not permitted to enter the temple, but the doors were opened for us, and from the threshold we could see in front of us the nandi, the lotus, and the flagstaff, while to the right is a shrine dedicated to the heavenly planets. Just above this temple is a small cave temple once used as a powder magazine. Near the top, which the guide says is 256 feet above the town and 500 feet above the sea, are some steps newly cut in the living rock, and on the summit is a small temple, to Ganesa, from whose platform there is a fine view of the town below and the surrounding country.

Of the old fort the only remnants are a gateway to the west near the Roman Catholic Cathedral, and a triangular bit to the north known as Dalton's Battery, the scene of a night attack by the French in 1793. A commemorative archway shows the site of the south gate of the old fort,

and beyond this is the "new" town. Golden, or Sugar Loaf, Rock lies to the south-east, and French Rock about seven miles to the east. To the north is the island of Srirangam, in the Kaveri, with its temples almost entirely concealed in the trees, and farther away on the horizon rise the Eastern Ghats. The highest mountains in the Trichinopoli district are the Pachaimalais, which nowhere exceed 2500 feet; but to the west of them the Kalemalais rise to the height of 4000 feet. At the north-western foot of the Rock is the Teppa Kulam, a tank with a pavilion of twelve columns in the centre.

Under the arch of the great south gateway to the temple of Srirangam are two curious carvings. One is a design composed of nine svastikas, the other is a "Chinese figure" which shows the bodies of a bull and an elephant with a single head; the bull's horns looked at from one side appear as the elephant's tusks when looked at from the other side. Inside the gate is a processional car, carved with erotic groups, which is drawn around the temple enclosure during the yearly festival in the second week of December. During these days Europeans are not welcome visitors; but at night when the gods, decorated with jewels, are paraded in a torch-light procession visitors are not objected to.

None but Hindus are admitted to the innermost enclosure; but from the roof of the Hall of a Thousand Pillars can be seen the copper-gilt shrine. The Hall had 940 pillars, but the sixty necessary to complete the thousand were being erected for the *mela* of 1904 and great preparations were being made for the event. Dyes

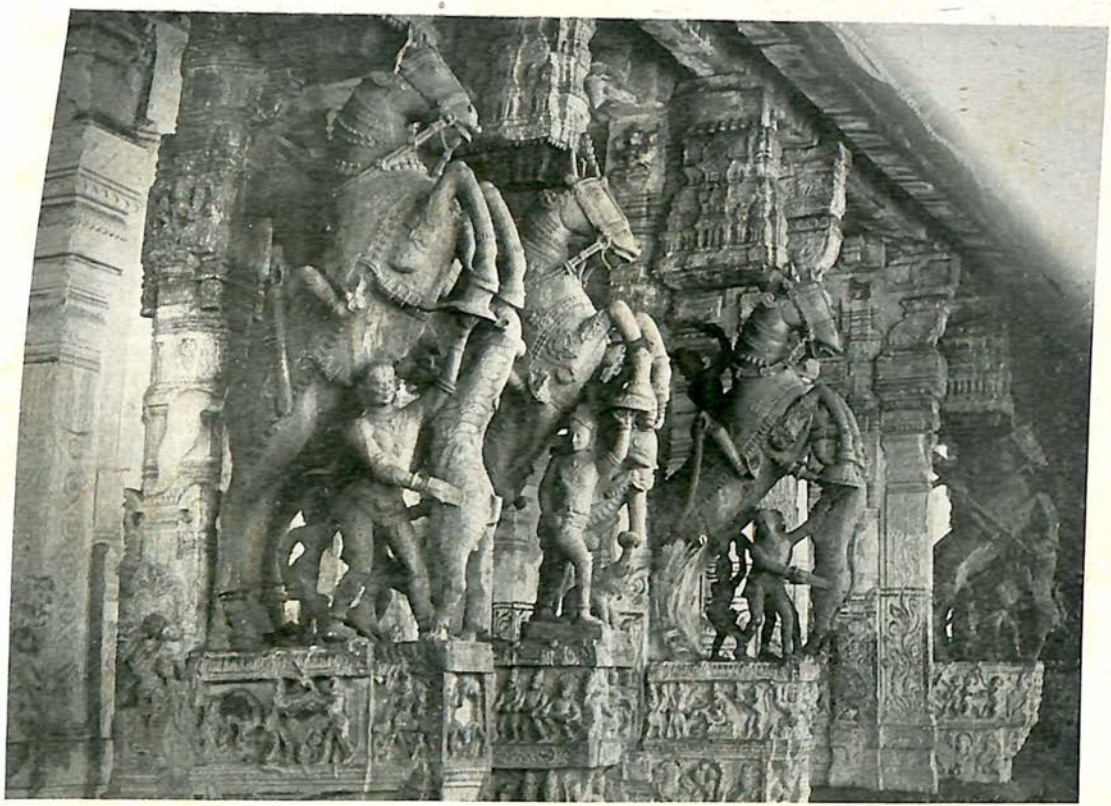
were being extracted, from the bark of trees, over the temple fires; rope was being made from cocoanut fibre to draw the god's car; food was being cooked; and decorations put up in honour of the occasion. In the Hall is a shrine in the form of a chariot with four granite wheels and two sculptured horses. The front row of pillars form the famous Horse Court. There are eight of them, each representing a stallion standing on its hind legs, its head supporting a bracket coming forward from the pillar, and its forefeet resting on a monster attacked by the rider or on the shield of a foot soldier who is assisting in the attack. The horses stand in other respects free from the pillars except at the tails, which are split, or rather doubled, so that each horse has two tails, one sculptured on each side of the pillar. The horse, the figures, and the columns behind are carved from a single block of granite. About twenty years ago a thunderbolt broke off the forelegs of the first horse, on the right-hand side facing them, or at any rate that is how the guide accounts for the damage.

If you wish to inspect the temple jewels you must give at least twenty-four hours' notice so that the five trustees who hold the keys may be got together. If you get an order from the collector or a magistrate to inspect them you can pay a fee or not as you think best; but if the jewels are exhibited on your own request a fee is looked for. A resident would probably give five rupees, but the guide says fifteen rupees would be expected from each party of visitors. Similar notice must be given to inspect the jewels in the temple at Madura.

The north gateway has jambs of granite monoliths forty feet high, and roofing slabs twenty-four feet long; but the gopura has never been completed. The temple enclosure measures about half a mile each way, or more exactly 2475 by 2880 feet, and is the largest in India. Bread-fruit, bananas, and coco-nuts grow within the walls; and 21,000 people are said to dwell there. The Brahmins here are very fair, and our guide regretted to say that the widows, who dress in white and wear no jewellery, are very immoral, but always outside of their own caste; and he said this led to frequent abortions and infanticide. The Brahmin boys at Srirangam were busily engaged playing tip-cat at the time of our visit.

The temple of Jambukeshwar, situated on the same island, but over a mile away from Srirangam, is about three hundred years old, and after having been long neglected, is now being taken in hand and restored. The outer walls were rebuilt about five years ago, but the temple grounds are still strewn with the stones taken from the old walls. The portico leading to the temple shrine is a cruciform hall whose roof is supported by beautiful double columns; and the tank, said to be fed by a perpetual spring, is looked upon with much reverence.

There are over two hundred small cheroot or cigar manufactories in Trichinopoli worked by native men; but the tobacco comes from Dindigal, where the largest manufactory in India is situated. Oil is also one of the products of Trichinopoli, and you can see it being cold pressed by the side of the road in mills worked by oxen, or extracted by a boiling process.



Photographed by Nicholas & Co., Madras.

HORSE COURT, SRIRANGAM TEMPLE.

Continuing south it takes less than four and a half hours by the "boat mail" from Trichinopoli to Madura, the capital of the ancient Pandya kingdom, on the right bank of the Vaigai River. On the way you see Dindigal, with its frequently besieged fort, as well as the hill country to the south and west of Dindigal, where the Eastern Ghats of the Coromandel Coast meet the Western Ghats of the Malabar Coast. The hills to the west and south of Dindigal are the Sirumalais, which rise to 4000 feet above the sea, and the Palnis, whose peaks rise to double that height, and west of them again are the Anamalais. To the south-west of Madura these join the Agamalais and the Travancore Hills.

Madura, which has now a population of over 105,000, is believed to have been founded in the fourth century B.C., and it is to be found marked as Modura on Ptolemy's Map of the World. The great temple of Madura and the great banyan-tree in the compound of Raja Ramnad's bungalow can be seen in about two hours, so that it is not necessary to spend a night at the dak bungalow or at the new rooms in the railway station. The main trunk of the banyan-tree is seventy feet in girth; and in that respect only is it larger than the Calcutta tree, as it has but 105 aërial roots and its leafy top is but 180 feet in diameter.

The great temple is in a quadrangle whose sides average about 780 feet. The entrance is by the east gate of Minakshi's temple through the Hall of the Eight Lakshmis. High up on the left of the entrance is a figure of the elephant-headed Ganesa, and on the right is Siva's other son Subrahmanya. To the north of this entrance

and on a line with it is the great eastern gopura, 152 feet high, with its nine stories of carvings above the stone gateway. Behind this gopura is the Golden Lily Tank, a rectangle surrounded by a stone colonnade or peristyle and steps down to the water, which has a protective net spread over it. Around two sides of the colonnade are paintings on wood of the most famous Indian temples. The guide will then show you the chamber where two hundred years ago the romantic love-story of Queen Mangammal came to a tragic end.

In the corridor, whose massive and elaborately carved central pillars alternately represent monstrous Yalis and the Pandu heroes of the "Mahabharata," there is a small shrine hung round with caged birds, one of them being a rare species of yellow parrot. There is the shrine of the "emerald goddess" and the temple whose shrine shows the planets in black granite, before coming to the Hall of a Thousand Columns, whose sculpture shows greater elaboration than any similar hall, and whose columns, almost of the exact number required, are of granite monoliths. Some of them are extremely massive, some of more delicate work, and some with most indelicate carvings. The guide called the latter, "Pictures to make loud joyful laughter." The hall was constructed by a minister of Visvanatha, the builder (about 1535) of the sanctuary and the first king of the Nayak Kan dynasty; and a figure on a rearing horse is pointed out as the minister himself. There are also clever sculptures of the mother of the "dancing god" laughing for joy at her son's success; of the bold, bad, man who points the finger of scorn at the woman who is

dropping her clothes; and of the angry husband who kills the bold, bad man.

Then we walked the length of Tirumala's Choultrie, with its four rows of exceptionally fine columns, 124 in number, and all elaborately carved with different designs. This great hall was built by Tirumala Nayak (Trimal Naik), and took twenty-two years (1623-45) to complete. The central columns have family groups of ten of the Nayakkan dynasty; and Tirumala himself, with his three wives on one side and his three daughters on the other, all hideously decorated in glaring colours, is under a rigged-up canopy. Emerging from the Choultrie, there is to be seen, opposite to it, the granite foundations and first story of the great gopura, designed on a larger scale than that of Srirangam, commenced by Tirumala, and left unfinished at his death. The beautifully-carved jambs of the gateway are single blocks of granite fifty-seven to sixty feet high.

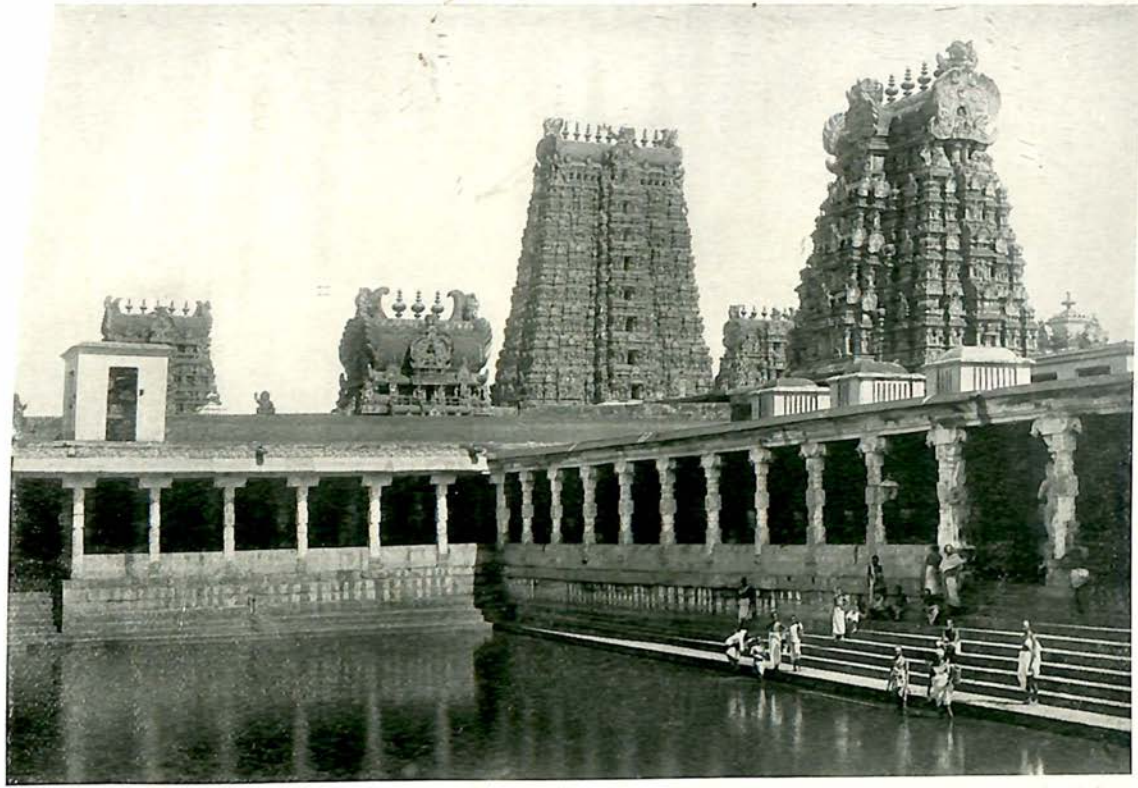
Tirumala's ancient palace has been restored, its granite pillars covered with chunam or paint, and its rooms are used as public offices. We went in by the great court and gained admission to some of the chambers, but there is not much of interest to be seen there. Then we drove eastward out to the tank, said to be 1200 yards square, but probably only 1200 feet, faced with granite, and having a parapet all around with a gallery beneath it. At any rate this Teppa Kulam is a large tank in whose centre, on a square island of stone with a pavilion at each corner, rises the beautiful white pyramidal Perumal pagoda. Near the north side of the tank is a little temple with a long porch which reminds one of the row of stone

Jizos at the temple of Kiyomizu-dera in Kyoto. There, when the good wife had prayed for a child and her wish had been fulfilled, she ties a bib around the neck of her favourite Jizo; here, under similar circumstances, the grateful mother presents an image of a child or of an animal, and the whole roof of the porch of Madura's shrine is covered with a Noah's Ark collection of beasts and babies.

There are two trains daily from Madura to Mandapam at the mouth of the Vaigai River, where a steam launch can be taken to Pambam, whence a good road leads to Rameswaram, the celebrated temple on the island of Pambam in the Palk Strait. The temple is a place of pilgrimage for Hindus from all parts of India; and is renowned for the great length of its granite corridors, whose compound pillars are richly carved, and for its gopuras built entirely of stone.

During our travels in the Karnatic in the first fortnight of December 1904, the weather was cloudy and generally cool, the thermometer never reaching 90° F. in the shade where we were, on any day. The north-east monsoon had been a partial failure in 1904, and there were great fears of crop shortages and famine. We had occasional light showers, and a heavy downpour one night, when over an inch of rain fell in Madras, but hardly any in the mofussil.

A very interesting excursion can be made from Madras to the rock-cut caves and raths at Mahavellipur. These latter are monolithic Hindu temples standing on the sea-shore and supposed to date from the fifth or sixth century. Each temple or monastery is carved out of a single



Photographed by Nicholas & Co., Madras.

GOLDEN LILY TANK, MADURA.

rock or boulder, and although most of them are unfinished they are most valuable examples of early Dravidian architecture. You should apply to the Engineering Department of the Buckingham Canal for the use of a house-boat, and if your request is not granted you must put up with a flat-bottomed native boat, part of which will be covered over. Joining your boat after dinner at the steps near Guindy Bridge, you can, during the north-east monsoon, from November to January, sail down during the night, see the "Seven Pagodas," as they are sometimes called, during the next day, and be towed back the thirty-five miles or so during the following night and day. You must, of course, take your own provisions and bedding.

From Madras we took steamer to Rangoon, visiting Burma and Assam before going to Calcutta; but these excursions must be described "in another place." One can go from Madras to Calcutta by the East Coast Railway in about forty-five hours, stopping on the way to see the Jagannath temple at Puri, said to be "the most holy and most frequented of all Hindu places of pilgrimages"; the ruins at Kanarak, "one of the most exquisite memorials of sun-worship in India"; and the Saiva temple at Bhuvaneshwar. We met a friend who had recently made this trip in the company of two officials, who would be shown everything that could be seen, and he advised us not to go to Puri from Calcutta, as his party had seen so little that it was not worth the trouble and inconvenience to which they had been put.

CHAPTER VIII

THE SNOWS

The Darjiling-Himalayan Railway — Observatory Hill — The Kangchenjunga Range—Mountain worship—Tiger Hill—The highest point in the world—Hill tribes—A dandy—Bhutia Basti—Phallut.

SILLIGURI is 330 miles from Calcutta, and the daily mail-train takes less than fifteen hours to do the journey by way of Sara Ghat. On the way back from Assam it may be reached from Dhubri Ghat, a distance of 175 miles. From Silliguri, which is 398 feet above the sea, to Darjiling, the distance is fifty-one miles by a two-foot-gauge railway which closely follows the old road. The first-class carriages weigh under two tons, and some of the other carriages under one ton, so that the train is quite a miniature affair.

On the level plain or *tarai*, after crossing the long bridge over the Mahanadi River between Silliguri and Sukna, tea may be seen growing on the flat, a successful experiment of quite recent years. After Sukna, 535 feet above the sea, the line runs by the side of the old road through woods with only occasional peeps to the right over the plains; and the first loop occurs. Rungtong,

1404 feet above the sea, and twelve miles from Silliguri, is the next station; then comes a loop and a tunnel; and just before Choonbatty Siding is the third loop, where the road makes all but two complete concentric circles, followed shortly afterwards by the first reversing station. Between these there is a fine view of the Tista River. There is a horse-shoe curve and the "short cut" to Kurseong to be passed before reaching Tindharia (2822 feet; 19 miles), a village of small shops, where we arrived at nine o'clock. After attaining an elevation of 3000 feet the second reversing station is passed, then the fourth loop, a half circle at "21½ mile siding," then the third reversing station, and here the line runs on the old road and there is a fine view. The fourth reversing station is after Gyabari (3516 feet; 23 miles); between Gyabari and Mahanadi (4120 feet; 27 miles) there is a bad bit where a torrent is crossed on the great horse-shoe curve, and after Kurseong (4864 feet; 32 miles) there is another bad bit of the railway to be run over at the top of the valley.

There is a grand view over the plains from the terrace alongside of the Kurseong railway station, where we arrived at 10.30 and remained half an hour for tiffin. In the brilliant sunshine the *tarai* showed all the shades of green with dabs of yellow where the mustard grows, streaks of silver streams, and flashes of gold where the sun was reflected from the water. Kurseong is a big village, and on the hill above it is a Jesuit seminary for the study of the Hill languages. This stands at an elevation of considerably over 5000 feet and commands an equally striking view over the

plains. The next two stations are Toong (5656 feet; 36 miles) and Sonada (6552 feet; 41 miles), and between them are good views down into the valley and out over the plains beyond. Then comes Ghoom, the highest point on the railway, 47 miles from Silliguri and 7407 feet above the sea. Here we found the thermometer standing at 39° during the noon hour, and heard that it had fallen to 33° at Darjiling the previous night. The train does the four miles between Ghoom and Darjiling at a snail's pace, taking the incline of 600 feet down to Darjiling station very carefully.

The maximum speed is made on the incline between Mahanadi and Kurseong, where the pace is over thirteen miles an hour; and the minimum running speed is on the bad bit between Gyabari and Mahanadi, where the train goes little faster than five miles an hour. We were very glad that we were going no faster than about ten miles an hour between Tindharia and Choonbatty Siding going down, for on coming round a corner there was a bullock cart across the track, and an emergency stop had to be made within the distance of a few yards.

After leaving our luggage at the hotel we started off for a walk by way of Auckland Road and the Chaurasta to Observatory Hill, 7162 to 7168 feet above the sea, where you can see a complete orientation of the mountains with panoramic photographs. This is to be found under a wooden pavilion, in a locked box which will be opened for you by the watchman on duty there. From this chart the elevations in feet, the distances in miles, and the directions from Observatory Hill of the various peaks are taken.

Looking a little to the left of the spire of St. Andrew's Church, and almost due west, the bare peak of Tong Lo is seen; going towards the north the next peak is Kang La, and after that Saburkum, which is a little west of north-west. Then follow Janu (in Nepal), 25,304 feet; 46 miles; 20° west. Kabru (or Kabur), 24,015 feet; 40 miles; which has an immense snow-field and glacier, and in general appearance is not unlike Mont Blanc. Kangchenjunga, 28,156 feet; 45 miles; 12° west, on the borders of Nepal and Sikkim, with a triple peak and double saddle. Pandim, 22,017 feet; 36 miles; a sharp peak. Narsing, 18,145 feet; 32 miles. D^2 on Siniolehu, 22,520 feet; 46 miles due north.

From north to east are the following peaks bordering on Tibet:—Chomiumo, 23,300 feet; 70 miles. Kangchenjhak, 25,509 feet; 69 miles. Donkia-Rhi, 23,136 feet; 72 miles. Chumanago, 17,325 feet; 43 miles. Gipmochi, 14,518 feet; 42 miles. North-east is the Cho La, and the peak of the Tule La lies east in Bhutan.

From Observatory Hill the Darjiling ridge rises to 7893 feet at Jalapahar, falls to 7372 feet at the saddle, and rises to 8163 feet on the summit of Senchal, which lies due south. Then come Tiger Hill, 8514 feet; Bara Senchal, 8600 feet; and, to the south-west, Ghoom. Over the mountains to the west is Nepal; to the north is Sikkim and Tibet; Bhutan lies to the east, and the plains of Bengal to the south.

The day was cloudy and the views of the distant peaks indistinct and somewhat disappointing; but while our back was turned to Kangchenjunga the clouds had thickened so as to

conceal most of its base, and at the same time cleared away from the summit, which towered above lit by the afternoon sun. When we turned again this glorious snow-clad mass, piercing the clouds and magnified in height by the curtain of clouds below its topmost peaks, burst on our view with a startling grandeur that took our breath away and left us in speechless awe. No photograph can reproduce the scene to the eye, and no pen convey it to the mind; but we understood and sympathised with the group of ignorant and dirty Tibetans who stood before the simple altar of stones, under the tall prayer-flags, a few paces away, and made offerings and prayers to the God of the Mountain. The offerings were usually food accompanied by an ex-voto in the shape of an iron trident—the Buddhist trisul. The prayer-flags are strips of cotton cloth nailed by one edge to long bamboo poles planted around the altar. Some are printed in Chinese ideographs. Not far away is the tomb of a lama, a square whitewashed monument with a flower-pot top, from which rises a cone surmounted by a Buddhist emblem like the Japanese sotoba. The top of the square base is covered with tiny clay cones placed there by pious pilgrims.

We saw no more of The Snows that day, and although we afterwards had excellent views from Observatory Hill, from Birch Hill, from Tiger Hill, and from Jalapahar, never did Kangchenjunga appear in such imposing magnificence as when we first viewed its peaks soaring above the clouds. On a clear day its apparent height is diminished by the neighbouring summits; and,

as is the case with all snow-covered mountains, the white covering has the effect of making it appear to be closer to the observer than it really is, and so influences the judgment as to its altitude, making us think it lower than we would if it were free from snow. The mountain range of which Kangchenjunga is the monarch is clad with pines, cedars, and rhododendrons up to the height of 12,000 feet, and the limit of perpetual snow is, on the southern exposures, about 4000 feet higher, but at the time of our visit the mountains were covered with snow almost down to the level of the top of the range between Darjiling and Nepal, or about 10,000 feet above the sea, giving a vista of snow slopes 18,000 feet high. This is about half again as high as the snow slopes of Mont Blanc as seen from Chamonix in winter.

Perhaps the best way to appreciate the size of the stupendous mass is to stand on Birch Hill and with a powerful field-glass look into the valley, thousands of feet below, and slowly continue the view up the mountains from crest to crest, climbing in imagination the four miles' difference in level from the valley below to the summit above. There is only one view in Switzerland that even on a small scale can be compared with this, and that is the view of the Mont Blanc range from Pointe Percée, rising to the height of over 9000 feet above the sea, above Sallanches. From there Mont Blanc is only twelve miles away and so seems proportionately higher than Kangchenjunga, which is about forty-four miles from Birch Hill.

The night after we arrived there was a violent thunderstorm, which cleared the air; and in the

early morning snow fell, and we found the grounds of the hotel covered with it when we got up. The day was fine and clear, and we tramped about the hills enjoying from various points the views down into the valleys and across them to The Snows beyond. The next morning we were awakened at a quarter-past four, and started off on ponies half an hour later for Tiger Hill. The thermometer was standing at 26° when we set out, and only rose to 36° at noon. There was just light enough to see the tail of the pony ahead; and, following one another up the zigzags and through the cantonment in single file, we had to trust to the sure-footed animals to keep to the road and to keep their feet on the frosty ground. However, we all arrived safely on the summit of Tiger Hill half an hour before sunrise, and were repaid by a glimpse of Mount Everest in the false dawn. All that is to be seen from this distance, 107 miles as the crow flies, is a group of three white peaks barely showing above the green mountains to the west. The central one is Mount Everest, or, as the natives call it, Gaurisankar, the highest mountain in the world. There is another group of three peaks nearer to you and more to the right which are similarly seen beyond the mountains, and when Mount Everest is concealed in the clouds the wily guides will point out the other group so that you may not feel disappointed. Above the level of 6000 feet there was not a cloud, and every snow-covered peak stood out with wonderful clearness in the morning light. Below was a sea of clouds changing from white and grey to marvellous tints of blue and red until sunrise, when they rose on the east side of Jalapahar and

passed over the ridge into Darjiling like a great tidal wave. They sank back again in a short time, and as the rising sun caught each snow-capped peak the colour transformation seen in the clouds was transferred to the mountains, a snow banner fluttered from Kangchenjunga, and the whole range stood revealed in the clear frosty atmosphere of a brilliant morning. But Mount Everest was coy, and after our first glimpse disappeared behind the clouds, only to reappear for a few minutes when the sun rose.

We were so spell-bound that no one had anything to say at first; but the coolies had built a fire and heated some coffee for us and we began to thaw out. The wit expressed a wish that he might some day ascend Mount Everest with a shovel so as to reduce its snow cap by two feet to a round 29,000; but it was suggested that Mount Everest might get the wit's two feet first. It was too slippery to ride down the hill, so the sais led the ponies down to Ghoom and we followed on foot. A young Australian who had never seen snow before amused us all by suddenly calling out, "Isn't this scrum, sister, it's like walking on a birthday cake!" At Ghoom we mounted again and rode back by the Auckland Road to the hotel for breakfast.

There are many beautiful walks around Darjiling, much to be seen of the various tribes of Hill people, and any amount of curios to be found in the shops. Since the return to Darjiling of the Tibetan expedition the shopkeepers will tell you that this drum made from two human skulls came from the Dalai-Lama's palace at Lhasa, that this apron was worn by the Dalai-Lama himself,

and so on throughout their whole stock; and as the Government declares that no looting took place at Lhasa you are placed in the dreadful dilemma of having to choose between disbelieving the Government or the shopkeepers. Ridiculous prices are asked; but judicious bargaining will enable you to buy a Nepalese kukri for two and a half rupees, a dao or hill-knife for one rupee, a set of five Chinese gilt buttons or a Tibetan flint and steel for eight annas, and for a rupee you may purchase a brass Buddhist sceptre shaped like a dumb-bell with prongs at the ends. This is the Japanese *tokko* and Sanskrit *vajra,* called here dorje, from which it is supposed Darjiling takes its name.

Darjiling is not only one of the show places of the world, but a great sanatorium, in spite of the excessive humidity of its climate, the summer headquarters of the Bengal Government, and the centre of the tea industry which has flourished here for nearly fifty years. It is somewhat deserted in winter; but throughout the whole year its bazaar is crowded every Sunday with people from the surrounding country. All these Hill tribes are of the Mongolian type, and most of them have pleasing faces often lit up with a smile. There are Tibetans who have come down over the passes through Sikkim; Lepchas, from Sikkim itself, who look almost like Chinese, the women wearing heavy ear ornaments, and both men and women parting the hair in the middle and combing it down on either side; Bhutias, the women, some of them rather pretty, with necklaces carrying a silver charm-case and with large ear-rings, and the men with pig-tails; Nepali women,

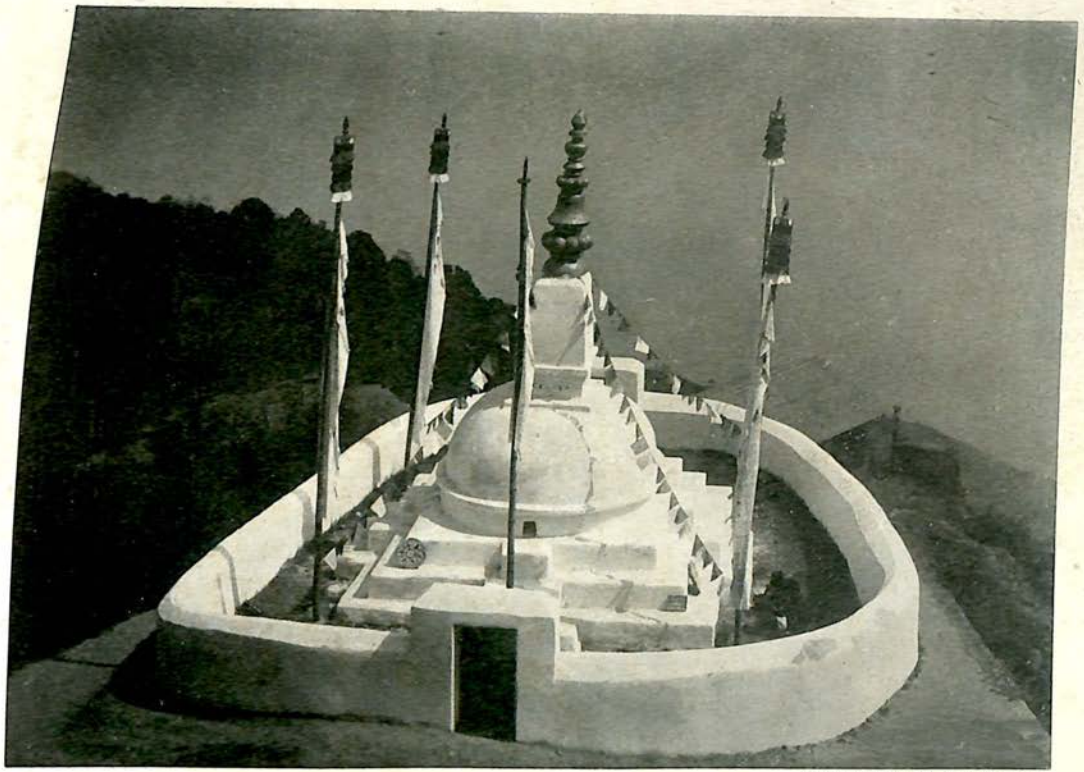
with enormous carved necklaces, head-dresses of silver, and nose-ornaments which sometimes hang down over the chin; and coolies carrying great loads on their backs, supported by a wicker band across the forehead. The local milkman with his bamboo milk-pails slung on his pony's back is another picturesque sight. These gentry are not to be entirely trusted, as some of them committed a burglary at the hotel shortly before we arrived. In Darjiling the sahibs ride about on ponies, the mem-sahibs in rickshaws with a single shaft, two men pulling and two pushing, or in a dandy (*dandi*), a long narrow box with a seat to sit on and handles to hold on by, carried by four or six men. The native women carry their babies on their back, and not across the hip as is usual elsewhere in India. Along the roads are platforms for the coolies to rest their loads; and prayer-flags, white and coloured, flutter from barked poles or bamboos crowned with an evergreen bush.

In our walks around Darjiling we went as far to the south as the top of Jalapahar, from which there are fine views down into the valleys on either side where tea is grown as far as you can see, and as far north as Birch Hill at the extreme end of the ridge upon which Darjiling is built. From Birch Hill we came back through The Park, out by Birch Hill Road West to Rook's Nest, and through the Lawn Tennis Courts and The Shrubbery, the grounds of Government House, to the Mall Road East and the Chaurasta.

The Chaurasta may be called the centre of Darjiling; and the small level space in the neighbourhood of the band-stand, which is just

over 7000 feet above the sea, is at the junction, as its name implies, of the four principal roads. From there you follow the old Labong Road down to the fork, and turn to the right into the Ranjit Road to the Buddhist temple in the village of Bhutia Basti. Gaudily painted rafter-ends project over the entrance, to the right of which are six prayer-wheels and to the left seven, while in the porch is a monster prayer-wheel inscribed with Sanskrit characters. The lama was very pleased to show us the Buddhist canon in a hundred volumes printed at the cost of the Raja of Bhutan, in Bhutia characters on silken leaves. In a glass case which takes the place of an altar are three Buddhas of gilded wood with painted eyes. On the way down to the temple you pass the Bhutia Stupa, a small whitewashed dome on a square base, surmounted by a ti which has a pair of eyes painted on each of its four sides.

On the west side of the ridge you can go through the market and bazaar to Lloyd's Botanic Garden, and continue down to the jail, for which you must have a pass to be admitted. On the way back you can see the big landslip of October 1899, when three hundred lives were lost and property to the value of over £165,000 destroyed. On a fine afternoon you may ascend Observatory Hill and watch the troops at drill on the flat top of a hill, hundreds of feet below to the north-east. You can hear the band playing quite distinctly, but not the words of command, although other noises come up from below. To the north and farther off are the barracks. The cinchona plantations and quinine factory of the Bengal Government are across the frontier, in Sikkim. The



Photographed by Th. Paar, Darjiling.

BHUTIA STUPA, DARJILING.

exceptionally severe winter of 1904 had brought the bears down from the mountains, and a Nepali lad eighteen years of age had been killed by a bear in December, and a Bhutia milkman had been attacked by another one and badly injured.

Among the walking or riding excursions to be made in the mountains around Darjiling the favourite ones are down the valley to the Great Ranjit River, 6000 feet below, which may be done in a day; the two days' excursion to the Tista Suspension Bridge, which is a continuation of the first; the five days' excursion to Phallut; and the excursion to the Jelap La, between Sikkim and Tibet, which requires a week. The excursion to Phallut, on the borders of Nepal, Sikkim, and Bengal, is well worth taking, for the nearer and finer views of the Kangchenjunga range than those to be had from Darjiling. It is necessary to take all supplies; and about ten coolies, including a cook, is the usual number of retainers for two. Ponies are taken; but in winter when the roads are treacherous and covered with snow-drifts it is necessary to do a fair part of the journey on foot. The daks are first day 23 miles, second day 13 miles, third day 11 miles, to Phallut; returning, fourth day 24 miles, and fifth day 23 miles, to Darjiling.

Leaving Darjiling at noon, you have the pleasure of seeing the sunrise next morning, from the boat across the Ganges, at Sara Ghat, and you arrive about 11 A.M. at Sealdah Station, Calcutta.

CHAPTER IX

THE CAPITAL OF INDIA

The Chowringhee—The Museum—The Calcutta Sweep—Kali Ghat—The Black Hole—The Mint—A modern temple—The "Zoo"—The Maidan—Fort William—Government House—Eden Gardens—The Botanical Gardens.

THE capital of India is situated on the left or east bank of the Hugli, about eighty miles from its mouth. Three months may be very pleasantly spent in Calcutta, we were told, but we found we could see the sights in as many days, so we did not unduly prolong our stay. On the east side of the Maidan, around which Calcutta extends, is Chowringhee Road, which continues north under various names, and south through Alipur as the Russapugla Road. At the corner of the Chowringhee (or Chauringhi) and Dhuramtola Street is the mosque of Prince Ghulam Mohammed, and following the Chowringhee south are some of the hotels and big stores before coming to the Imperial Museum.

The museum contains an extremely interesting archæological collection, including a gateway and part of the railing and coping from the Bhuddist Stupa of Bharhut, with inscriptions relating to

some of the five hundred and fifty previous births of Buddha. Bharhut shares with Sanchi the distinction of having the oldest carved stone monuments found in India. There are also archæological fragments from Muttra, Gandhara, Sanchi, Buddh Gaya, Sarnath, Orissa, and many other famous places. There is a gallery of fossil remains, a collection of mammals, geological galleries, and an ethnological exhibition where life-size models of the various Indian races are shown, together with their dresses, ornaments, implements of war, musical instruments, and articles of domestic use. Next to the Museum, which is open from ten to four, except Thursdays and Fridays, is the Art Gallery, which may be closed, but admittance may be gained by the presentation of your card at the office.

In the Chowringhee, south of the equestrian statue of Outram, is the Bengal Club, lodged in the house occupied by Macaulay when he was member of the Supreme Council of India, 1834-38. The United Service Club is not far away, and round the corner in Theatre Road is the Calcutta Turf Club, whose big sweepstake on the Derby is famous throughout the sporting world. The tickets are sold at ten rupees each, and the horses are drawn on the Saturday before the race. The club retains ten per cent of the subscriptions, forty per cent goes to the ticket drawing the winning horse, twenty per cent to the horse coming in second, ten per cent to the third horse, ten per cent is divided equally as a sort of consolation stakes between the tickets drawing other horses starting in the race, and ten per cent to "horses drawn other than placed or starting horses."

Between £40,000 and £50,000 worth of tickets are usually sold, so that you may imagine that the day-dreams of the resident sahibs and mem-sahibs are sometimes based on winning the Derby Sweep.

Near the south end of the Maidan is St. Paul's Cathedral, containing many monuments and tombs. We took the tramcar which goes down the Chowringhee and along the Russapugla Road to Alipur, and walked a short distance west to the temple of Kali Ghat, a shrine three hundred years old. The brass-plated side door to the shrine is opened every morning at half-past eight, and the front door from noon until five o'clock. In front of the temple porch is the spot where animals are sacrificed, and two posts stick out of the ground, hollowed at the top to receive the necks in a fork. The larger post is for goats and the smaller one for kids; and the pious may buy the latter at one to three rupees each in an adjoining street. In the temple enclosure are two trees, one hung with flower-garlands by people who have been bitten by snakes and pray to be cured, while the other has small stones tied to its branches (with hair, string, or strips of cloth) by barren women who desire children. We then walked through a dirty neighbourhood to the burning ghat on Tolly's Nala, where there are a couple of handsome tombs built in memory of two rajas who were cremated here.

On another occasion we drove through the quarters, north of the Maidan, where the bulk of the population of 847,796, enumerated in the census taken on the night of the 1st of March 1901, dwell. On the west side of Dalhousie

Square, which is north of Government House, is the General Post Office, and a tablet let into the wall of the north extension indicates the position of the famous Black Hole in the north-east bastion of old Fort William, now occupied by the roadway. The tablet reads: "The stone pavement close to this marks the position and size of the prison cell in Old Fort William known in history as the Black Hole of Calcutta." The size indicated is twenty-two feet by fourteen feet six inches. The monument, erected at the north-west corner of Dalhousie Square, by Lord Curzon in 1903, to the memory of the victims, is a replica of the one set up by Holswell and removed by Hastings; but the inscription has been modified. At the south-west corner of Dalhousie Square is a statue of the Maharaja of Darbhanga seated cross-legged; and on the north side of the square is the Secretariat.

Near the river-front north of the Howrah Bridge is the Mint, said to be the largest in the world in the area covered by its works and in its output of finished pieces, which is stated as 800,000 coins in seven hours. It has, however, but twenty-six presses, many of them of the old screw pattern, while the mint in Hong-Kong has ninety presses, but it has turned out a hundred million pieces in 260 working days. Most of the heavy machinery is old, some dating from 1860, and there seems to be unnecessary handling instead of automatic machinery. The molten metal is cast into strips or fillets; rolled; punched into disks or blanks, and samples of these weighed. Then the disks are counted, edge-rolled, annealed, counted again, stamped, milled, and, if silver,

counted again and rung on a stone; if copper, weighed and packed in rouleaus. The finished coins are put into boxes and shipped as directed by and for the account of the Currency Department. The copper coins are the pie or twelfth of an anna, the pice or quarter-anna, and the half-anna piece. The pice piece is exactly one inch in diameter. The silver coins are the two, four, and eight anna pieces and the rupee. The latter weighs exactly a tola, the eight-anna piece half a tola, and the four-anna piece one-quarter of a tola. Seventy years ago the Madras mint coined some one-anna silver pieces, but these are no longer struck; and the double mohurs, mohurs, two-third mohurs, and one-third mohurs gold have ceased to be coined; the only gold pieces in circulation being British sovereigns. Hundreds of thousands of rupees coined in 1818 and before, all of them unworn and as fresh as when first coined, had been sent in from the hoard of a raja who had struck a bargain with the Government, and were being counted over. We were told elsewhere that the silver was bought by the Government above its bullion value, but that the raja accepted payment in Government bonds. The bullion is assayed from a sample poured from the mass in the crucible into water, by which it is granulated. A new series of copper and nickel coins is about to be struck, the dies being made at the Royal Mint, London.

On the other side of the city, on the east side of the Upper Circular Road, north of Maniektola Street, are two pillars bearing the legend "Road to Temple Gardens." Our guide called it the Shree Shree Sheetalnathji, and the temple and

gardens were "founded in 1867 by Rai Buddree Dass Bahadur, Mookim to H.E. the Viceroy." The walls of the temple are covered with a mosaic of glass and cement; and you must take off your shoes before you are permitted to mount the steps leading to the shrine. In the garden, which is ornamented with tanks, is a curious collection of statues, including a Venus, a Diane Chasseresse, some painted soldiers, elephants, and various other figures. From this temple, with its extraordinary display of bad taste, we drove quite to the northern end of the city, where the Barrackpur Road crosses the Circular Canal, and then back to the hotel by a different route.

The Chiriya Khana or Zoo is always interesting; but on Sunday afternoon, when the band plays, it is also fashionable. There is a man-eating tiger to be seen, which is said to have killed and eaten two hundred human beings; and a splendid black leopard. If you care to see some brilliant natural colours, look up the kraits (or karaits), snakes with yellow bands, in the serpent house; the mandrill baboon from West Africa with a face striped with blue, or the mandarin ducks marked with colours so crude as to appear unnatural. There are a lot of green pigeons of the species found in Bengal, some beautiful Victoria crowned pigeons, and a fine collection of the very handsome lesser birds-of-paradise. The small houses in the grounds bear the names of the donors.

Close to the Zoo is Belvedere, the official residence of the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal, the west entrance of which is the site of the famous duel on the 17th of August 1780, between Warren Hastings and Philip Francis, in

which the latter was dangerously wounded. We returned by the race-course, which has a length of two miles, and which is the scene, at the annual Christmas Meeting, of the struggle for the Viceroy's Cup. Polo is played within the irregular oval of the race-course, which is at the southern end of the Maidan, close to the Presidency Jail, where the Queen Victoria Memorial is to be erected. The Maidan, or plain, is the glacis of Fort William, which is in the middle of its west side, facing the river. The fort was commenced by Clive in 1757 and finished in 1773. The original Fort William, which was built in 1698, twelve years after the British merchants retreated from Hugli to Sutanati, a part of the modern Calcutta, stood farther north, extending from the present Dalhousie Square to the river. The Maidan and fort cover an area of two square miles; but a drive within the fort discloses nothing of special interest. Such modern guns as there may be are kept carefully out of sight; and the really ancient ones in the arsenal require an order to be seen. Just south of the fort, on the river, is Prinsep Ghat, with a pavilion of twenty-four Ionic columns erected in honour of James Prinsep, the great orientalist, who died in 1840. The fashionable evening drive is the Red Road, through the Maidan to Government House and Eden Gardens, named after the sisters of Lord Auckland, Governor-General from 1836 to 1842.

Government House was built by Lord Wellesley during his Governor-Generalship, 1797 to 1805, and is a fine pile situated in grounds covering an area of six acres. It is modelled on Kedleston Hall, near Derby, which was built by

Robert Adam in 1765, and is the property of Lord Scarsdale, the father of Lord Curzon of Kedleston. Kedleston Hall, however, has Corinthian columns of yellowish alabaster, while Government House has white Ionic columns supporting the pediment above the portico of the main entrance. We saw Lord Curzon go in state, escorted by native cavalry, one morning, to return the visit of the Maharaja of Jaipur. In Eden Gardens there is a small lake, on the banks of which has been set up a seven-roofed pagoda and some bits of sculpture brought from Prome after the second Burmese War. Here also is the cricket-ground; and near the river entrance the band plays every evening at six o'clock. Opposite is the statue of Sir William Peel, one of the first recipients of the Victoria Cross, who led the ladder party at the assault on the Redan and who commanded a naval brigade during the Mutiny. You will see many bicyclists on the Maidan in the evening; and you may also see sables and other furs worn by the ladies driving in the Road or walking in the Gardens, for the January nights may be cold and damp in Calcutta, and nobody cares to risk catching a chill in this climate. The river-side drive extends south to the banks of Tolly's Nala, once one of the beds of the Ganges. The Maidan is scattered over with statues of former Governors-General and Viceroys.

Previous to 1834 the Governor-General was "of Fort William in Bengal," and it was only after the Mutiny that the Governor-General of India was given the title of Viceroy. The first Governor was Clive, who took office in 1758, the year after the battle of Plassey; the first

Governor-General of Fort William in Bengal was Warren Hastings in 1774; the first Governor-General of India was Lord William Cavendish Bentinck, and Canning was the first Viceroy.

There are a few monuments to generals on the Maidan, and at the north end, opposite Government House, is the statue of Queen Victoria seated on a throne; but the most prominent memorial in Calcutta has been erected in honour of an American. The Ochterlony Monument, a fluted column 165 feet high, commemorates the services of Sir David Ochterlony, the conqueror of Nepal, who was born in Boston, Massachusetts, on the 12th of February 1758, and died in India in 1825.

The Royal Botanical Gardens are open every day in the year from sunrise to sunset, and we spent a long morning there, driving over the Pontoon Bridge, and then four miles south by the Grand Trunk Road through Howrah and Sibpur. In Howrah are the great jute mills, not very interesting in themselves, but of the greatest importance commercially. Bengal has a practical monopoly of the production of jute, which is a sort of reed, the fibre of which encloses a useless woody inside pulp. It is grown by the native cultivators in small patches, but the aggregate acreage is about 2,800,000, and the average crop $2\frac{1}{2}$ bales, of four hundred pounds weight each, per acre. There had been a great advance in the price of jute in 1904, and it was estimated that the crop that year was worth £15,000,000. The exports of 13,036,000 cwts. in 1902-3 were only valued at £7,418,000. In the same year the rice-fields of Bengal yielded 17,705,000 tons of cleaned rice

from an acreage of 37,082,000; and the Presidency leads in the production of oil-seeds and tobacco. The latter suffered rather severely from the frosts in the early months of 1905.

In the delta rice is the universal food, but farther north it is too expensive for the poor people. The Bengal plains give two harvests in a year, and in places three; but we never heard of any place, outside of Burma, where four crops were gathered in one season. It is the opinion of all the planters we met that the best native methods of cultivation cannot be improved on, and that their accumulated experience has little to learn from our most advanced science.

One of the greatest attractions of the Botanical Gardens is the banyan-tree, believed to have been planted in 1769, which was growing when the garden was formed in 1786-87. In December 1900 its main stem five and a half feet from the ground had a circumference of fifty-one feet, its greatest height was eighty-five feet, the circumference of the crown was 938 feet, and it had 464 aerial roots. Cyclones in 1864 and 1867 destroyed all but this great banyan, a smaller banyan, some country almonds, pipals, palms, and mahoganies; and many of the latter now in the Gardens are over a hundred years old. On the tall trees in front of the house of the curator, from whom surplus plants can be bought, bougainvillæas may be seen climbing; and the panbaris or open conservatories are fragrant with the sarsaparilla and vanilla vines. There are groves of mango-trees, and numbers of the tall tamarisk-looking "Howrah pines" or casuarina-trees from the Andaman Islands. There are palmyra palms, from

which the natives extract sugar; talipat palms, upon whose leaves some of the oldest Aryan manuscripts were written; and Himalayan birch, whose bark was used for the same purpose. Arenga palms, from which the Malays get sago and sugar; the elæis, from which the West Africans get both oil and arrack; carob-trees, whose seed-pods are called locust-beans or St. John's Bread; wild date-trees; the evergreen nutmeg-tree; rubber vines and trees; and the bher fruit or wild jujube are all to be seen, and, if you like, studied. Then there are plants ugly in themselves but useful in commerce, such as the sisal hemp and the aloe agave; and trees interesting on account of their connection with tree-worship, such as the banyan, venerated by the Hindus; the pipal, whose fig is about the size of a large pea, worshipped by both Buddhists and Hindus; the *Ægle marmelos*, sacred to Siva, whose wood is a bright yellow and whose fruit-pulp is an excellent remedy for dysentery; and also the tulsi or holy basil shrub of the Vaishnavas.

CHAPTER X

THE CRADLE OF THE GODS

Buddh Gaya—"The Sublime Story"—The Bo-tree—Asoka—The Shrine of the Buddha—Sarnath—Benares—The Ghats—Aurangzeb's Mosque—The Burning Ghat—The Golden Temple—The Well of Knowledge—Monkey Temple—Small change—The "Beaten Track."

WHEN we left Calcutta we took the Punjab mail for Bankipur, 338 miles up the line. Bankipur, on the right or south bank of the Ganges, is the civil station of Patna, the headquarters for opium and lac. There we had breakfast, and changed to the Patna-Gaya branch, which runs through paddy-fields for eighty-five miles to Gaya, where we arrived at noon. Just before reaching Bela station the foot-hills of the mountains appear to the east, and at Chakand they are seen to the west.

Gaya, which had a population of over 71,000 in 1901, is divided into two parts, the older called Bishnu Pad or the Footstep of Vishnu, the newer or business quarter called Sahibganj. A maze of narrow, dirty streets leads to the temple of Bishnu Pad, whose gilt pinnacles, and gilt flag-staff with a metal banner, rise above the surrounding houses. The temple has a copper-bronze bell,

presented in 1798, and not far away is the silver Bishnu Pad, inserted in the pavement. The temple of Rani Indrajit, on the bank of the Nairanjara or Phalgu River, beyond the railway bridge, contains nothing of great interest, nor did we linger long at the Vishnu temple of Gora Debi on the hill. These we visited after Buddh Gaya, which lies six miles to the south of the city, whither we were driven in a gharri behind a shocking pair of broken-down horses. They were so bad that we determined to pay the driver his bare legal fare, and this we found was three rupees twelve annas for six hours.

The road lies on the west bank of the Nairanjara, whose sandy bed was almost dry, through groves of screw pines and palmyra palms. It is from the fermented sap of the latter that the intoxicating toddy is made, and the trunks of these trees are notched all the way up with incisions for drawing it. The toddy-drawers are men of the Pasi caste, and they swarm up the trees with their legs tied in the manner of the Sinhalese (Cingalese) coco-nut gatherers. The leaves of the palmyra palm are to this day used to write upon. Pilgrims of many nationalities were met on the road—Burmese, Hindus, Tibetans, Marathas, and others. The delicacy most of them carried and were eating was unsweetened pop-corn.

There is probably no place in the world which has been held in veneration for so long a period and by so large a proportion of the human race as Buddh Gaya, where pious pilgrims come to-day as they have at any time during the last twenty-five centuries. "The Sublime Story"

(Mahavastu) of Siddhartha Gautama, son of Suddhodana, the Sakya chief, who renounced the world to conquer sin and ignorance, is known to all the world. In the prime of life he left his infant son and his wife Yasodhara, who was his cousin and the daughter of a raja, and sought by meditation and self-mortification to save mankind from disease, from unhappiness, and from death itself. The story of Sakya Muni (Saint), The Buddha, in all its main outlines, is the story of the Catholic Saint Josaphat, who resisted the same temptations to accomplish the same ends. After many years' wanderings Gautama came to Pragbodhi, the mountain a few miles from Buddh Gaya, and from the mountain came down to sit under the pipal-tree, where, after a period spent in mental abstraction, he attained the "higher wisdom" and became a Buddha. According to the Buddhist canon he had to pass through five hundred and fifty previous births, and was only a Bodisat before his final enlightenment. The faithful believe that the tree at the back of the temple is the same pipal or Bo-tree that threw its shade on The Buddha, and venerate it accordingly. The temple, a brick rectangular pyramid of eight stories above a basement, surmounted by a spire, reaches a height of 160 feet, and is about 50 feet wide. It is built in a hollow, and the Bo-tree behind it springs from a platform raised a few feet from the ground. Under its shade is The Buddha's bed, and his footsteps impressed in stone.

Chandra Gupta, at whose court Megasthenes, the Greek, was ambassador for eight years, was the founder of the Maurya dynasty, whose power

gradually spread over the whole of India and united it into one great kingdom. His grandson Asoka, 260-223 B.C., became a convert to Buddhism about the year 257 B.C., and adopted it as the religion of the State seven years later. For a thousand years Buddhism reigned supreme in India, but in the ninth century of our era Brahminism gradually superseded it, and modern Hinduism is the joint product of the two. Asoka introduced stone architecture into India, and when, as King of Magadha or Bhar, he became a convert to Buddhism, he built a stone railing around the temple and the Bodhi Drum or Tree of Wisdom.

What is left of the carvings on the bars and pillars of this rail are said to be the oldest sculptures in India; but the rails at Bharhut and Sanchi are almost as ancient. Asoka sent his son, Mahindo, and his daughter, Sanghamitra, to introduce Buddhism into Ceylon, and with the latter sent a cutting of the Bo-tree, which was planted in Anuradhapura. There are good reasons for believing that the cutting so planted is still growing, and that the Bo-tree in Anuradhapura is the tree of the greatest historical age in the world.

The shrine in the temple contains a gilt figure of The Buddha Renouncing the World, having the trisul or trident mark painted on his forehead. Around him are coloured marble Buddhas from Burma, and above is a nude standing image of gilt stone with the wheel of life in one hand. On the stairs stands a black stone, with some traces of gilding left, bearing an inscription in Pali. From the top of the basement story can be seen

the Maher Hills, which rise to a height of over 1600 feet above the sea. Over the entrance to the shrine is the following inscription: "This ancient temple of Mahabodhi, erected on the holy spot where Prince Sakya Sinha became a Buddha, was repaired by the British Government under the order of Sir Ashley Eden, Lt.-Gov. of Bengal, Anno Domini 1880." How far any English inscription would be appropriate here is questionable; but surely the date is, to say the least of it, of doubtful taste. As well might the Turks put an inscription over the Church of the Sepulchre to the effect that it had been rebuilt "in the year of the Hegira 1225."

A small brick building near the temple contains more footprints of The Buddha in stone, and the Japanese Buddhists have a gold shrine in a building erected about ten years ago at back of the temple. There is also a new brick rest-house for priests. While our driver was getting ready to go back we visited the convent of Sanyasis. The priests at the temple had given us permission to pluck a couple of leaves from the Bo-tree, and on comparing them with those gathered at Anuradhapura they were found to be broader leaves with relatively shorter tendrils. The priests also gave us a nosegay, which we afterwards handed to the leader of a party of Tibetan pilgrims, and it was a great pleasure to watch their childish delight over the gift.

The date of Siddhartha's birth is generally given as 623 B.C., and his great renunciation was made in his thirtieth year. Five or six years later he became a Buddha under the Bo-tree and began his propaganda, which he continued

until he attained Nirvana at the age of eighty. All these dates are subject to a possible error of sixty-five years in the original date, making it 558 B.C., and advancing the date of his death and cremation to 478 B.C. From Gaya The Buddha went to the deer forest at Sarnath near Benares, where he was joined by his five earliest disciples. Within three months he was able to send out sixty disciples as missionaries, and on his death five hundred of his disciples met in the cave by the bamboo grove of Rajagriha, the capital of the King of Magadha, near Behar, close to the modern village of Rajgir, and formed the First Buddhist Council.

The Five, The Sixty, and The Five Hundred Disciples of Buddha have been depicted by the artists of the East from the earliest times to the present, and may be seen in carvings and paintings in India, China, and Japan. In China Buddha is known as Fo, and in Japan as Butsu.

After the lapse of a century the Second Council was held, and another two centuries passed before the Third Council was convened in 244 B.C. by Asoka. The Fourth and last of these Councils was convened three centuries later by Kanishka, and his revised canon is that of Tibet, China, Korea, and Japan; while the canon of Asoka remains that of Burma, Ceylon, and India. Although the Brahmins have superseded the Buddhist priests throughout India proper, yet the three great duties—of self-control, of kindness to others, and of respect for all animal life—taught by The Buddha are nowhere more faithfully carried out.

Following in the footsteps of The Buddha, we

Photographed by W. W. Schumacher.

BATHING GHAT, BENARES.

left Gaya for Benares and Sarnath. Long before Buddha's time Benares, then called Kasi or Varanasi, was the most sacred city of the Hindus, and it is still the religious metropolis of their faith. It is on the left bank of the Ganges, 421 miles from Calcutta by the Grand Trunk Road, or 479 miles by rail *via* Bankipur. The modern station of Kashi, three miles from the cantonment station, is on the bank of the Ganges, which is crossed by a steel girder bridge of seven spans, each 351 feet long.

We spent an afternoon at Sarnath, driving out by the Azamgarh Road past Warren Hastings' sundial, which bears the date 1784; then by the Ghazipur Road almost to the railway, where we turned to the left into the Sarnath Road, running parallel to the line. On the left of this road there is the Chaukandi, an octagonal brick tower dating from 1531, on the top of a hill or mound of brickwork seventy-four feet high. From this tower, which has a well down the centre, there is a good view of the surrounding country; but of Benares, only the two slender minarets of Aurangzeb's Mosque can be seen over the trees. In the opposite direction is the Tope in the Deer Park, where the Buddha resided with his first five disciples.

The Tope or Stupa, known as Dhamek, is a dome of solid brickwork on a plinth of stone ninety-three feet in diameter, the whole rising to the height of a hundred feet, of which the plinth takes up forty-three feet. The brick dome has suffered considerably; but the plinth is practically intact, except for its facing, of which a large part is destroyed. What remains is carved in well-

executed geometrical designs and beautiful foliage, all in high relief and wonderfully preserved. Near the east side is the figure of Buddha with the Brahminical thread, and to the north are carvings in full relief of two elephants trampling on human beings. There is a museum, where pieces of sculpture found in the vicinity are preserved. Included in these is a fine figure of Buddha with a halo—depicted on the front cover.

We spent our first morning in Benares, on the river, going up and down in a boat, for which the established charge is one rupee per person, from Dasaswamedh Ghat. We first went down the river, which here runs almost due north, as far as Raj Ghat, and then up stream to Asi Ghat, and back to where we started, passing in this manner each ghat twice. We found the sights from the boat sufficiently absorbing, and postponed our visit to the temples until the afternoon, when we landed at the ghats for the various places of interest. There is not much to choose between the morning and afternoon as far as seeing the bathing is concerned; but, as the ghats face east or south-east, they are better seen in the morning light. An early start would enable one to do the whole river-side before tiffin, and there is not much of great interest away from the ghats.

On an old map of Benares we counted the names of seventy of these ghats, or steps, leading down from the cliffs, which here form the left bank of the Ganges, and which rise in places to the height of a hundred feet. Some of these old steps have disappeared, some have had new names given them, and some entirely new ones have been built. Below Raj Ghat is the railway

bridge, and three-quarters of a mile below the bridge the Barna River enters the Ganges on its left bank. Near the junction of the two rivers the old fort can be seen.

Going up stream from the bridge we saw the stone cow at Gau Ghat; but the herds are no longer brought there, and the only cow was a monolithic one. Panchganga Ghat, the meeting of the Five Rivers, is the first one of real interest, for on the top is the small mosque built by the fanatical Aurangzeb on the site of a Hindu temple, as an insult to the religion of a conquered people. Its slender minarets, which are 147 feet high and are said to be fifteen inches out of the perpendicular, form one of the most prominent features of any general view of Benares. There are steep stone steps, with a rope on one side to aid the climber, leading to the roof of the mosque, from which there is a good view of the river from Dufferin Bridge to the Palace at Ramnagar. Although it was a Friday when we visited the mosque, there was not a single worshipper there. At the top of Ram Ghat there is a temple with a white vimana, and below on the bank are great stores of firewood, which is bought and sold by weight, for use at the burning ghats. At Ghosla Ghat we saw a picturesque procession of pilgrims, each carrying their belongings on a coolie pole, and all of them covered with yellow decorations. The ruined Sindhia's Ghat, now given over to the cows, is next to the sacred Manikarnika with its malodorous well, and to the south of the latter is the great cremation ground where the bodies of the faithful Hindus are burnt. We watched the operations for half an hour, and saw enough

to put in the shade all the other abominations of Benares.

The corpse, swathed in white or red cotton and tied to bamboo poles, is carried down the ghat by four men, who half submerge it, with the head resting on the bank and the feet in the river. They splash enough water over it to wet all the swathing, and there it remains to await its turn to be burnt. When the pyre is ready the corpse is lifted from the river and placed on it, and in a few minutes the light is applied and the burning begins. If a big enough and hot enough fire had been made, the body might be quickly and decently cremated. But what usually happens is this. The fire blazes up and consumes the cotton coverings and fastenings, leaving the naked corpse exposed. Then the flesh sizzles, the muscles contract, and the corpse begins to move. In one place a leg twists out of the fire, in another an arm is raised above it, and looking at a third pyre you see the head fall from the body and roll out of the fire. To add to the horror of it all, the pyres are not always allowed to burn out, but are extinguished by throwing water over them, and the ashes raked away to make room for a fresh pyre. And in these ashes thrown into the river we saw the half-consumed trunk of a human body and other pieces of charred flesh and bones. During our visit as many as seven pyres were burning at the same time at this ghat alone.

The Nepalese house and temple at the top of the next ghat should be marked "for men only," for the struts or brackets supporting the eaves of the graceful double roof of the temple are carved

with erotic groups which might cause embarrassment to the prudish.

Back from the river is the famous Golden Temple, whose gold-plated dome and vimanas covered with beautiful designs in foliage may be seen at short range from the first story of a shop opposite. Of the hundreds of shrines in Benares this is the most sacred, and it is near this temple of Bisheshwar that the crowd is usually thickest, the air most poisonous, and the streets the filthiest. The Brahmins assert that the temple is the oldest in Benares, but there are probably no buildings left which were erected before the time of Akbar, and the Golden Temple as it now stands was certainly built in the eighteenth century. In the vicinity of the Golden Temple is the Temple of Annapurna or Unpurna, the Well of Knowledge (Gyan Kup or Gyan Bapi), and the Ganesa Shrine. The well is surrounded by an octagonal stone screen, carved with designs in foliage and pierced in the centre of each face; and there is a roof supported on scalloped arches springing from graceful pillars. The figure of Ganesa is a small one, close to the ground, in a wall at the corner of two streets, and has silver hands, feet, and ears.

At the popular ghats for bathing you can see various luxuries indulged in by the well-to-do pilgrims; and there are barbers, manicurists, chiropodists, masseurs, and similar gentry galore under the big umbrellas or chhattris. Mir Ghat, entirely caved in and ruined, has been invaded by the dhobis. Between Man Mandir and Dasaswamedh is the Observatory, built over two hundred years ago by Raja Jai Singh, who erected

five of them in all, the finest being in Jaipur, his own capital. The building at the top of Munshi Ghat is white and has three central turrets; and, from the river below, the pinnacles of the Golden Temple can be seen. The brick-faced Kedarnath Temple appears above Kedar Ghat, and west of it is the Mansarovar Kup or tank. Between Smasan Ghat and Hanuman Ghat is a lingam shrine. The fabric of the Khali Mahal at Sivalya Ghat is in good condition, and on its walls is an inscription relating the escape from it of Chait Singh. According to the boatman the first reclining mud figure of Bhim is on Bachhera Ghat; then comes the intake of the waterworks followed by Januki Ghat, whose four white domes and pinnacles have gold tips; then Asi Ghat, with another Bhim, south of which is a ghat with a white building having turrets at the corners; and finally the Ghat of the Maharaja of Benares, which has a superstructure of modern design on a stone basement.

We drove through Benares, passing the brass bazaar, the stone-polishers' quarter, and the iron-workers', to the Naga Kund, a deep tank or well with steep flights of steps to the water, which is near the Jaitpur police station or "choki," and returning through the calico-printers' quarter. Another drive took us to see the monolithic monument in the grounds of Queen's College, then past the Pishach Mochan tank, near the Chaitgunge police station, south of and close to the Grand Trunk Road, to the Durga Temple and tank. The tall vimana of the Durga or Monkey Temple, faced with stone, rises from a stone basement ornamented with panel carvings of

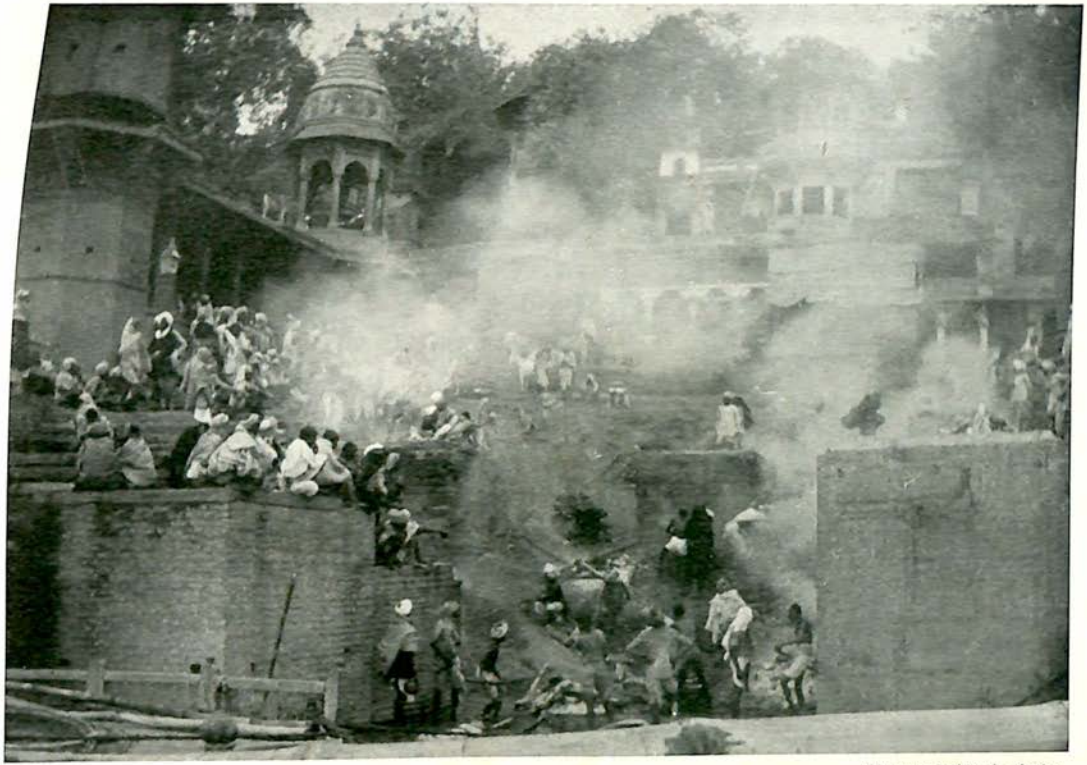
animals and gods; and in the quadrangle are numbers of sacred monkeys and sacrificial goats. On the way to the Monkey Temple we went to the palace of the Maharaja of Vizianagram at Belipur, where we were at once admitted to see what little there is of interest there. From the temple we drove to Ramnagar Ghat, where we were ferried over to the castle or palace of the Maharaja of Benares, who received his title for services rendered during the Mutiny. The castle is a fine mass of brick and stone built by Raja Balwant Singh on the right bank of the Ganges, and enlarged by Chait Singh. A card sent on in advance by the boatman to any of the palace officials will procure admission, and a tip of a rupee will make the official happy. Only three rooms are shown—an antechamber hung with interesting little pictures, a drawing-room filled with an assorted collection of mediocre curiosities, and the Durbar Terrace, from which the minars of Aurangzeb's Mosque appear due north.

Extensive restorations were in progress when we visited the palace, and we found that the unskilled labourers who were doing piecework got payment in cowry shells. They informed us that eighty went to a pice, which is the same value as an English farthing, or 5120 to a rupee. We found the exchange varied, at different times and places in India, from sixty-four to a hundred for a pice, and at the latter rate the rupee is worth 6400 cowries, weighing about sixteen pounds, or a pound of cowries to one anna. In Benares the Gorakhpuri or "Dumpy" pice coined by the Nawabs of Oudh in the eighteenth century still

circulate in the bazaars at the rate of one old pice for two new pie coins.

Benares, the first of the great cities on the Grand Trunk Road, the ancient highway and real "Beaten Track" of India, which runs up the Valley of the Ganges between Calcutta and Delhi, and continues by way of Ambala, Lahore, and Rawal Pindi to the north-west frontier, is, in spite of its great antiquity as a religious centre and its present renown, distinctly disappointing. Apart from the picturesque ghats and the sights on the river, there is little of interest to the tourist. It is, however, the centre for the study of Sanskrit literature, and students from all over Europe come here to perfect themselves in this ancient language. One of these, a university professor who had been many weeks in Benares, informed us that he had thoroughly investigated the various places of interest, and was of the opinion that everything worth seeing could be included in a visit of two full days—an opinion confirmed by our own experience. We were informed that some of the descendants of the Great Moguls reside to this day at Shuala in Benares.

At the time of our visit, the third week in January, roses were in season, and we saw many varieties of beautiful blooms.



Photographed by the Author.

BURNING GHAT, BENARES.

CHAPTER XI

ALLAHABAD, CAWNPORE, AND LUCKNOW

Allahabad Fort—Asoka's Pillar—The Undecaying Banyan—Melas and fakirs—Cawnpore—The Memorial Church and Well—Lucknow Residency—Alam Bagh—Dilkusha—The Martinière—The Kings of Oudh—The Great Imambara and Mosque.

FROM Benares we went by the East Indian Railway to Allahabad, the capital of the United Provinces of Agra and Oudh, on the right bank of the Ganges. From Naini, where the central jail is situated, the train crosses the Jumna by a fine bridge, and you alight near the south end of Canning Town, the civil station or European quarter, and quite close to the Khusru Bagh.

Allahabad dates from the year 1575, when Akbar founded it on the site of the ancient Prayaga, and built the red-stone fort, which contains most that is of interest to the traveller in Allahabad. To visit the fort it is necessary to get the permission of the commanding officer; but visitors are not allowed to enter the arsenal without an order from the Director-General of Ordnance for India at Rawal Pindi. Entering by the main gateway, under a vault surmounted by a dome, you come at once to the Pillar of

Asoka, one of the best preserved of the many erected by him between the date of his conversion to Buddhism and his death in the year 223 B.C. It is in an enclosure surrounded by a thick hedge, and is a cylindrical column of polished stone about fifty feet high, slightly tapering towards the top. It stands upon a pedestal, into which a tablet has been inserted, stating that "The column was overthrown because it stood in the way of the new line of ramparts, near the main gate, about A.D. 1800. The column was again set up in 1838," etc. The column is inscribed in Pali, which is closely related to classical Sanskrit, with Edicts I. to VI., the Queen's Edict, and the Kausambi Edict. Each of the first six begins with characters meaning "King Piyadasi, beloved of the Gods, speaks thus." Piyadasi, or Devanampiya, was one of Asoka's titles. Other inscriptions have been added, notably one by Samudra Gupta, in the second century, and one by the Emperor Jahangir. Seven entire lines and the greater portion of another line of the original inscription were obliterated to make way for that of Jahangir.

Advancing from Asoka's Pillar towards the south-east corner of the fort, we came to the entrance of the Akhshai Bar, near the north façade of the Palace. This Temple of the Undecaying Banyan is underground, and you descend a few stone steps to enter a stone passage, which runs eastward and ends in a vault whose roof is supported by a number of short stone pillars. In the south-east corner of the vault is the forked stump of the banyan-tree, decorated with flowers placed on it by pilgrims,

of whom there were a score or so waiting their turn at the entrance. Behind the stump, which does not rise to the roof, is a small culvert, probably going straight down to the river, but the priest tells us it goes to Benares. There are a number of small shrines in the temple, including a lingam shrine.

The Palace runs east and west, and its south front faces the Jumna, whose green waters mingle just below with the muddy yellow waters of the Ganges. The Palace has been used as a store-house, and many of its fine pierced stone windows are blocked up and broken; but orders have been given to clear it out and, as far as possible, restore it. The work had already begun when we visited it, and was to be completed within a twelvemonth. South of Asoka's Pillar and next to the Palace is the Arsenal, with its entrance gate facing west. Within the Arsenal is the old Chalis Situn, an octagonal pavilion of three stories encircled by colonnades of forty pillars, standing at the west end of the Palace. The ramparts on the Jumna give a view across the river to Naini, and the south-east bastion overlooks the bathing-place where the pilgrims go out in boats to bathe in the shallow waters. The view from the east walls is over the Ganges, eastward to the old fort, and northward to the bridge of boats. The Ganges takes a double right-angled turn here, flowing eastward, then almost due south, and then east again.

Between the eastern ramparts of the fort and the Ganges is a sandy strip of land, where the pilgrims assemble for the religious fairs or *melas*. These are held every year at the full moon in

January and February, and the pilgrims are only admitted by ticket. Owing to the plague mortality, which was unprecedentedly great in the United Provinces during 1904, difficulties had been put in the way of getting tickets, and at the time of our visit, the January full moon, only one or two thousand pilgrims had come; but at the Magh Mela in February many thousands were expected. In 1906, which is a most auspicious year for the Magh Mela, the pilgrims in Allahabad at the time of the February full moon are expected to number hundreds of thousands, and the total might, if all conditions are favourable, run up to a million. We saw more fakirs at this mela than at any other place in India. Here we saw the ardhagbahu or ascetic with his arms held permanently above his head, the lakarshah resting on a bed of spikes, and the digambars or "sky-clad" gentlemen who run about naked. From the mela ground there is an entrance in the eastern face of the fort by which pilgrims can visit the Akhshai Bar. Outside of this entrance there is a great red god, decorated by the pilgrims with flowers, in a sunken enclosure. There were also throngs of deformed, blind, and crippled beggars, as well as fakirs, and on the glacis of the fort, where guinea-fowl wandered at will, we came across the camp of a native regiment, and saw them at their mid-day meal.

We drove past the site of the old Jama Masjid, which was levelled to make room for barracks, and went to the Khusru Bagh. These gardens, named after Jahangir's son, containing three tombs and a durbar hall, were full of bicyclists

and others who had come to picnic under the trees and enjoy the roses and pansies, then in full bloom. The old gates of the garden at the south side towards the native city, where we saw a great crowd watching a street performance, are covered with horse-shoes, and opposite is the old sarai. To the east of the gardens are the water-works and a reservoir.

Prominent among the modern buildings of Allahabad is the fine Gothic Cathedral built by Sir William Emerson, the architect of the Victoria Memorial in Calcutta. Allahabad has one other public institution whose name is known in every sahib's house, for *The Pioneer* published here has been for a generation the leading daily newspaper in India.

The fertile country north of Allahabad grows large crops of barley, wheat, and pulse. Although the weather was fine while we were at Allahabad, there had been a heavy thunderstorm the previous week, and shortly afterwards cold weather set in and the thermometer dropped to 18° F. During the next six months it recorded 116° in the shade. From Benares north are seen bullock carts with a separate axle for each wheel. The natives use the ekka, in which four or sometimes even five of them ride; and the travelling sahibs employ a "phaeton" (victoria) or *palki gari*, a sort of covered "four-wheeler."

From Allahabad we went to Cawnpore through the Doab, as the rich country, famous for its rice, sugar, and indigo, is called which lies between the Ganges and the Jumna. The railway follows the Grand Trunk Road, which runs through both Allahabad and Cawnpore, and to the right in the

distance is the Ganges, while to the left is a range of low hills.

The Memorial Well, the Church, and Massacre Ghat can be seen in two or three hours, between trains going to or coming from Lucknow, or an excursion might be made for the day from Lucknow to Cawnpore and back, a distance of forty-five miles each way. From the East Indian Railway Station at Cawnpore the road runs towards the east, parallel with the line of the Oudh and Rohilkhand Railway, to the cross roads by the old telegraph office. The fork to the left leads across the railway and over the Ganges Canal, which divides the cantonment from the city, to the Memorial Garden and Well; the fork to the right leads in a few minutes to the Memorial Church. In front of the church door is the site of Wheeler's star shaped entrenchment, within which a thousand Europeans and Eurasians, half of the number being women and children, were gathered on the 6th of June 1857. The exterior lines of the position are marked by boundary pillars and a hedge; and within its limits is a tablet, enclosed with iron railings, to "those who were first to meet their death," and beyond this is a well. The story of the heroic defence of this exposed position against overwhelming odds for three weeks, during which time over half the original number met their death; of the agreement with Nana Sahib for a safe-conduct to the river and to Allahabad by boats; of the massacre on the river-bank, and the butchering of the prisoners, mostly women and children—is too well known to be repeated; but it may be recalled that one of the boats got away at first, only to be captured two

days later, and that of the whole garrison only four men, who were in this boat and escaped by swimming the river, survived to tell the tale. A drive of a mile from the Church brought us to Massacre Ghat, called by the natives Sati Chaura Ghat, where a small flight of steps leads down through a brick wharf to the sand, for at the time of our visit there was hardly any water here, but only sand-spits extending some distance out into the river. Near the head of the steps is an old tree, under whose shade stands a cross erected to the memory of those who, after getting into the stranded boats, were treacherously shot from the banks. Behind the cross is a small white Hindu temple, which can be seen from the railway bridge a mile away up stream. It is a drive of nearly two miles from the Ghat to the Well. Near the entrance to the Garden is a standing statue of Queen Victoria, and there is a long straight drive, at the end of which the octagonal Gothic screen surrounding the Well gleams through the trees. Over the gateway of the screen is carved, "These are they which came out of great tribulation." In the centre of the enclosure, over the Well itself, the actual grave of nearly two hundred victims, stands Baron Marochetti's beautiful white marble angel, and around the Well is the inscription: "Sacred to the perpetual memory of a great company of Christian people, chiefly woman and children, who near this spot were cruelly murdered by the followers of the rebel Nana Dhundu Pant, of Bithur, and cast, the dying with the dead, into the well below, on the XVth day of July, MDCCCLVII." An intelligent non-commissioned officer in charge of the place

pointed out the pillar which marks the site of the Bibi-ghar, where the women and children were "butchered by butchers"; the tree on which the rebels were hanged; and the graves in the little flower-grown cemetery. The painful memories evoked by our pilgrimage around Cawnpore left no desire to investigate the great industries centred there; so we neglected the cotton mills and leather manufactories which contribute so largely to its present prosperity, and took the train for Lucknow, the capital of Oudh, on the banks of the Gumti.

Lucknow, which can be comfortably seen in two days, is a pleasant place, full of pretty gardens and drives. Its main attractions are The Residency, the localities connected with its siege, and a matchless collection of architectural monstrosities in brick and stucco.

Of all the historic spots connected with the Mutiny it is perhaps no exaggeration to say that the Lucknow Residency possesses the deepest interest. The building itself is a well-preserved ruin of brick covered with stucco; and what is left of it and of the other buildings enclosed in the entrenched position occupied by the British garrison from the end of May until the final relief in the middle of November 1857, together with the grounds surrounding them, are spoken of as "The Residency," and kept intact as a memorial of the siege.

The principal buildings left standing are, The Residency itself, with its substantial octagonal tower bearing a flag-staff; the brick gateway of the Baillie Guard, strengthened by iron clamps to hold it together; and the walls of the house inside

Photographed by W. W. Schumacher.

MASSACRE GHAT, CAWNPORE.

this gate to the left, where, standing upon the very spot where Lawrence expired, you can read the tablet recording his death from the effect of a wound caused by a shell two days before. His grave in the cemetery is covered by a marble slab, on a stone foundation surrounded by an iron railing, and on it is cut the words: "Here lies Henry Lawrence, who tried to do his duty. May the Lord have mercy on his soul. Born 28th of June 1806. Died 4th of July 1857." Close to the Residency is a more conspicuous memorial in the shape of a large white marble cross on a mound, which bears the inscription: "In memory of Major-Gen. Sir Henry Lawrence, K.C.B., and the brave men who fell in the defence of the Residency, 1857." The obelisk in front of the Baillie Guard was erected in "the seventies" to the memory of the native officers and men who remained faithful and who fell during the siege.

There are many other tombs in the cemetery and many other monuments in the grounds, the latest addition to them being a shaft of Cornish granite erected by the 1st. Batt. Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry; but none of them are more worthy of a place hallowed by so many memories of sufferings bravely borne and of heroism in the face of enormous odds than the one bearing the self-dictated epitaph of the Chief Commissioner of Oudh, "who tried to do his duty," and whose clear-headedness and foresight provided the means of defence without which the hardships suffered and the gallantry displayed would have been all in vain.

When the garrison of Lucknow, after the unsuccessful attack on the rebels at Chinhat on

the 30th of June 1857, retired to the entrenchments, and the rebels closed in, it consisted of 927 European men, mostly trained soldiers, 768 native troops, about the same number of non-combatant natives, and 600 European women and children, or about 3000 in all. By the time Havelock reinforced the defenders on the 25th of September they had been reduced to one-third of their original number. Havelock, who entered Cawnpore on the 17th of July, had made two unsuccessful attempts to relieve Lucknow, and on the third attempt had with him Outram, who had come to take up the posts of Chief Commissioner of Oudh, and Commander of the Forces, left vacant by the death of Lawrence. Outram went in his capacity as Commissioner with Havelock, so that the latter might reap the reward of his preparations; but, on the day after the relief, assumed command of the reinforced garrison, consisting of Havelock's troops and the remnant of the original garrison, which had been under Col. Inglis. As a result of the reinforcement the perimeter of the defences was greatly increased, and the position was extended so as to include the river bank as far down stream as the Chhatra Manzil.

Sir Colin Campbell, the newly appointed Commander-in-Chief, whose real name as a boy was Colin Macliver, left Cawnpore on the 9th of November, and arrived on the 12th at Alam Bagh, on the old Cawnpore Road, less than two miles south-west of the present railway station. There we drove, from the Residency, and followed, as nearly as the roads permit, the route of Campbell's relief force. The Alam Bagh is a

large square garden surrounded by brick walls pierced with cannon balls, and containing a building which was once the residence of one of the wives of Wajid Ali Shah, the last king of Oudh. There are brickfields opposite the gate and a mosque close at hand. In the grounds is the tomb of Havelock, who was attacked by dysentery on the 20th of November, after the second Relief, died on the 24th at Dilkusha, and was buried here the following day. On the left side of his tomb is a tablet to his son, Lt.-Gen. Sir Henry Havelock-Allen, Bart., V.C., G.C.B., who gained his V.C. at Cawnpore, was twice wounded in the Relief of Lucknow, was killed by Afridis in the Khaibar Pass on the 30th of December 1897 and lies buried at Rawal Pindi.

From the Alam Bagh we drove three or four miles through the cantonment, passing the racket court and polo grounds, to Dilkusha, which was captured by Campbell on the 14th of November 1857. The Dilkusha, formerly a hunting-palace of the Kings of Oudh, was built of brick covered with heavy stucco, and is now a well-kept ruin with a pretty flower-garden around it. About a mile north of Dilkusha is the Martinière, a school founded by General Claude Martin during the reign of the Nawab Asaf-ud-daula. In front of the building is a tank, from the centre of which rises a tall column. There is a fine stained-glass window in the chapel, a bust of the General in the passage, and in the crypt his tomb, and a bell bearing the date 1786. The façade of the building bears the General's motto, "labore et constantia," and the four turrets forming the corners of the upper stories are connected at

the top by four half arches, each modelled in the shape of a flight of steps, with balustrades, which meet and make a sort of open crown. This design is copied in the top of the Mermaid Gate and other buildings in Lucknow; but the whole building is a fantastic mixture of the architectural details of a fortress and a dwelling-house.

The Sikandra Bagh, which was captured on the 16th of November, lies to the north-west of the Martinière, on the present Clyde Road, named after Campbell, who was created Lord Clyde. The old brick gateway still stands, much damaged; but there is little left of the old wall, which was so difficult to breach before the place was captured. Following the Clyde Road we come to the Moti Mahal, now used as a raja's palace. On the south-west corner of the surrounding wall is a tablet indicating the place where a gap was made in the wall through which Campbell advanced to the Khurshaid Manzil, now used as a girls' school. In the grounds of the Khurshaid Manzil is a brick pillar marking the spot where Outram and Havelock met Campbell on the 17th of November and arranged to withdraw the garrison from Lucknow. The evacuation was at once undertaken, and the relieved and the relievers reached Dilkusha on the 23rd of November on the way to Cawnpore. It was not until the 19th of the following March that Campbell recaptured Lucknow, Outram meanwhile keeping the rebel horde, estimated at from 100,000 to 120,000 men, at bay with about 5000 troops encamped just south of the Alam Bagh.

West of the Martinière is Government House,

and near the latter, on Park Road, is Christ Church. On the east wall of the Church, on either side of the altar, are memorial tablets, one to Lawrence and one to Outram. The latter, "The Bayard of India," lies buried in Westminster Abbey, as does Lord Clyde, who died in the same year, 1863. Wingfield Park lies on the other side of the road from Christ Church, and its well-kept grounds of eighty acres are ornamented with white marble pavilions removed from the Kaisar Bagh. One of them, a little gem about six feet high on a base of six steps, might have been intended as a bird-cage.

Between the Sikandra and the Moti Mahal is the mausoleum of Ghazi-ud-din Haidar, the first king of Oudh, who assumed the royal title in 1819 and died in 1827. The approach is through a tawdry archway, and the entrance to the tomb is on the far side, facing the Gumti. The tomb is covered with thin sheets of silver, as is also the throne in the same chamber, which is decorated with many fine embroidered hangings (or banners) called Alam, and with pictures of princes, dancing girls, elephant fights, and the like. Above the tomb rises a large flat dome ornamented with a circle of festoons and surmounted by a gilt ti topped with a crown. The building has been painted buff, picked out in white, and looks more like a circus than a tomb.

North of the telegraph office is the Sher Darwaza, where General Neill fell in Havelock's march to the first Relief. West of this are the Chhatra Manzils or Umbrella Palaces erected by Ghazi-ud-din Haidar. The Chhatra Manzil Kalan, which is the larger and faces the river, is occupied

by the United Service Club, and the smaller Chhatra Manzil Khurd is used for public offices. Then comes the little Farhat Bakhsh, the official residence of all the kings of Oudh, and the Museum, which was formerly the throne-room or Lal Baradari. There is in the Museum an interesting collection of archæological fragments, and a model of the Residency and its surroundings as they were at the beginning of the siege. In the basement is a salesroom where brass-ware from Benares, Bidri-work or koft-ware from Moradabad, and local art-wares can be bought cheap. Returning from the Museum to the hotel we passed the Kaisar Pasand, where Saadat Ali Khan's concubines lived, and drove through the Hazrat Bagh, the Chini Bagh, and the Kaisar Bagh, where, surrounded by well-kept lawns, is his tomb and that of his begam, the latter being the smaller and having shrubs planted around its base. There is a pretty little marble pavilion still left near the west Lakhi Gate, but most of this palace is beneath contempt. The fish or machi ornamenting the Lakhi Gate and the Chaulakhi in the Kaisar Bagh, as well as other old buildings in Lucknow, is the crest of Saadat Khan, originally a Persian merchant in Naishapur, who became Wazir of the Delhi Empire, then Governor of Oudh (Subahdar) in 1732, and afterwards Nawab.

North-west of the Residency is the Machi, or Machchhi, Bhawan, the old fort built by Safdar Jang, the second nawab of Oudh, and the original centre of Lucknow. The fortifications were destroyed in 1857, but the old gateway, the Rumi Darwaza, remains on the west side. In an enclosure within the perimeter of the old wall is

the Mosque and Great Imambara, built in 1784 by Asaf-ud-daula, the fourth nawab. The Imambara is built at right angles to the Mosque and faces north. The ground floor, on a terrace approached by steps, is one great hall 167 feet long and fifty-two feet wide, and in this hall is Asaf's grave, covered with a cloth and marked by plain slabs, and in a glass case is his hat. The roof, from the top of which there is a good view, is surrounded with a row of arches supporting miniature domes, forming a graceful finish to the solid base. The Mosque has three pointed domes and a pair of massive minarets, and opposite to it across the courtyard is an old baoli or well with approaches partly in ruins. The building over the entrance gate to the Imambara enclosure is now used for a school of languages.

Passing out of the enclosure Aurangzeb's Mosque and the jail are seen across the road, and turning to the left we drove through the Rumi Darwaza and visited the Husainabad Imambara, built by Mohammed, the third king of Oudh, as a mausoleum for himself. Before the entrance are stucco griffins with Greek female faces, and in the grounds are bronze statues of classical design holding chains. In the great hall is Mohammed's throne covered with thin sheets of beaten silver, and from the ceiling hang many crystal chandeliers. To the north of the road is Husainabad Park with a fine tank, and a brick baradari built by Mohammed and now used by the Secretary of the High Court. It has a fine entrance, and on its walls are oil-paintings of the five nawabs and five kings of Oudh, beginning

with Saadat Khan, and ending with Wajid Ali Shah, the fifth and last king. It was under Asaf-ud-daula, the last nawab, that the court of Oudh became, at the end of the eighteenth century, the most splendid in the world, this ruler's sole ambition being to excel all others in magnificence and display of wealth.

By the side of the tank is a clock-tower erected in honour of Sir George Cooper, the first Lieutenant-Governor of the United Provinces of Oudh and the North-West Provinces, as they were called at the time. On the other side of the Park is the unfinished Sat Khanda, overgrown with green creepers. This great tower, designed to be seven stories in height, was commenced by Mohammed, and left with four stories barely finished at his death. There is a fanciful three-arched gateway to the Husainabad Bazar to pass through, and then we proceed to the Jama Masjid. This had been newly painted inside, the western wall being done in imitation of tiles. At right angles to this mosque, which is built on a terraced mound approached by flights of steps, is an unfinished brick building on the south side, and farther south is another mosque, also unfinished. The Jama Masjid and the unfinished buildings are all attributed to Mohammed.

The Bank of Bengal occupies the old observatory built by Nasir-ud-din Haidar, the second king; and the Post Office was formerly a begam's house. Near the latter is the Hazrat Ganj Imambara, containing the tomb of Amjad Ali Shah, fourth king of Oudh. After having shown us all he knew of the other sights of Lucknow, the driver of our phaeton was very

anxious that we should see a nautch, for which he said Lucknow was famous. He said an ordinary dance could be arranged for twenty rupees, but that a snake dance, a boys' dance, or a "no clothes dance" would cost from forty to fifty rupees.

CHAPTER XII

CENTRAL INDIA

Retribution Rock—Jhansi—Sanchi Tope—The Torans or Gateways—Gwalior Fort—The Man Mandir—The Teli ka Mandir—The Sas Bahu temples—The Jaina sculptures—The Mausoleum of Mohammed Ghaus—Tansen's Tomb—An up-to-date ruler.

FROM Lucknow we made an excursion into Central India by the Indian Midland Railway, to see the famous Tope at Sanchi. Leaving in the morning, we passed through Cawnpore and the Doab, and crossed the Jumna on an iron bridge to Kalpi, on the right bank. There is a fine ghat and a ruined fort near the railway bridge, and a bridge of boats higher up stream. After Orai the line enters the valley of the Betwa, and the country becomes broken and rocky.

Just before Jhansi station, where the branch to Agra comes in, there is a knife-edge rock to the north of the railway called Retribution Rock, where a party of rebels who had taken part in the Jhansi massacre sought refuge and were shot down one by one as they were driven by want of water to descend. There is a fine brick station at Jhansi, where we stop for tiffin, and the great granite fortress to the south is said to

Photographed by the Author.

SANCHI TOPE, SOUTH GATEWAY.

be one of the hottest places in India. In the Mutiny the Europeans were massacred after having capitulated on the express terms that their lives should be spared. The rani, widow of Gangadhar Rao, who believed herself to have been unjustly treated by the British, showed great spirit when besieged here by Sir Hugh Rose in 1858, and after her escape from Jhansi fell fighting at Gwalior.

From Jhansi the line goes south, and after crossing the rocky bed of the Betwa traverses the desolate plains of Lalitpur. After Lalitpur station there is a lake, and just before Bina station there is a fine large rock to the east of the line. After passing this station we cross the Bina, Kenton, and Newan Rivers, all three being tributaries to the Betwa. Near the Bina River we saw a herd of chikara or ravine deer browsing undisturbed within a hundred yards of the line, and all through the day we saw the spiral-horned black-buck or Indian antelope in couples at distances ranging from five hundred yards to half a mile. Herds of poor cattle, flocks of thin goats, and occasional camels were the only other beasts we saw, although there were some black-and-white wading birds near Jhansi. Between Bina and Bhilsa dinner is served in the restaurant car, and five miles beyond Bhilsa is Sanchi station, both in Bhopal State whose begam is the only reigning princess in India. The mail trains do not stop at Sanchi, but the station-master at Bina, Itarsi, or Bhopal for down mail, or at Jhansi or Bina for up mail, will stop the trains upon request; so when we alighted we sent word on to Bhopal, by the station-master at Sanchi, for

the down mail to pick us up next day. The dak bungalow at Sanchi lies on the same side of the railway as the station platform, from which the famous Tope, about half a mile away to the south-east, can be seen from the train. You must take with you such provisions beyond tea and eggs as may be required.

At sunrise next morning we walked up the hill accompanied by a "government guide" carrying a sword slung across his shoulder; but we were unable to find any use for the man or the weapon, so we sent him off, with a tip of four annas, which seemed to satisfy him, while we examined the Tope or Stupa, believed to have been erected by Asoka. This is a solid flattened dome, of bricks and stones faced with dressed stone, and with some remains of cement or stucco on its surface, 106 feet in diameter and forty-two feet high, on a plinth 120 feet in diameter and fourteen feet high, having a processional path six feet wide all round the base on top of the plinth, and another path ten feet wide between the base of the plinth and the rails which surround it.

In this lower path are four Buddhas, one opposite each gateway. These are later additions, as images of the Buddha are not known to have existed before the second century of our era. The stone fence or rail is formed of three cross-pieces of elliptical section let into octagonal posts eight feet high and only two feet apart, topped by a rail twenty-seven inches deep, morticed to the posts. The whole construction is wooden, and clearly shows the work of the carpenter applied to the then novel architectural material, stone.

For the rails erected at Bharhut, Buddh Gaya, and Sanchi, during the reign of Asoka, are the earliest examples of stone architecture found in India, and, excepting perhaps the inscription in front of the Elephant Cave in Udayagiri Hill, Orissa, the oldest known monuments in India.

The Tope itself is of no interest except to the archæologist; the rails are more attractive, because, as restored, they are complete and give an idea of the general appearance of a Buddhist rail two thousand years old; but the torans or gateways set up at the four cardinal points are remarkable in many ways. These measure thirty-three to thirty-five feet from the ground to the top of the highest emblem, the entrance is eighteen feet high, and the lowest of the three cross-beams twenty feet long. The backs of these torans may be closely inspected from the processional path above the plinth, which is reached by a flight of steps inside the south gateway.

The torans were erected after the rails, and an inscription on the southern gateway, which is the oldest, leads to the conclusion that it was finished in the early part of the first century of our era. The northern gateway is the next oldest, the eastern gateway came later, and the western gateway the last, but all of them are ascribed to the same century. The Chinese sepulchral monuments called pailus are similar in design and purpose to these torans, while the Japanese torii, which usually have one or two cross-beams, are otherwise in general outline exactly the same. The construction of the torans is again an example of joiner's work applied to masonry, but still more

interesting are the elaborate carvings with which they are covered literally from top to bottom and on all sides. The details of these sculptures have formed the subject of a fair-sized volume; but what is most remarkable is the clearness and precision of the work, as well as the high level of art reached at this early period, and the wonderful state of preservation of all that has not been wilfully destroyed.

The restored southern toran has suffered most. Of the original pillars below the lion capitals only half of one remains, and there are no sculptured ornaments between the cross-beams or any brackets supporting the lower one. The northern toran is the finest and most complete, even the charkh or wheel, the emblem of Dharma, as the tree is the emblem of Sanga, the third member of the Buddhist trinity, and trisul emblems on top being almost perfect, and the sculptures between the cross-beams are intact except for one panel. Brackets, in the form of absolutely nude women, spring from the base of the elephant capitals and support the outer ends of the lowest cross-beam. The eastern toran, which has similar capitals and brackets, is not so complete as the northern, nor has it any ornaments in the eight rectangular openings between the cross-beams; but its details are the best known, as casts have been made of it and have been set up in the South Kensington Museum and elsewhere. The western toran has, like the southern, been restored, and the capitals of its pillars represent four dwarfs.

On the north-east edge of the platform upon which the great Tope and its torans stand is a smaller ruined tope with a toran similar in design

and execution to the western toran, but of smaller dimensions. There is also a mill for oxen on the platform near the northern toran, and opposite the southern toran are some ruins with standing columns supporting an architrave. The sculptures on the torans represent beasts and birds, dagobas and rails, tree-worship and Buddhist emblems, as well as incidents in the five hundred and fifty previous lives of Gautama before he became a Buddha, and in almost all cases where females are represented they are frankly nude. The inscriptions are numerous, and since 1837, when the shrewd guess of James Prinsep discovered the key to the letters, the legible ones have all been transliterated and translated. The inscriptions are in Gupta, an advanced form of Pali, named after the Gupta or Maurya dynasty. Some of the gold and bronze coins of this dynasty, struck in Kanauj, have been found.

To the east of the great Tope a flight of steps leads up from the platform to the highest point of the hill, upon which there is a small temple containing a Buddha in the shrine and sculptured with lewd groups. The construction is that of a chaitya hall, with a solid apse, and it is unique in the sense that all other chaityas found in India are cave temples cut in the living rock. There is a good view from the top of the temple. To the north-east five miles away is Bhilsa Rock, over 1500 feet above the sea, seen above the railway bridge over the Betwa. The line at Sanchi runs from south-west to north-east, but curves north to Bhilsa after crossing the river.

Carved on the stones at Sanchi may be seen the symbol known in Sanskrit as the svastika.

This is found on the most ancient Indian stone buildings, on coins which antedate the buildings, on Egyptian, Etruscan, Greek, and Roman remains, on seals from Chinese Turkestan, on pottery from China, where it is called *wan* and signifies 10,000, and on other monuments all over the world. The Japanese call the svastika, which is a cross formed of four Greek capital gammas, *manji*, the Germans *haken-kreuz*, and in English it is known as *fylfot*. It is not only found on Buddhist monuments in India, but it may be seen in the interior decorations of the mosque of Muhafiz Khan at Ahmedabad, and it is the emblem of the seventh Jaina Tirthankar, Supars-wanath.

We retraced our tracks from Sanchi to Jhansi, where we branched off to Gwalior, on the Agra line. At Datia, sixteen miles from Jhansi, a big tank, the raja's palace on high rocks within the walls, and a large palace on a hill outside the walls can be seen from the train. After Datia the flocks and the herds increase in number and improve in condition, and many wild peacocks are seen. In order to get rooms at the maharaja's guest-house at Gwalior it is necessary to write in advance to the engineer in charge of the Gwalior Railway or to the officer in charge of the Musa-firkhana ("Musaferkhana"), as the guest-house or inn is called. We found excellent accommodations reserved for us, and early next morning started off to the fort, which dates from 773 A.D. The long incline, which rises about 275 feet to the main gate, is too steep for the gharri horses and very tiresome to walk; and, as the interior of the fort is a mile and three-quarters long, the most

comfortable way to see it is to get a pony and ride.

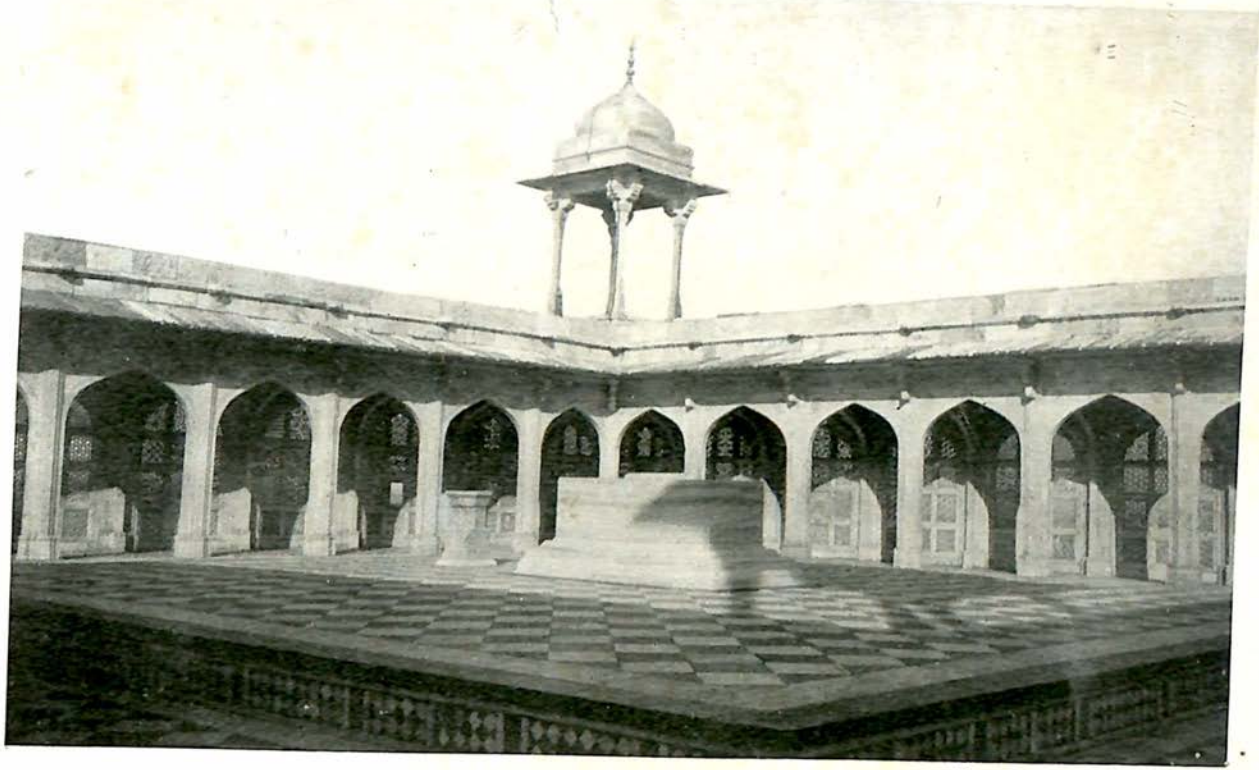
On the way up the incline we saw many lingam shrines before we arrived at the entrance gate by the side of the Man Singh Mandir, which is four hundred years old and one of the finest specimens of Hindu palace architecture in all India. During the British occupancy, from the time it was captured in 1858 until it was ceded in exchange for Jhansi Fort in 1886, the buildings in Gwalior Fort suffered cruelly from the iconoclastic utilitarianism of officials; and since it has been in the hands of the Maharaja of Gwalior the palaces north of the Man Mandir have been kept in use as powder magazines and closed to the public. The Delhi kings used the fort as a state-prison; and prisoners in chains are kept in the fort now. The Dondh gate, on the west side of the north end, has been closed since some of the prisoners tried to escape that way.

A tablet on the Man Mandir says that it was repaired and a new tower built in 1892. The principal apartment shown is the durbar hall, whose ornamentation in plain stucco, formerly coloured, looks like sculptured stone; but of the original blue tiling only traces remain. The most prominent building in the fort is the Teli ka Mandir, a Hindu temple, dating from the eleventh century, eighty feet high, of a peculiar perpendicular shape capped with a horizontal arched ridge thirty feet long. It stands within an enclosure surrounded by a stone wall and containing many architectural fragments set up there as in a museum.

Near the centre of the eastern walls of the

fort, on a point jutting out to the east, are the Sas Bahu temples, which are of Jaina architecture with carvings of Hindu deities and sculptures closely resembling the geometrical figures and foliage on the Sarnath Tope. The larger temple, built in 1093 A.D., is really only the porch of a temple whose foundations alone remain, but it is built in three stories above a terraced plinth, and is of cruciform shape, one hundred feet long and sixty-three feet in greatest width. It was formerly coated with chunam, but this was cleared away and repairs made in 1881. The smaller Sas Bahu is an open cruciform pavilion of one story with a roof supported by twelve pillars well carved, and is often used by the present maharaja for afternoon teas. There is a good view from here, including Hanuman Hill to the west, Morar to the east, the palaces and modern buildings of Lashkar to the south, and, close to the north-west entrance of the fort, the white sandstone Jama Masjid in the Old Town and the ruins of the Gujari Mahal.

We left the fort by the Urwahi Valley and the Garzaj Gate. In the cliffs of the valley by the side of the road are some of the most important rock-cut Jaina figures, which were carved about the middle of the fifteenth century in various places in the scarp of the hill under the walls. The figures, with curious cylindrical legs, are all nude, and are represented sitting, standing, and lying. The tallest of them is said to be fifty-seven feet high. As we went down the incline to the Garzaj Gate we met a battery of four guns coming up. Each gun was being hauled up by eight oxen, assisted by eight men pulling on ropes



AKBAR'S CENOTAPH, SIKANDRA.

Photographed by W. W. Schumacher.

Photographed by Clifton & Co., Bombay

SAS BAHU TEMPLE, GWALIOR FORT.

attached to the axles of the gun-carriages. The guns were painted khaki, and the ox-teams were the finest we saw anywhere in India. Although no passes are now required by Europeans visiting the fort, natives require a pass, and our bearer was challenged by the sentry at the gate and only allowed to pass under our escort. In riding around the base of the fort we were refused admission to the Mahadev Temple on the west side, and also to the Jama Masjid, near which is the mausoleum of the saint Mohammed Ghaus, which we had seen on our way to the fort.

The marble tomb of the saint is in a chamber forty-three feet square, crowned with a dome, covered outside with stucco, of the early Mogul or Pathan form, which rises almost perpendicularly at first, and then shapes suddenly to a flattened curve surmounted by a spire. Flowers decorate the grave, and the pierced work surrounding it is tied around with strings and ribbons knotted by worshippers who have come here to pray for some favour from the saint. When his or her prayer is granted or the wish comes true the grateful worshipper returns and unties the knots. From the number of knots left it would appear that the saint is very much in arrears with his work. Around the tomb chamber is a gallery twenty feet wide, the outer wall of which is filled with panels of beautiful tracery in pierced marble.

This feature of Indian Saracenic architecture is so extensively employed, so appropriate for its purpose, and so beautiful in its details, that it may be well to explain exactly what is meant. In a climate where it is important to exclude the sun while admitting the air, the object is best

achieved by filling the window and other openings with screens or grilles of lattice-work or tracery. The opening may be completely filled with one panel, or there may be more than one; and each panel may have a different design, or they may together form one design. When the panels are carved in marble or stone and finished on both sides they are called pierced; and it is with panels of pierced marble in various designs that the spaces between the pillars in the outer walls of Mohammed Ghaus' tomb are filled.

The tomb is not kept in good repair, and some of the panels are broken, while others are missing; but for variety of design and quantity of fine stone-work in the outer arches of the gallery the tomb of Mohammed Ghaus, erected in Akbar's reign, takes high rank in the list of beautiful Indian tombs. The whole building is one hundred feet square, and at each corner is a three-storied hexagonal tower or pavilion attached to the main building by one angle only. In the middle of each face there is a similar tower or bay, square in plan, whose arches are filled with tracery, except in the one on the west face, from which the tracery has disappeared. South-west of this mausoleum is the tomb of the musician Tansen, under an open pavilion with sixteen pillars; and south-west of this again is the famous tamarind-tree whose leaves are chewed by musicians in the hope of improving their voices.

The Maharaja Sindhia of Gwalior is one of the great Maratha chiefs of India and one of the wealthiest. His capital shows evidence of progressiveness, and His Highness is in many ways an up-to-date ruler. His new white palace in the

Phul Bagh is an extensive modern pile, consisting of a square main building of four stories, having four square towers carried up three stories higher, with connecting wings of three stories each.

The interior is not generally shown to visitors, but the military secretary was good enough to permit an aide-de-camp to show us over some of the public rooms in the east wing. The durbar-room is a fine chamber illuminated on occasions by two enormous crystal lustres, each of which carry electric lamps, in upturned bell-shaped shades of plain glass, to the number, which we did not try to count, of five hundred. The adjoining billiard-room is handsomely furnished with all the latest improvements. In the court-yard are three magnificent Chinese bronzes. Before the south front of the palace stands the gun "Victory," cast in 1602 and brought here from "Bhelsa" in 1893. West of the south front of the palace are the stables, in which were sixteen motor-cars of various makes and designs, and we were told that more had been ordered and would shortly arrive. His Highness drives these himself, and we saw him speeding along one of the roads he has had specially laid down for motoring.

As we were driving away from the palace grounds we found we were being pursued by some one, and on pulling up found it was a chaprasi wearing a brass plate (chapras) engraved "Office of Private Secretary." When he had sufficiently recovered his breath to speak he informed us that we had forgotten to give any nazr and demanded a rupee.

A branch of the Gwalior Light Railway, which is part of a system of 185 miles with a gauge of

thirty inches, runs into the palace grounds, before whose south gate is a collection of buildings grouped around the race-course, where races take place nearly every Saturday. Here the domes of the Jayagi Rao Hospital, the clock-tower of the Victoria College, the club-house opposite, and the grounds for polo, cricket, and football all bear witness to the spread of modern ideas. And inside the palace has been installed a *chef* from one of the most famous restaurants in Paris. The old palace has been converted into departmental offices.

A drive through the wide Chauk, where we passed the son of the Commander-in-Chief in gorgeous array, proved to be very interesting. The buildings on either side display many fine balconies, and the costumes of the people are picturesque. Here are women in circular accordion-pleated skirts or in trousers which are skin tight from the knee down, and men in the rakish green cotton Maratha hats or in turbans made up with cloth twisted into ropes. The goldsmiths, carpenters, and other artisans add a bit of gold lace to their head-dress.

Next morning we left the handsome stone Musafirkhana with its large, well-furnished rooms, where we had spent the night, and took the train for Agra. The country between Gwalior and the long bridge over the Chambal River is very broken. On the other side of the river is the town of Dholpur, the capital of a native state of the same name, which has had the advantage of a period of British rule during the minority of the young ruler, who ascended the masnad during our visit to India.

CHAPTER XIII

AKBAR THE GREAT

Fatehpur-Sikri—Salim's Tomb—The Sublime Gate—The palaces of Akbar's wives—The audience halls—Sikandra—Akbar's Mausoleum—The Koh-i-nur Pillar.

FATEHPUR-SIKRI was founded by Akbar, the third Mogul emperor, whose reign, from 1556 to 1605, began two years before Queen Elizabeth came to the English throne, and lasted until two years after her death. In 1527 his grandfather Babar had defeated the Rajputs at this place, and named the village Fatahpur, "The City of Victory." Akbar moved the seat of government from Delhi, and between 1563 and 1567 built the red sandstone fort on the Jumna at Agra.

We postponed our visit to the Taj on the advice of friends we met at Agra, and in their company drove out the first day to Fatehpur-Sikri. The drive of twenty-two or twenty-three miles by Akbar's road from Agra takes two and a half hours with a pair of horses, and it takes as long to see the buildings which, from first to last, were all erected by Akbar.

After entering through the Naubat Khana or "Kettledrum House," we drove, between the

quadrangular Mint to the right and the Treasury to the left, through the courtyard of the Diwan-i-Amm to the dak bungalow, formerly the Record Office. There we left the carriage and took a guide, who informed us that all the local guides, including himself, were descendants of Salim Chisti, the high priest of Akbar. He took us first to see Salim's tomb in the courtyard of the mosque. This is a gem in white marble, built on a plinth with inlaid panels, surmounted by a marble dome springing from a carved octagonal base, and has a porch on the south side approached by five steps. The monument over the grave inside is covered with cloth, and ostrich eggs and other ornaments are suspended from the canopy above it. The pierced white marble lattice-work which surrounds the tomb, and forms the outer walls of the building, is exquisite, the solid marble cornice is beautifully carved, and the fantastic brackets supporting the broad eaves add to the general effect. These brackets are copied from those of the old mosque where Salim lived.

East of Salim's mausoleum is one erected to Islam Khan, his grandson and a former governor of Bengal. There are other tombs in the courtyard, which measures 350 feet by 440 feet, and on the west side is the mosque. Behind the mosque is the tomb of Salim's infant son, said to have been sacrificed to save the life of Akbar's son who was named after the saint, and took the title of Jahangir, "Conqueror of the World," when he succeeded his father.

On the south side of the courtyard is the Buland Darwaza or Sublime Gate, which from the outside appears to be built on a mound ascended

Photographed by W. W. Schumacher.

THE SUBLIME GATE, FATEHPUR-SIKRI.

by about thirty-five steps. Below the steps is the Nasirabad Road, and from the latter a long flight of narrow steps leads to lower ground. It is difficult to get a good view of the Sublime Gate, or Gate of Victory as it is also called, since from the front it can only be seen in its entirety from a much lower level, but it has strong claims to be considered "the noblest portal in India." The photograph was taken from the top of the Hammam below the gateway. The back of the grand archway of the gateway is a half dome, and it is in the lower arches of the walls supporting the dome that the real entrance openings are made, and on the doors are horse-shoes affixed by the people who came here to pray for the recovery of their sick horses. From the top of the gateway there is a good view, the Taj being distinctly seen, and we thought we could also make out Agra Fort. Outside the mosque enclosure, to the south, is a large octagonal well full of slimy water.

Leaving the courtyard of the mosque the guide pointed out the house of Abul Fazl, who was killed in 1603. He was Akbar's finance minister and a man of letters, and the "Ain-i-Akbari," a statistical abstract of the empire, was compiled by him. His death, due to Prince Salim, was one of the foulest blots on the record of Akbar's closing reign. Then we visited the stables and saw the stone rings to which the horses were fastened, and afterwards the Bir Bal ka Beti Mahal, or palace of the daughter of Bir Bal, who was Akbar's favourite Hindu minister and general. The palace is a red sandstone building of two stories on a low plinth reached

by four steps. It is a fine residence, and is in excellent order to-day. East of this is Mariam's House, the tiny dwelling-place of Akbar's favourite wife, containing remains of frescoes, one of which, on the wall under the veranda, is the picture of an angel, and is said to represent the Annunciation. From Mariam's House we followed the road to the north-west through the Elephant Gate and down to the Hiran Minar, an ugly column bristling with projecting stones to represent elephants' tusks.

We returned by the same road, which passes the walls of the Karwan Sarae (caravanserai) and runs above an octagonal well, from which water was pumped into the palace; and ascended to the top of the Panch Mahala, a five-storied stone pavilion or summer-house. The ground-floor has eight rows of seven columns, all unlike; the first story above shows six rows of five columns, and so on until the small domed top is only supported by one column at each corner. At the north end of the same courtyard is the Throne Room or Diwan-i-Khass, a building of extraordinary construction. In the middle of the central chamber is a great pillar with a spreading bracket capital, and Akbar's seat was on the top of this pillar, from which four pathways were carried to where his ministers sat, one at each corner of the upper chamber. The seats of the emperor and his ministers were reached by stairs leading from the ground-floor to the side of the building above. A cast of this throne pillar and also one of the pillars of the Turkish Sultana's Palace can be seen at South Kensington.

West of the Throne Room is the Ankh

Michaula or "blind-man's-buff" house; and close to the north-west corner of the latter is a little Hindu pavilion. Then we looked in at the Diwan-i-Amm or Public Hall of Audience, saw Akbar's pachisi-board upon the stone flags, examined the elaborate carving of the single chamber remaining of the Rumi or Turkish Sultana's Palace, and returned to the courtyard of the dak bungalow by the Khwabgah or sleeping apartments. On the west of this is the Palace of Jodh Bai, built around a square courtyard, and chiefly remarkable for the pierced stone-work in the walls of the little room overlooking Mariam's Garden.

There is considerable doubt about the history of Mariam, or Miriam, and that she was a Christian is improbable. It is much more likely that she was a Rajput princess. The antecedents of Jodh Bai are better known. She was a daughter of Udai Singh Rathouri, nicknamed Mota Raja or "The Fat Prince," son of the Raja of Jodhpur-Marwar.

There are plenty of black-buck in the neighbourhood of Fatehpur-Sikri, and a few days later one of our fellow-travellers shot a good head from the carriage returning to Agra.

At Sikandra, on the Delhi Road, five or six miles north-west of Agra, is the mausoleum of Akbar, who died in 1605 at the age of sixty-three. As a general rule the Moslem princes built their own mausolea, using them as palaces during their lifetime, and the central apartment where their tomb was afterwards erected was called the baradari; but Akbar's mausoleum, although commenced by himself, was completed by his

son and successor, Jahangir, who built the gates during the first ten years of his reign.

The red sandstone gateways to the enclosure are of noble proportions, and they are entirely covered with mosaics in marble and stones of various colours. The main gate was partially destroyed by lightning, and the white marble minarets rising from its four corners broken off. Within the gates a flagged court leads to the mausoleum, which is a square building about 320 feet each way. It is of four stories, each smaller in floor space than the one below, so that the building is pyramidal in general outline; and each floor has around it a terrace over the roof of the floor below. The lower stories are of sandstone, but the top story is of white marble, and is just half the length, or one quarter the area, of the basement. There is a white marble colonnade running entirely around the upper story, with pointed arches opening inward, and outer arches completely filled in with pierced panels of the most beautiful patterns. Above the colonnade at each corner is a small domed pavilion supported on four slender columns. The floor is paved in squares, and in the raised centre is Akbar's cenotaph, a wonderful oblong block of white marble covered with arabesque tracery. It rests on a modelled base of the same material, and has inlaid in Persian letters of black marble the name of Akbar.

A few feet away is the dwarf white marble pillar which at one time held the famous Koh-i-Nur. Believed to have been found in one of the now unworked mines in the Deccan, near Golconda, this diamond passed in 1525 from Gwalior into

the possession of Babar, the founder of the Mogul dynasty. It then descended from father to son and became in turn the property of Humayun, Akbar, Jahangir, Shah Jahan, Aurangzeb, and their successors. In Babar's time it weighed over 793 carats, but it had been reduced by unskilful cutting to 280 carats in Aurangzeb's time. When the Persian monarch Nadir Shah captured and sacked Delhi in 1739, the Koh-i-Nur, as it was christened by Nadir, was included in the loot, valued at thirty-two millions sterling, which he carried away with him. When Nadir was assassinated in 1747, the Koh-i-Nur fell into the hands of Ahmad Shah Durani, the Afghan who got himself crowned at Kandahar, and nine years later made his entrance as a conqueror into Delhi. Ahmad Shah's grandson, Shuja-ul-Mulk, brought the stone with him into India when he was driven into exile by his brothers, and in 1813 it was secured by Ranjit Singh, the founder of the Sikh kingdom of the Punjab. When the Punjab was annexed in 1849, the Koh-i-Nur, then weighing just over 186 carats, fell to the British, and in the following year was presented to Queen Victoria. In its present shape the Koh-i-Nur, which has been reduced by further cutting to little more than 106 carats, is exceeded in weight by the Orloff diamond, weighing nearly 195 carats, in the Russian crown jewels, and by the Pitt diamond, weighing over 136 carats, belonging to the Emperor of Austria; but there is reason to believe that the Orloff diamond and the Koh-i-Nur are both parts of the original stone owned by Babar.

Down in the basement directly under the

cenotaph is Akbar's grave; and in the same chamber are the tombs of two of his sons and two of his grandchildren, as well as an alabaster monument inscribed with the ninety-nine names of Allah. The original plans of the building provided for a dome of marble covered with gold, over the cenotaph, on the roof; but Jahangir probably could not spare from his annual revenue of fifty million pounds sterling enough to indulge in so much filial luxury, so that his father's tomb remains open to the sky. About a mile from Akbar's tomb is the tomb of Akbar's wife Mariam by the side of a red sandstone tank; and we saw from the road the dome and octagonal tower of Bhuri Khan's mosque and the gateway of his palace.

CHAPTER XIV

AGRA AND THE TAJ MAHAL

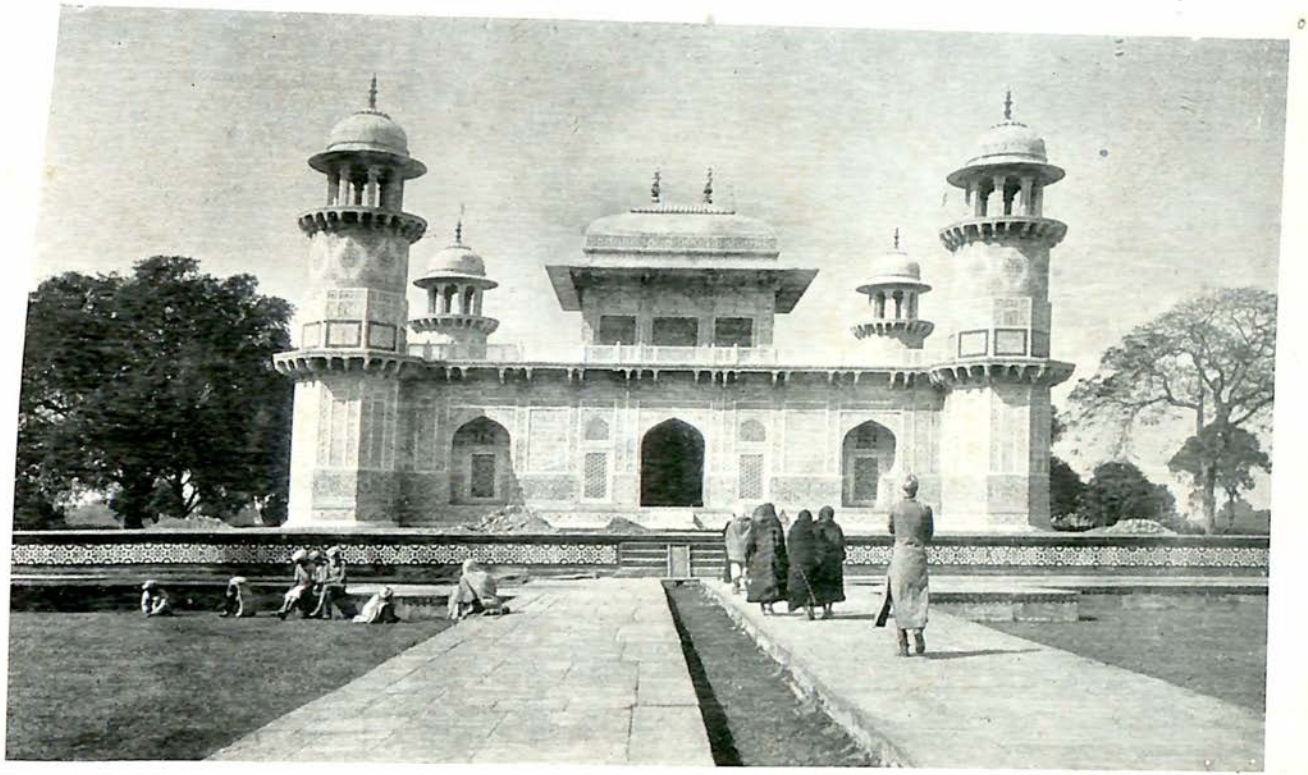
The Great Mosque—The Mausoleum of Itimad-ud-daula—The Chini ka Roza—Agra Fort—The Pearl Mosque—The Gem Mosque—The Diwan-i-Khass—The Jasmine Tower—Jahangir's Palace—The Taj—Mumtaz-i-Mahal—A monument to "Eternal Love."

On the way to Agra Fort we stopped to enter the precincts of the Jama Masjid, near the railway station. Shorn of its gateway it now looks sadly incomplete, but even when perfect, as on the day it was finished in 1644 by Shah Jahan, it could never have been a thing of beauty. No doubt the curiously shaped domes of red sandstone with their zig-zag bands of white marble are very striking, but they are certainly not pleasing.

On the other side of the pontoon bridge over the Jumna is one of the most interesting monuments in Agra—the mausoleum of Nur Mahal's father, who died in 1618. He was Chaja Aiass, a Persian of good family, who rose to be Akbar's High Treasurer, and was ennobled under the title of Itimad-ud-daula. He afterwards became Prime Wazir, a position which he held under Akbar and Jahangir until his death, when he was

succeeded by his son Asaf Khan, the father of Mumtaz-i-Mahal. The mausoleum, which was begun in 1615, stands in a garden of over six acres upon a raised platform, and is of two stories, the lower of which is sixty-nine feet square, and the upper an enclosed square pavilion with three arches on each side rising from a low platform in the centre of the flat roof. From a distance the building is not imposing, as it seems rather low and squat; but if ever a building deserved the name of a jewel-box it is surely this tomb, finished in the closing year of Jahangir's reign.

Externally it is entirely of white marble carved and inlaid with coloured stones, and this is the earliest example of the Italian *pietra dura* work, which is so magnificently applied in the Taj, to be found in India. Similar effects were previously obtained in other buildings by mosaics of stone where the pieces were stuck side by side, but this is the first instance of inlay work. From the plinth to the cornices there is hardly a square foot that is not covered with rich inlay or delicate carving; and the pierced work in the window recesses of the first story and in the arches of the second story is very beautiful. The inlay work of the corner towers is exceptionally fine. The pierced marble dwarf railing surrounding the roof was restored in 1903, and is a good example of modern work. The mosque is of red stone inlaid with white marble. The central chamber of the mausoleum has four openings, three filled with pierced work and one used as a doorway. Within are the yellow marble tombs of Itimad-ud-daula and his wife, and there are five other tombs in the building. In addition to the marble tracery



MAUSOLEUM OF ITIMAD-UD-DAULA, AGRA.

Photographed by W. W. Schumacher.

and inlay work, the interior decorations include paintings of flowers.

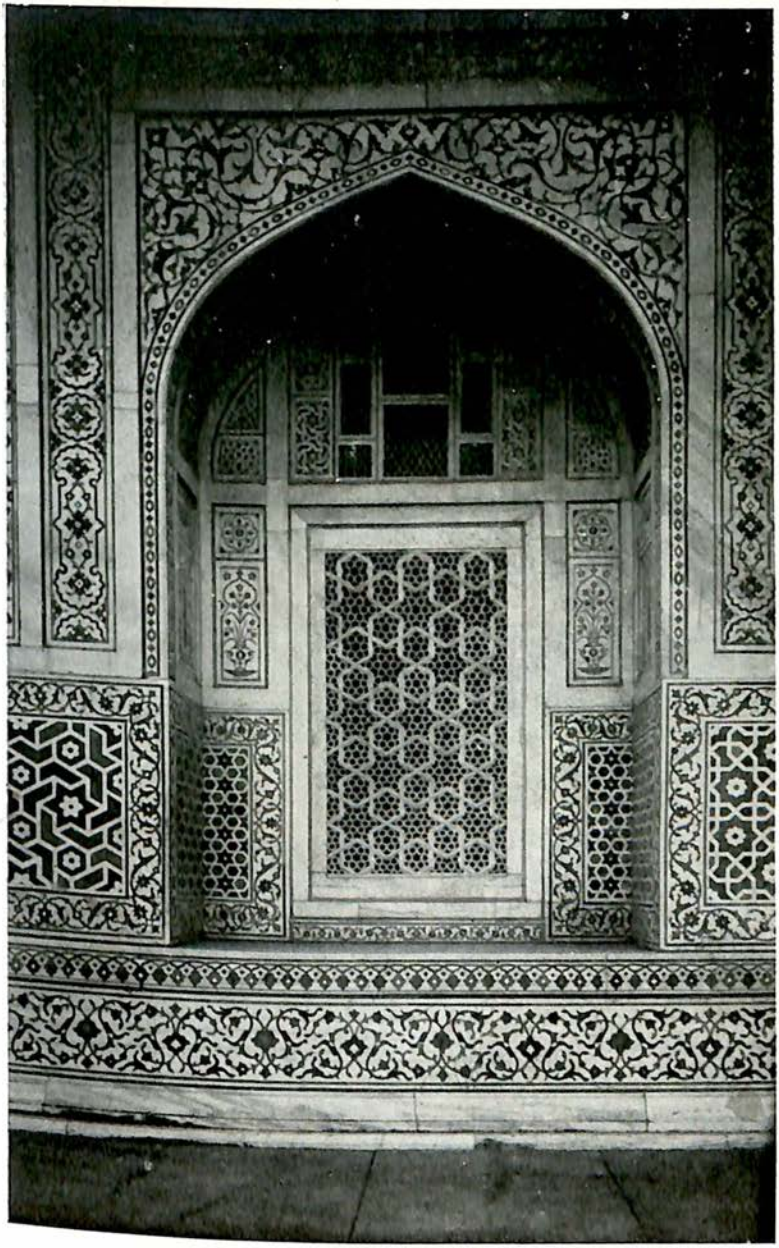
Not far away on the same bank of the Jumna is the ruined Chini ka Roza, or China Mausoleum, of brick covered with stucco, which is in parts enamelled. The enamelling in the best state of preservation is on the north side of the building.

We were informed by the servants at the hotel that no one was admitted to Agra Fort without a pass, and that even with a pass it was necessary to take with you a licensed guide. The information was so definite and positive that we were led to doubt its accuracy, and without pass or guide we visited Akbar's fort and nobody interfered with us. Entering by the Delhi Gate we were driven to the steps leading into the Moti Masjid or "Pearl Mosque," built by Shah Jahan between the years 1648 and 1655. The exterior facing of the mosque is of sandstone, and the three bulbous gilt-topped domes, although faced with marble, are built of the same material; but the interior of the courtyard, which is 154 by 158 feet, and the mosque presents nothing to the eye but blue-veined white marble.

The courtyard has a square tank in the centre, and is surrounded on three sides by a cloister, while the façade of the mosque shows seven wide scalloped arches, above which there is a frieze with an inlaid inscription from the Koran in Persian letters of black marble. On the cornice above the centre of each arch is a small square pavilion, and at the four corners are larger pavilions. The floor of the mosque, which is raised four steps above the courtyard, is marked with spaces to represent *musallas* or praying carpets, of which

there are 570 in the middle for men and forty-five at each end for women. Of the five central spaces, three are large, and there are two small ones for children. Both on account of the material used and the simplicity of the design, as well as the appropriateness of the architectural ornaments and its graceful proportions, the Moti Masjid is considered to be the most satisfactory building of its class and a model of purity and elegance.

From the "Pearl Mosque" we went to the Nagina or "Gem Mosque," a beautiful little white marble mosque with three domes having gilt spires. It is in the north-west corner of the Machi (or Machchhi) Bhawan, and was the private chapel of the zenana. Shah Jahan built it, and a chamber on the north side is shown as the one in which he was confined during the last eight years of his life by his son Aurangzeb, who in 1658 took advantage of his father's serious illness to imprison him and proclaim himself emperor. Through the lattice-work in this side of the Gem Mosque the ladies could look down into the courtyard below, where the merchants came to show their goods and look for purchasers. In the Machi Bhawan, next to the Diwan-i-Khass, is a white marble tablet with an inscription in gold letters to the memory of Sir John Strachey, who was the first Governor of the North-West Provinces to realise the importance of protecting, preserving, and maintaining the architectural monuments. On the river side of the Machi Bhawan is an open terrace, upon which is the black stone seat or throne, damaged by a cannon-ball which struck it during the operations which



Photographed by W. W. Schumacher.

WINDOW IN ITIMAD-UD-DAULA'S MAUSOLEUM, AGRA.

led to the capture of the fort by Lake in 1803. There is a white seat on the same terrace, and below the terrace, between the outer and inner defences, was the place for the elephant fights.

At the southern end of the terrace is the private mosque of the emperor and the beautiful Diwan-i-Khass or Privy Council Hall. The scalloped arches, the double pillars with their bases, columns, and capitals, the face of the low plinth, and even the three steps leading up to it, are all elaborately carved or covered with inlay.

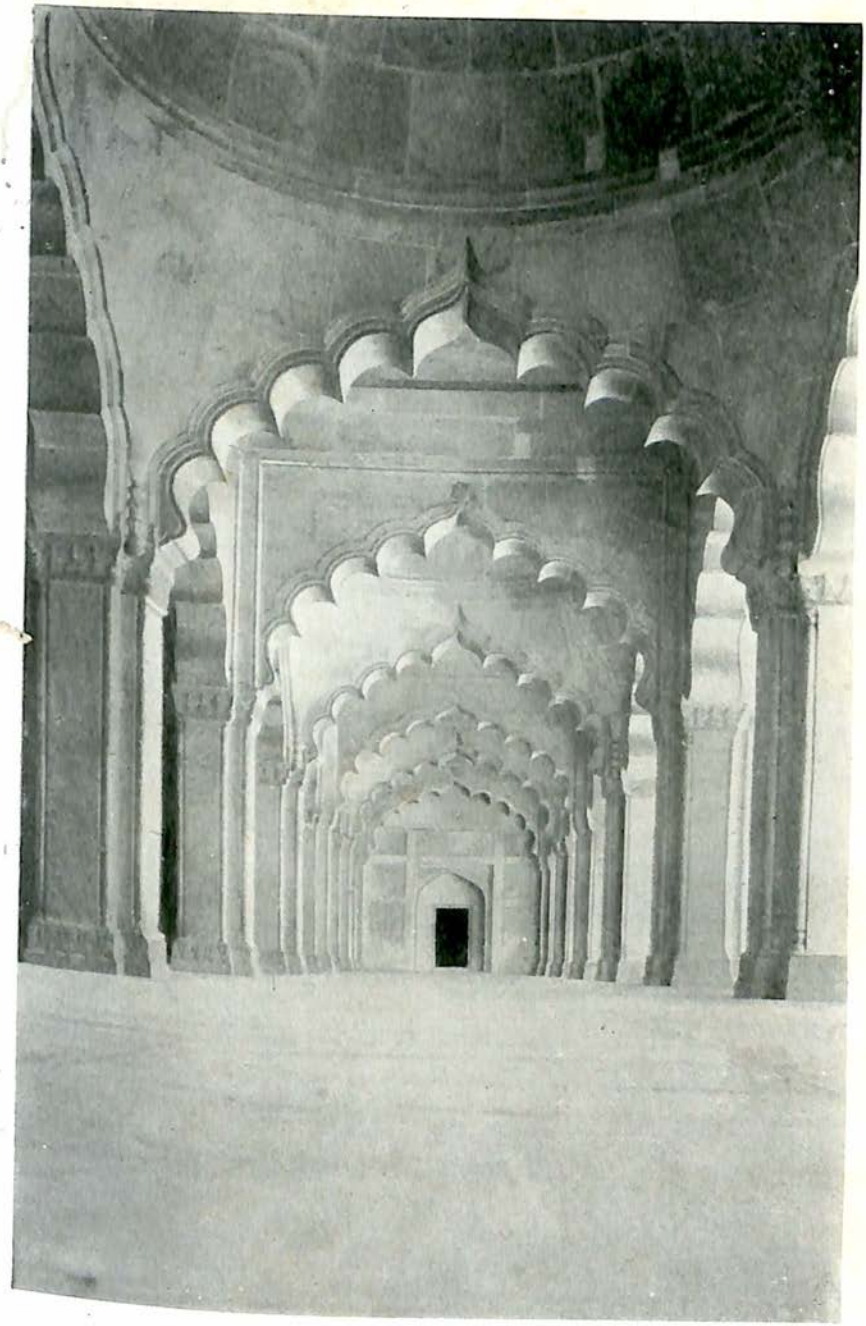
From the Diwan-i-Khass we passed to the equally beautiful, but more delicate and graceful, Saman Burj or "Jasmine Tower," the residence of the chief sultana. Near this is the pachisi board designed in the pavement behind beautiful marble screens, one of which has been damaged by a cannon-ball. The pavilion roofed with gilded copper plates is called the Golden Pavilion; and the ladies' bedrooms contain the usual wall-receptacles for hiding valuables. At the north-east corner of the Grape Garden is the Shisha Mahal or Mirror Palace, said to have been used as a bathroom by the palace ladies, whose walls and ceiling are covered with bits of coloured glass and mirrors.

On the east side of the Grape Garden is the Khass Mahal or private palace of Shah Jahan. The white marble ceiling of the porch is insecure, and pieces of it, which we found to be three-quarters of an inch thick, fell at our feet. The gilt decoration of the main hall was partly restored in 1900, so that the details of the design can be seen. The private apartments of the emperor have a fine frescoed dado; and in the

octagonal room overlooking the river, where, in sight of the Taj, Shah Jahan died, new pierced grilles of red sandstone were being made. The workmen place the slab flat on the ground, work it on one side, and then turn it over to work on the other. We were informed that each panel takes four months for one workman to finish. The carved deodar gates brought from Ghazni in 1842 are exhibited in this palace.

The next palace to the south is one of the few buildings ascribed, with much doubt, to Jahangir, for neither this drunken voluptuary nor his masterful sultana, Nur Jahan, did much in the way of building. The Jahangir Mahal, as it is called, is built of red sandstone and of brick and stucco. The dancing-hall is remarkable for its heavy brackets, and the roof of the hall opposite is supported by curious stone struts or cross-beams. In fact, in general design and in detail the architecture of this part of the palace is entirely Hindu, and therefore much more likely to have been planned in the tolerant Akbar's reign. Returning to the Armoury Square we saw the tomb of Colvin, the Lieutenant-Governor of the N.W. Provinces, who died in the fort during the Mutiny, and the pot or cistern, *hauz*, five feet high and eight feet in diameter, carved out of a single block of stone. On the east side of the square is the Diwan-i-Amm, with red sandstone columns covered with some white abomination which is peeling off, and having in the centre of its east wall an alcove, inlaid and carved, of white marble where the emperor sat and gave audience to the public.

We left the Fort by the Amar Singh Gate, to the west of which there is a horse's head



Photographed by W. W. Schumacher.

ARCHES OF PEARL MOSQUE, AGRA.

carved in stone sticking out of the ground near the road. A drive of about a mile from this gate brings you to the Taj Mahal, situated on the right bank of the Jumna below the Fort, in grounds forming a parallelogram extending east and west 840 feet along the river and running back from it to the south.

The Taj is approached by a road which runs east and west through the Court of the Elephants, on the side away from the river. On the north side of this road, outside the west gate of the Court, is an octagonal tomb containing two plain white sarcophagi, and opposite, on the south side of the road, is an ornamental fountain and a red sandstone mosque with a single dome. Outside the east gate of the Court, back from the north side of the road, is a small mosque and pavilion on a raised platform, and close to the road is a red sandstone tomb with a white marble dome over an inlaid marble sarcophagus from which the inlays have been picked out. Outside the east gate is the entrance to an old sarai, now occupied by the gardeners who look after the Taj grounds. The outer facing of red sandstone is lacking on the east side of the Taj enclosure. Within the Court are two tombs, the one on the east side being similar to the one outside the east gate, and the one on the west side contains a carved marble tomb.

There is a door at the top of some steps on the south side of the Court, where the best view can be obtained of the Great Gateway to the Taj Gardens opposite. This gateway is of red stone, 110 by 140 feet, inlaid with white marble designs and with verses from the Koran in black marble,

and on either side of it are red sandstone galleries. In one of the chambers of the gateway is a museum; and from under the gateway arch can be had one of the finest distant views of the Taj itself, at the other end of the pavement leading through the gardens. The rows of cypresses at the sides of this pavement were cut down about seven years ago, as it was considered that they obstructed the view; but young trees have been planted in their places and are coming up nicely. The garden is laid out in squares, and in the centre of the broad intersecting pavements are water-courses and fountains. In the south-western end of the garden is a hot-house.

From the north end of the garden to the river, where a high terrace has been constructed up to the garden level, the whole surface has been flagged from side to side, and on the west side of this paved court is a red sandstone mosque whose interior arches are painted in imitation of white marble inlay. In the north bay of the mosque, behind a heavy screen of marble tracery, is the place reserved for women, marked out in nine prayer-mat spaces. Chambers and galleries of red sandstone occupy the side of the paved court from the mosque to the river end, and on the east side are buildings and galleries to match the mosque, which has, by the way, three white marble domes.

In the centre of the paved court, between the mosque and its pendant opposite, rises the white marble platform of the Taj, eighteen feet high and 313 feet square. In three sides of this platform a suite of three connecting chambers is built in the centre of each face. The middle

chamber has three pierced screens with a square opening in the central one, and the side chambers have doorways only. The south side of the platform has a projecting bay to accommodate the staircase leading to its top. At each corner of the platform is a tapering minaret which rises to the height of about 135 feet and has two outside galleries. There are fifty-one steps to the first gallery, forty-nine more to the second, and fifty-seven more to the floor of the domed pavilion at the top. From the minarets can be had the best near view of the beautiful central dome, which rises eighty feet from its base and is fifty-eight feet in diameter. The top of the metal spire over the dome is about 235 feet above the flagged court.

The mausoleum is a square of 186 feet, with the corners cut off so as to form an irregular octagon, and is divided into two stories. From a distance it seems to be entirely of plain marble, which, varying with the light, may appear any shade from snow white to ivory white. As you advance through the garden the prominent inlay work over the arch of the doorway is first detected, and as you draw nearer the various details come into view. The pierced screens in the windows and doorways, the coloured inlays in delicate patterns, the letters inlaid with black marble, the carvings in low relief, and the carved panels and mouldings and the other details are all perfect in their way, all appropriate in their application, and ingenious in their design.

Within the darkened sepulchral chamber little can be seen at first, but as your eyes become accustomed to the gloom you can distinguish the

tombs of Shah Jahan and his consort Arjmand Banu Begam, better known as Mumtaz-i-Mahal. The tombs are both of the finest white marble, and the latter is in the centre of the octagonal chamber upon a base inlaid with floral designs, in precious stones. Around the tombs is an octagonal screen with magnificent marble panels of pierced tracery framed in inlaid marble and topped with a dwarf rail in inlay and pierced work. The screen is over six feet high, and is believed to have been added in Aurangzeb's time.

The chamber itself is also inlaid with precious stones—not with valuable jewels be it understood, but with cornelians, agates, turquoises, lapis-lazuli, and malachite. Deep-red carbuncles from Jaipur, dull-yellow jasper from Kambay, rattack from Gwalior, mottled-yellow *abri* from Jaisalmer, and mottled-green *ujaba* from Surat have been used, as well as coral, conch shell, and cloud-stone. There are also yellow, brown, and violet marbles, as well as white Jaipur marble, for the mausoleum, and red sandstone from the quarries to the south-west beyond Fatehpur-Sikri for the other buildings.

In a vault beneath the cenotaphs lie the bodies of Shah Jahan and the beloved wife of his youth. Arjmand deserted her first husband, Jemal Khan, and married Prince Khurram, Jahangir's third son, in 1615, and in the following year he changed his name to Shah Jahan. She bore him seven children (some say twenty), dying in giving birth to the eighth in 1629, the year after he became emperor, and during her life it is said "he had no other wife." Shah Jahan began building the Taj the following year, and

Photographed by W. W. Schumacher.

JASMINE TOWER (TAJ IN THE DISTANCE), AGRA.

employed 20,000 men on the work for eighteen years, completing it practically as it is to-day in 1648, the date recorded in the inscription on the Great Gate. The two silver doors at the entrances were looted; and if it was Shah Jahan's intention to build his own tomb on the other side of the Jumna and connect the two with a bridge, this plan was never carried out.

Without doubt the Taj is the most beautiful mausoleum in the world, and one of the most beautiful buildings ever created by man. It does not inspire solemnity or veneration, but it conveys the impression of delicate and graceful beauty, of elegance and even effeminacy, so befitting the resting-place of a woman who was the object of "eternal love."

Viewed from the ramparts of the Fort a mile away; from outside the enclosure with the domes and minarets showing over the tops of the trees; from the eastern gate of the Elephant Court, over the sarai; from the top of the Great Gate in front of it; or through the trees in the garden; at sunrise; at sunset; or in the light of the moon,—it is always beautiful; but it is seen to the greatest advantage when there is plenty of light to play upon its graceful outlines and dainty details. If there is a fault, it is to be found in the minarets, which, finely proportioned in themselves, seem too heavy for the rest of the building; and this massiveness is accentuated by the thick black inlay pointing the courses, so that in the moonlight they almost look like lighthouses. On this account the view through the Great Gate, shutting off the minarets, is so pleasing, and the examination of the building from the platform,

with the minarets behind you or concealed by the mausoleum, so satisfactory.

When we saw it by moonlight we were the only visitors, and the guardians at the Great Gateway and in the tomb were the only other living beings we saw. As we walked about the deserted paths and buildings, only our own footsteps and the croaking of the frogs woke the echoes; and there was a strange feeling of unreality about the place, a sensation of wonder at being there at all, and an impression that it was all a beautiful dream, that held us under a lasting spell.

CHAPTER XV

SHAHJAHANABAD

Delhi Fort—The Diwan-i-Amm—The Peacock Throne—The Jama Masjid—The Black Mosque—The Chandni Chauk —The Golden Mosque—Mutiny monuments—The grave of Nicholson.

FROM Agra, the city of beautiful tombs, we went to Shahjahanabad, the modern Delhi, which Shah Jahan practically rebuilt and made the capital of the empire. He began building the fort in 1638, and twenty years later, when he was deposed by his fourth son Aurangzeb, the Jama Masjid was just completed.

We entered the Fort by the Lahore Gate, and driving through the vaulted hall passed the red sandstone Naubat, or Naqqara, Khana, and came to the Diwan-i-Amm, the audience hall in the centre of the palace facing the gate. The Diwan-i-Amm is a great hall of red sandstone a hundred by sixty feet, with scalloped arches springing from graceful pillars, open on three sides. In the centre of the back wall is an alcove, from which projects a rectangular platform, from the corners of which rise four richly inlaid marble pillars supporting an elaborate arched canopy. The

famous Peacock Throne erected by Shah Jahan stood under this marble canopy until it was carried off by the victorious Nadir Shah in 1739. A door in the wall by the side of the hideous protecting iron grille leads up a few steps into the alcove, the back of which is decorated with Florentine mosaics of birds and flowers, and contains the door used to admit the emperor. The throne platform is surrounded with a dwarf railing, a few inches high, in pierced work, and the front and sides of the platform and alcove are carved in low relief. Below the platform, which rises eight or ten feet from the floor of the hall, is the furrush, the top of which is a slab of marble inlaid with mosaics. On this the wazir stood in his master's presence.

Directly behind the Diwan-i-Amm, on the side of the palace overlooking the Jumna, is the Rang Mahal or festal hall, the centre of a great range of chambers that once occupied the river front. Through the middle of the Ladies' Apartments and the Diwan-i-Khass is a channel, some inches deep, in the marble floor, for running water. The white marble walls of these apartments are beautifully carved and inlaid, and the ceiling is covered with gilded frescoes, while above the doorways are pierced marble screens of exquisite workmanship. At the north end over the water channel is an elaborate gilt screen with a square window in the centre, and above it, under the arch, are the evenly balanced scales of justice.

The Octagon Tower projects from the east wall, south of the Diwan-i-Amm, the latter an oblong white marble hall ninety by fifty-seven feet, open on all sides, with a flat roof having little

square pavilions rising from the cornice at each corner. It has five equal bays in the west or longer front, and five bays, of which two are narrow ones, in the north and south fronts. The arches are all scalloped, and those on the east front are partly filled in with lattice-work. The outer pillars number twenty and the inner ones twelve, and all of them are massive in plan and of white marble with carved bases and capitals. The pillars themselves and the arches are magnificently inlaid with precious stones; the ceilings, originally silver, but now wood, are picked out in diagonal patterns; and over all is a profusion of heavy gilding. Taken as a whole the Diwan-i-Amm is a marvel of massive, if somewhat barbaric, splendour. When Shah Jahan sat there in the midst of his brilliant court, at a time when his empire had reached the zenith of its power and magnificence, then indeed the scene must have been the most dazzling that Oriental imagination could devise or unlimited wealth provide.

North of the Diwan-i-Khass are the Baths, with white marble floors, inlaid walls, and white-washed domes. West of them is the Pearl Mosque, built by Aurangzeb, which measures only sixty feet square over all. The bronze entrance door admits one to the courtyard, the inner walls of which are white marble carved in low relief. The mosque itself is an ornate little building of white marble elaborately carved and inlaid. It has but three bays of scalloped arches; the side ones have horizontal entablatures, while that of the larger central arch is curved. The front of the plinth, which is elevated five steps above the

courtyard, is carved in low relief, and even the inner side of the arches or ceiling is similarly carved. The ornamental pendants from the springers of the arches and the curved entablature show how the Hindu influence had crept in to weaken the Mogul architecture. Above the roof rise three white marble domes, which almost touch each other, so close together are they placed.

Extensive restorations are being made around the old Hyat Baksh garden in the north-east corner of the Fort. North of the Baths is a plain white marble pavilion with a flat roof, and next to the octagonal corner tower, which was called the Shah Burj, and is now used as the armourer's shop, is a larger white marble building with three flat domes of brick and stucco. The centre bays are arched inside, and the side ones have flat ceilings, while the arches have pendants similar to those in the Pearl Mosque. West of this is a white marble building, with a square bath or "betal store" sunk in the centre of the floor, formerly called the Bhadon. Turning south, a shallow water-course leads to the Sawan, a red sandstone building, and continues to another white marble pavilion almost west of the Pearl Mosque. We left the Fort by the heavily spiked Delhi Gate, which is flanked by black stone elephants, one of which is quite complete, rider and all. South of the gate is one of the many red sandstone mosques with gilt minarets to be seen in this quarter, and the Jama Masjid lies to the south-west.

This great sandstone and marble mosque, whose courtyard is one of the largest in the world, is built on a platform elevated above the

DELHI GATE OF FORT, DELHI.

Photographed by W. W. Schumacher.

flat plain, and is approached by the Khass Road, leading from the Delhi Gate of the Fort. Its three gateways are at the top of noble flights of steps. The east gateway, open only for the Viceroy or the Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjab, is built in three stories, above which rise eight fluted marble spires, four of which have open arched pavilions at the top. The north and south gateways are two stories high, and have each six spires. The doors, plated with brass, open into the great quadrangle, in the centre of which is a square marble tank and fountain. At the corners of the quadrangle are square chambers, supporting pavilions with white marble domes, and between the gateways and these chambers there is a gallery or cloister open on both sides, and having a pierced stone dwarf railing on the outer side.

In the north-east corner of the cloister are preserved a hair of Mohammed, the Prophet's slipper, a piece of the green canopy over his tomb, and his footprints in stone, as well as a Koran written by Husain, one by Hasan, and one in Kufic of the time of Ali. Eight annas to a rupee is the fee expected by the khadam or guardian priests for showing these holy relics.

The mosque proper, which only occupies part of the west side of the quadrangle, measures about two hundred feet from one minaret to the other, and ninety feet from front to back. The minarets, a hundred and thirty feet high, are built in three stories each of which has a platform protected by a dwarf marble railing, and the top story is covered with a domed pavilion. The spires, flanking the marble frontispiece of the

central arch support similar pavilions, and the west wall has square pavilions at the corners and others at the centre. The three domes are of marble, with vertical lines in stone, and rest on stone bases. The pillars and the five scalloped arches on each side of the centre are of marble, while the semi-dome in the central arch is lined with sandstone inlaid with white marble lines, that from across the quadrangle present the optical illusion of being the outside of a full dome with a scalloped profile.

The road running south from the Jama Masjid leads to the Kala Masjid or Black Mosque, an interesting example of the severest Pathan style, dating from the end of the reign of Firuz Shah, the third of the Tughlak dynasty. The solid construction of this fourteenth-century mosque and its severe style give it more the appearance of a fort than a place of worship.

In the narrow streets to north-west of the Jama Masjid is the Jaina Temple, whose beautiful and delicately carved doorway, surmounted by a domed balcony or porch, is about a century old. Inside the carved doors a staircase leads to an elevated marble courtyard surrounded by a colonnade with marble pillars. The temple is now in the hands of Hindu priests, and the interior is being "restored." The rich gilding on the walls and ceiling of the temple can still be seen, and the beautiful porch remains intact. The spaces above the peculiar Jaina struts have been filled in with exquisite pierced tracery, an improvement first used in this building. The narrow streets in the neighbourhood contain many well-carved doors and balconies; and in

this quarter may be seen the printing of calicoes with gold, the colour being spread out in the palm of the left hand and transferred to the cloth by means of small dies held in the right hand. For some unexplained reason the Jaina Temple is not open until four in the afternoon, and we only obtained admittance on our second visit to it; but had we known how little there is of real interest within, we should have been contented with our first view of the doorway and porch from the street below.

The broad and busy Chandni Chauk runs west from the glacis in front of the Lahore Gate of the Fort, and turns into the bazaar leading to the Lahore Gate in the city walls. About half way down stands the Gothic Northbrook Clock Tower, and north of the tower is the seated statue of Queen Victoria, erected in 1901 in front of the Municipal Buildings and Museum. Behind these buildings lies the Queen's Garden. On the other side of the Chauk, next to the headquarters of the city police, is the little Golden Mosque or Sonahri Masjid of Roshan-ud-daula. Raised on a platform, whose street side is occupied with shops, and disfigured by corrugated iron awnings over its three arches, it looks more like a café than a mosque; but it has three graceful little ribbed domes, and is known as the spot from which Nadir Shah watched the execution of his orders for a general massacre of the inhabitants on the 11th of March 1739. Twenty-seven years later Delhi was sacked by Ahmad Shah Durani, and three years after that the Marathas captured and held it, until the British, under General Lake, took it in 1803.

We did not find the mementos of the Mutiny at Delhi so interesting as those at Lucknow; but there are nevertheless many monuments, and we saw some of them on the way from the hotel to the Fort. North of the Kashmir Gate is the cemetery with the grave of Brigadier-General Nicholson, "who led the assault of Delhi, but fell in the hour of victory, mortally wounded, and died 23rd of September 1857, aged 35 years," as his tomb records. One is struck by the youth of the officers of various ranks who fell in the Mutiny.

On the Kashmir Gate is an inscription recording the deeds of the storming party who blew open the right leaf or gate. Then follows the polished granite monument in front of the telegraph office, erected in 1902 to the memory of the telegraph operators who "saved India" by doing their duty; and, between the telegraph office and post office, the memorial gateway erected on the site of one of the three gates of the old powder magazine, exploded by its defenders under Lieutenant Willoughby rather than let it fall into the hands of the rebels. The historic Ridge lies to the north-west of the city walls. On its summit is the Mutiny Monument, and also one of Asoka's pillars, brought from Meerut by the Emperor Firuz Shah in 1356. The inscriptions on this pillar are nearly obliterated. From the Ridge we drove down by the Circular Road outside the city walls, passing the Shah and Burns bastions and the Lahore Gate, and took the Muttra Road running south from the Delhi Gate.

CHAPTER XVI

OLD DELHI

Old Fort of Indrapat—The Mosque of Sher Shah—Humayun's Library and Tomb—The Shrine of Nizam-ud-din—The Diving Dome—The Grave of Jahanara—Mausoleum of Safdar Jang—The Kutab Minar and Mosque—The Tomb of Altamsh—Tughlakabad.

To the west of the Muttra Road is the jail, opposite to which is the gate of old Delhi or Firozabad, while farther east is the fort built by Firuz Shah Tughlak. Here is the other Asoka pillar, brought from the Siwalik Hills, which rises thirty-eight feet six inches above the roof of a ruined three-story stone building. The inscriptions on this pillar are in a remarkably fine condition, except a small part where the stone itself has flaked off. Passing the Lal Darwaza and the ruins of Akbar's foster-mother's mosque, with its imitation of coloured mosaics and its blue enamel on the stucco surrounding the central arch, we continued south to the old fort of Indrapat, reputed to be the site of the ancient Indraprastha, founded by the Pandava brothers, and mentioned in the " Mahabharata," which deals with events of the thirteenth century B.C., or of over 3100 years ago.

The old road to Agra passes under the incline leading to the gate of the fort, within which is the red sandstone mosque built by Sher Shah, the Afghan governor of Bengal who defeated Akbar's father, Humayun, and proclaimed himself emperor in the year 1539. This mosque is one of the best examples of the latest Pathan architecture, and the interior ornamentations are particularly fine. There are five bays, and those at the side, one of which has been restored, have struts of a peculiar pattern. The interior of the central dome is painted blue and pierced with small windows, and the pendentives are filled in with small imitation arches bracketed out. The octagonal pavilions in the back towers are ornamented with beautiful gilt-work panels, one of which was restored in 1892.

South of the mosque is an octagonal building of red sandstone with an open pavilion on top, called Humayun's Library. Humayun, who had returned to India after Akbar defeated Sher Shah's grandson at Panipat in 1556, thirty years after Babar's victory at the same place, reigned a few months and died here. There is not much shelf-room for manuscripts in the library, but there is some good angle carving, and some restorations to show the design of the dado of blue enamel on stucco.

Humayun's Mausoleum can be seen about a mile away to the south. This was built in Akbar's reign and is the earliest example of Mogul architecture in India, as Babar, the founder of the dynasty, who reigned from 1494 to 1530, was buried near Kabul, and built nothing in India, as far as is known; while such buildings

Photographed by W. W. Schumacher.

DIVING DOME, NIZAM-UD-DIN, OLD DELHI.

as his son Humayun raised have disappeared. The mausoleum is of red sandstone and marble built upon a lofty arched platform, and is of massive construction throughout. The entrance is by a staircase through the central arch of the platform. Some of the door and window openings have fine pierced stone grilles, but there is little delicacy of detail, and the broad effects are produced by a bold combination of white marble with the red sandstone. Above the octagonal chamber, where Humayun's cenotaph of white marble reposes, rises a white marble dome with a very long sandstone neck inlaid with designs in marble. It was here that the last of the Moguls, Bahadur Shah, was captured after the storming of Delhi in 1857. He was banished to Rangoon, and died there five years later. Aurangzeb's son, Prince Muazzim, who succeeded his father in 1707, was also known as Bahadur Shah, but the exile in Burma was the tenth emperor after Aurangzeb's son and the seventeenth of the dynasty.

West of Humayun's Mausoleum is an enclosure containing a most interesting collection of beautiful buildings. Near the entrance is a rectangular stone well surrounded by galleries of brick covered with stucco. On one side there is a dome from which men dive into the well and swim out to claim bakhshish for the feat. South of the well is the white marble shrine or dargah containing the tomb of the saint Nizam-ud-din. It is about thirty-two feet square, surmounted by a dome, under which is the tomb. The veranda around the tomb chamber is supported by twenty graceful marble columns, and the ceiling

is painted in floral designs, the gilding of which was restored about twelve years ago. There are fine marble grilles to the tomb chamber, and the tomb itself lies, covered with cloth, under a wooden canopy. The red sandstone mosque by the side of the tomb has six vaults with carved pendentives, and an old wooden door.

In the courtyard of the mosque, opposite the tomb of Nizam-ud-din, is an enclosure surrounded by a white marble screen with pierced panels and cornices. Within is the tomb of Mirza Jahangir, son of Akbar II., the sixteenth Mogul emperor. The screen is on a marble plinth, and the entrance is under a beautiful little arch closed by marble doors, all exquisitely carved in relief. In a similar enclosure built with a lower plinth is the tomb of Mohammed Shah, in whose reign Delhi was captured by Nadir Shah. South of Mohammed Shah's tomb is the tomb of Jahanara, the eldest daughter of Shah Jahan, who remained faithful to him in his misfortunes and shared his captivity. The Persian inscription on her headstone may be translated as follows :—

> Place no rich canopy above the grave,
> Grass covers best the humble, lowly slave.
> Her father Shah Jahan, the Saint her guide,
> In life she never left her father's side,
> And with the saints her spirit doth abide.

East of these tombs is an octagonal marble basin for food offerings to the priests. There is also to be seen the white marble Chausath Khambha, a handsome domed pavilion with square pillars, having honeycomb capitals, and

groined pendentives under the domes. The outer arches are filled up to the springers with marble screens carved and pierced in panels. There are nine tombs in this pavilion, including that of Akbar's foster-brother, who died in 1624.

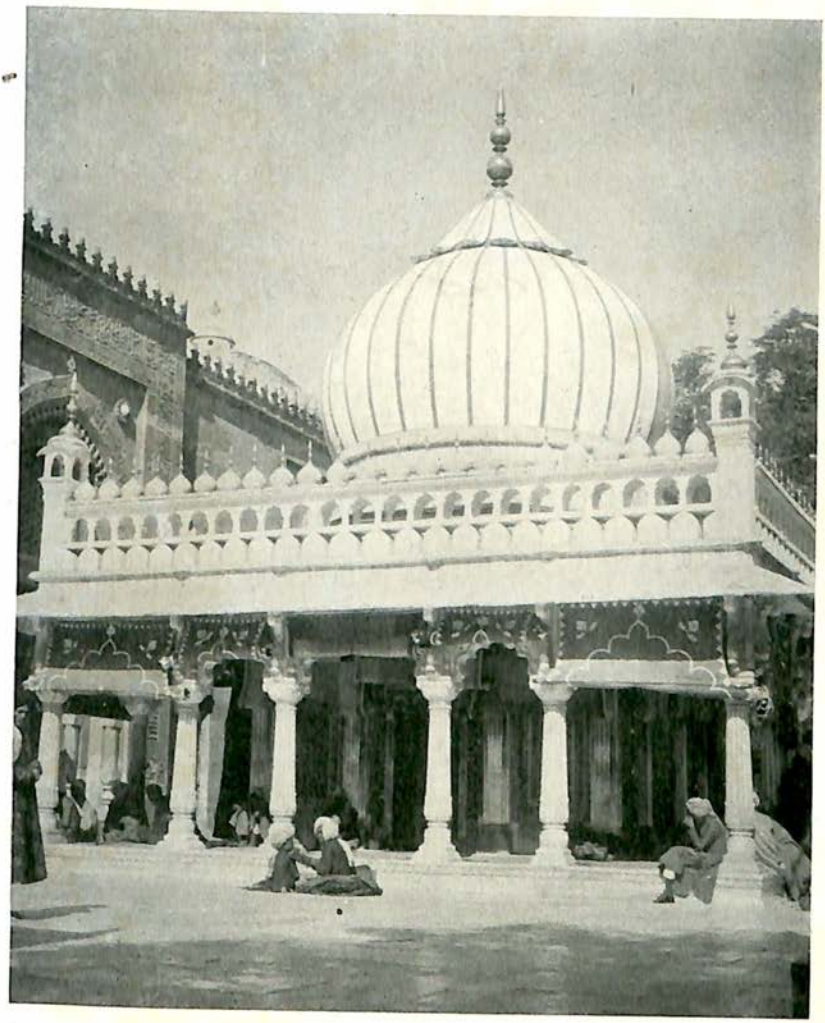
Nizam-ud-din's shrine lies south of the cross-road running west from Humayun's tomb, and where the cross-road joins the Kutab road is the mausoleum of Safdar Jang, wazir to the Emperor Ahmad Shah, and second nawab of Oudh. The mausoleum is a pretentious building, of red sandstone and whitewashed stucco, square in general plan, with octagonal corner towers and a pine-apple dome, standing on a high platform built on arches. It looks imposing at a distance, but is not otherwise interesting. There, however, we saw a number of mainas, as well as other birds with plumage similar to that of the American blue-jay. North of the cross-road are the four tombs of the Lodi sultans, the last of the five Afghan, Pathan, or Turki dynasties who preceded the Moguls.

It takes a full day to visit the Kutab and Tughlakabad, passing on the way Jai Singh's Observatory and the mausoleum of Safdar Jang. Horses are changed at a tank "founded in 1896," and again at the Kutab. When Mohammed of Ghor defeated the Prithwi Raja of Delhi and Ajmere and occupied Delhi in 1193, he parcelled out Northern India amongst his generals, who, upon his death in 1206, established themselves as independent kings. Kutab-ud-din, originally a Turki slave, proclaimed himself Emperor of India at Delhi, and founded the first Mussulman dynasty of resident sovereigns—a line of

ten rulers who reigned from 1206 to 1290. Mohammed of Ghor (Shahab-ud-din) enclosed the inner court of the mosque here; the arches in front of the iron pillar were constructed by Kutab, and the wings of the mosque by his son-in-law and adopted son Altamsh, the third "slave" sultan, who finished the great minar.

The Kutab Minar is believed to be a tower of victory, and when it was completed, six centuries ago, was about 240 feet in height. Afterwards a cupola was added, which remained, although much damaged, until thrown down by an earthquake in 1803. The minar is star-shaped in plan, with a diameter of over forty-seven feet at the base and about nine feet at the top. It is built in five stories, with a projecting balcony around each of the four lower stories and a platform on top. An interior staircase winds up to the top, with 155 steps to the first balcony, 78 steps more to the second balcony, and 145 more, or 378 in all, to the top platform, from which the view is disappointing. The three lower stories are of red sandstone, fluted, and decorated with bands of carved inscriptions containing quotations from the Koran. In the first story the flutes are alternately circular and angular, in the second story circular only, and in the third story all angular. The fourth story is mostly faced with white marble, and the upper story is sandstone diversified with marble ornamentation.

The Kutab Minar is certainly a wonderful monument, bold in design and admirable in details; but the slope from base to top makes it appear to be falling back from you, and this is the case until you get too far away from it to appreciate



Photographed by the Author.

DARGAH OF NIZAM-UD-DIN, OLD DELHI.

its height or see its details. The best view we got of it as a whole was from the top of the ruined wall to the south-west; but we were unable to see how it compared favourably with Giotto's beautiful Campanile which rises 292 feet, or with the Clock Tower of the Houses of Parliament, whose admirable proportions disguise its height of 320 feet. From the ruined wall we also had a good view, over the mosque enclosure, of the ruined stump of the great fluted minar commenced by Ala-ud-din, the third sultan of the Khilji dynasty, which followed the "slave" dynasty at Delhi, and the first of the Mohammedan rulers to conquer Southern India.

The highly ornamented pillars of the cloisters and mosque of Kutab are the spoils of ancient Jaina and Hindu temples; and the domes are built in horizontal courses, each course projecting beyond the one below until the space could be covered with a top slab. At the angles of the courtyard there are two-storied pavilions of similar architecture. The range of pointed arches at the west side, built by Hindu artisans for their conquerors, are of the same Hindu construction, although of Saracenic form, as the radiating arch had not yet been introduced into India. The whole façade of the mosque is elaborately carved, and most of the work that remains is in excellent condition. The central arch is fifty-three feet high and twenty-two feet wide. In the courtyard before it is the famous iron pillar believed to have been erected in the fourth or fifth century to celebrate a great Hindu victory. It is of pure malleable iron, twenty-three feet eight inches long, and just over a foot in

diameter at the capital. Of the twenty-two feet above the ground the smooth part occupies fifteen feet, and on the west face is a Sanskrit inscription of six lines.

Outside the north-west corner of the great enclosure is the red sandstone mausoleum of Altamsh, who died in 1236. In his reign the Empire of Delhi was recognised as an independent kingdom, and coins were struck. The mausoleum is square in plan, and the interior angles have been cut off with pendentives, so as to form an octagonal base for the dome. The pointed arches are constructed on the Hindu principle of horizontal courses; and judging from the only remaining stone of the dome, the latter was probably built in the same way. The tomb stands in the centre of the building, the whole interior of which is beautifully carved with passages from the Koran and delicate tracery. There are doors on the east and south sides, but the north entrance has been closed up. This mausoleum is said to be the oldest Mohammedan tomb in India.

Close to the south-east of the Kutab Minar is the partially restored gateway built by Ala-ud-din Khilji. It is fifty-three feet square, and each face has a narrow but high archway flanked on either side by two windows closed with pierced marble screens. The gateway, since converted into a tomb, is elaborately decorated inside and out with beautiful carvings, and Fergusson thinks "it displays the Pathan style at its period of greatest perfection, when the Hindu masons had learned to fit their exquisite style of decoration to the forms of their foreign masters." A few steps

to the east is the carved sandstone tomb of Imām Zāmin with an inscription over the south door.

From the Kutab we drove to Tughlakabad, the fort and tomb of Ghiyas-ud-din Tughlak, the Turki slave, who rose to be Governor of the Punjab, and founded the third or Tughlak dynasty of Delhi kings in 1320. He built the fort of Tughlakabad and established his capital there. The walls of the fort were four miles around; but, although the ruins are imposing on account of their extent, there is little of interest except the view of the surrounding country from the top of the ruined palace. From the fort a damaged causeway leads, over ground formerly submerged, to Tughlak's massive tomb. This stern old warrior has a fitting mausoleum erected, not in a garden, but on an eminence protected by masonry walls with bold loopholed towers at the angles. The mausoleum is square in plan, with thick sloping walls of stone, in which are inserted marble bands and panels; and the arches and dome are not only Pathan in form, but are also of the true radiating construction. Under the dome is the tomb of Tughlak, his wife, and his son, who succeeded him as Mohammed Shah in 1325. In the north-east angle of the walls, under a dome, is the tomb of Tughlak's wazir, and under a gallery in the walls is a monument to his favourite dog. From the tomb can be seen Adilabad, the fort of Mohammed Shah, who died in 1351, and was succeeded by his cousin, Firuz Shah, the founder of Firozabad, who died in 1388. Ten years later Timur (Tamerlane) sacked Delhi; but another century passed before

Babar, fifth or sixth in direct descent from Timur, established the Mogul Empire. It took over two hours and a half to drive back from Tughlakabad, by way of the Kutab, to our hotel.

We had originally planned to go north from Delhi, and to see the cities of Rajputana on our way back to Bombay; but the weather was so cold that we concluded to take a ticket from Delhi to Ahmedabad and back, and see the Punjab later. This change enabled us to do Rajputana in comfort, instead of sweltering in the tropical heat prevailing in March; but it was cold as ever when we travelled in the north, and in many places we found records in low temperature made for our benefit.

Photographed by the Author.

MAUSOLEUM OF TUGHLAK SHAH.

Photographed by the Author.

GATE OF INDRAPAT, OLD DELHI.

CHAPTER XVII

ALWAR AND JAIPUR

Alwar—The Maharaja's horses—Temple of Jagannath—The Palace—Old weapons—Priceless books—The Philadelphia of the East—The tombs at Gethur—The Palace of the Winds—Jai Singh's Observatory—Amber—The elephant swindle—The Maharaja's procession.

THE first town of importance reached after entering Rajputana from the north by the Delhi branch of the metre-gauge Rajputana-Malwa Railway is Alwar (Ulwar), the capital of the Native State of the same name. The distance from Delhi is ninety-eight miles, and the up-mail takes nearly four hours to cover it. After passing Rewari Junction there is a walled town to be seen to the east, and between Bawal and Ajeraka the wide bed of the Sabhi River is crossed. Close to the south end of the station platform at Alwar is the private station of H.H. the Maharaja Jai Singh, the present ruler, a well-designed little stone building with fine pierced stone screens between the private siding and the main track. To the west of the station is the dak bungalow, and a mile farther is the main gateway of the town, which in 1901 had a population of nearly 57,000. We spent twenty-four hours at Alwar; but the

sights of the place can easily be seen in four hours if a visit to the fort, a thousand feet above the town, is not included.

The railway runs under the west wall of Fateh Jang's mausoleum, a square edifice of four stories with a fine dome on an octagonal base. The dome is surmounted by a pavilion with four columns. The whole building is suffering from neglect, and the cloisters around the courtyard are in use as a hospital for horses. The maharaja's stables lie to the east of the mausoleum, and it used to be one of the great sights of Alwar to see the animals fed. From a stone platform, erected as a grand stand, one watched hundreds of horses dash across the plains, leaping over fences and ditches, at the sound of the bugle calling them to their meals. Now no bugle is sounded, for the horses have learnt to be on hand in the field near the barnlike stables, and had formed themselves up in a double line ready for the evening meal long before the three sacks of feeding stuff had been distributed in the long trough by the well. With the assistance of the crows, rock-pigeons, and peacocks, the food soon disappeared, and after a drink the well-trained animals grouped themselves around the stable-yard gate, ready to be locked up for the night.

From Fateh Jang's tomb a road leads west to the city gate, which is between two advanced bastions, each armed with a brass cannon mounted on a carriage. Facing the road, just in front of the gate, is a large brass cannon with a brass model of a gun under its muzzle. Within the gate the road leads under the Tripauliya, which spans the cross-roads with four arches, supporting the tomb

of Tarang Sultan, the brother of Firuz Shah, the third Tughlak Sultan. The Temple of Jagannath, with a well-carved sandstone entrance, faces the end of the street. The shrine contains an idol, with white circles for eyes, dressed in flowing embroidered robes, and to approach this you must take off your shoes. Turning up the road to the right as you face the temple you come at once, on the right-hand side, to the nearly finished temple being built, in sandstone, to the memory of the maharaja's mother, on the site of the Makur or Chiefs' School. The carving, in low relief, of flowers and conventional patterns on some of the panels is very good.

Continuing up the road to the Chauk we saw in the north-west corner the unfinished temple in light stone to the maharaja's grandmother, and at the side of the temple back from the Chauk is the place where they keep the elephant carriage—a car, that might carry fifty people, pulled by four elephants. It is lined in places with fine silk brocade, and the canopy is well decorated; but some of the cane work is sadly in need of repair.

The entrance to the palace from the Chauk is between two buildings—one used as a court-house, and the other, having some good stone lattice-work, as public offices. Passing the spike-studded elephant gate and a handsome gate of wood inlaid with brass arabesques, we gained the courtyard of the palace. In front is a fine fountain, and behind it a raised platform adorned with three white marble pavilions, the ones at the sides being inlaid with black marble, and all having well-cut dwarf lattice rails. On the west side of

the platform is the Diwan-i-Khass, at the back of which is the Shisha Mahal. The Diwan-i-Khass has marble columns and dwarf lattice rails, and is decorated with oil-paintings and crystal chandeliers. The Shisha Mahal consists of three chambers covered from the floor to the top of the semi-vaulted ceiling with the finest inlaid and coloured glass-work we saw in all India. The panel pictures in the central chamber are exceptionally good. The side chambers were being restored. The windows of all three look down on the tank, and are closed by solid brass-plated doors.

At the south-east corner of the courtyard is the entrance to the stairs leading up to the armoury, which contains a fine collection of talwars with damascened blades and handles inlaid with gold. One had a row of loose pearls in the back of the blade, and one had beautifully enamelled scabbard mounts. Most of the arms, we were informed, were made in Alwar. We were then shown some small inlaid shields and many inlaid helmets, semi-circular bows, arrows, lances, steel nooses, battle-axes, swivel-guns, and very long matchlocks, as well as katars, peshkubs, and jamdhars. The latter are Indian daggers with peculiar-shaped handles, and two jamdhars with the points crossed form part of Alwar's coat-of-arms. We also saw the arms of Bani Singh and a coat-of-mail with riveted links.

On the north side of the courtyard is a room containing a silver dining-table with glass spirals worked by mechanism to imitate running water; and the custodian of this heavy piece of furniture politely refused to accept a tip. Above this room is the library, a jumble of priceless treasures and

worthless rubbish. Pictures hang on the walls and stand on the floor against them. Several yards of assorted European books of no value are carefully locked in glass cases, while others in costly wrappers were scattered on the floor. On a Koran-stand is an illustrated history of Alwar with curious erotic pictures. But the pick of the library is kept in four cases, each containing one or two books carefully wrapped in velvet and gold-embroidered cloths. The three finest volumes are copies of the Koran, the Dah Pand or "Ten Maxims," and the Gulistan or "Rose Garden" by the great Persian teacher of morals Sheikh Sadi of Shiraz, who died in 1292. This copy was finished in 1848, and cost a lakh (Rs. 1,00,000) to produce. We were also shown a miniature Koran in a gold locket, some sheets of writing in letters embossed by the finger-nail of the writer, and a scroll of big letters formed by lines and sentences of smaller letters.

Behind the palace is the tank and mausoleum of Bakhtawar Singh. The tank is kept in excellent repair, and has twelve two-storied sandstone pavilions built on the steps leading down to the water, the upper story of the pavilions being on a level with the top of the tank. The marble pillars of the mausoleum are from the quarries near Alwar. There are carvings and some gilding under the dome of the pavilion over the tomb; and in the sandstone basement is housed the school for the sons of chiefs and nobles. The schoolmaster informed us that the boys were taken at six or seven years old, and that a bright boy would finish the course in six years, while others took double the time, so that

the graduates vary in age from twelve to nineteen. In the trees near the tank were a number of the fruit-eating bats known as flying-foxes, and in a shop near the palace entrance we saw a pair of grey partridges trained to fight like gamecocks.

We then drove through the grounds of the Maharaja's Moti Dongari Palace, about a mile south of the dak bungalow. The palace is on a rocky hill approached by a corkscrew ramp. It is square in general plan with circular corners; and a small square extension was being added. The ramp and the palace are illuminated with electric lights, and when all the lamps are lit they make a brilliant effect. In the public gardens is a good fernery and a few cages of animals, including four leopards, two tigers, a couple of hyenas, and a black bear.

Alwar has set an example that might be imitated with advantage by every city in India. It has instituted a crusade against the pariah dogs, sending out men to capture them and keeping them confined in a home. Alwar is a busy little place with crowded cotton and grain markets, and lively bazaars, where cowries are still used for small change. The old round pice or "dubs" are at a discount among the baniyas or traders, who give you thirteen for a four-anna piece and ask sixteen. The yellow turbans of the men, who usually carry a tulwar and sometimes a dagger, add a touch of the picturesque to the street scenes.

In Alwar we saw one of the exceptions to the general modest behaviour of native women in India. Passing through one of the side streets we came to a shop where feminine finery was for

sale. A young married woman had bought some spangles to adorn her *sari* or petticoat, which she took off in order that the shopkeeper might sew them on, meanwhile squatting in front of the shop, apparently unconscious of her nudity. The only other instance of immodesty we noticed was at Bilashipara on the Brahmaputra, where two young women selected the moment when the steamer made fast, for making a pretence of bathing, in order to display their nascent charms to as large an audience as possible.

From Alwar to Jaipur is ninety-three miles, a journey of three and a half hours by the mail. The second station from Alwar is Rajgarh, where the old castle can be seen to the east of the railway. Bandikui, thirty-seven miles from Alwar is the junction for the branch to Agra, ninety-four miles to the east. The new spelling has only been partially adopted at Jaipur. The station lamps are inscribed Jaipur, but the name on the station building remains Jeypore.

When Siwai Jai Singh moved his capital from Amber and founded, in 1728, the town named after him, there must have been some colonial adventurer at his court from whom he got the idea of building a city in rectangular blocks with broad streets lined with houses of monotonous regularity, in imitation of Philadelphia, founded on the banks of the Delaware forty-six years before.

Jaipur is the principal city of Rajputana, and has a population of 160,000 inhabitants. It lies to the east of the railway, and is surrounded by crenellated masonry walls, twenty feet high and nine feet thick, pierced by seven gates. Between

the railway station and the west gate is the maharaja's summer palace, a square building, which looks like a fort, in a garden surrounded by high walls. The gateways and walls of Jaipur are covered with pink stucco decorated with white stencilling; and the houses on the main streets are all adorned in the same manner. These streets are broad, well-paved, and lighted with gas. The Chand Pol Bazar, which under more than one name runs straight through the city from east to west, is thirty-seven paces wide and over two miles long; and the main north and south streets are about a mile and a quarter long. We found it was necessary to apply for passes to visit Amber and to see the inner courts of the Jaipur Palace, so we spent the first day in looking at the other sights. The most pleasing of these is just outside the north-east city walls, on the way to Amber, at Gethur, under the base of the Nahargarh or "Tiger Fort." After descending from our carriage we followed a rough path over broken stones to a tree-planted enclosure in which are the mausolea of the last four maharajas.

In front of the entrance is Jai Singh's memorial, an open marble pavilion rising from a plinth carved in panels. The dome, which appears to be covered with stucco, is supported by twenty pillars with heavy bracketed capitals arranged in the manner of a Jaina temple. North of this, on the same platform, is the tomb of Ram Singh, the late maharaja, under a pavilion, entirely of the purest white marble, which is an exact duplicate of that of Jai Singh. To the south-east of the latter, on the same level and

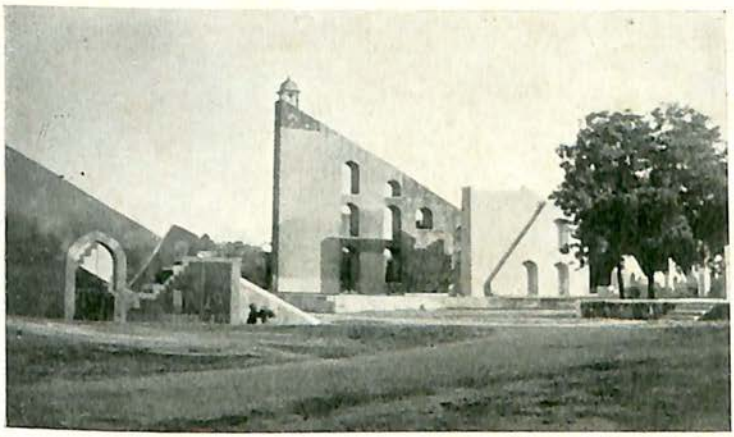
connected by a little marble causeway, is the tomb of Madhu Singh, son of Jai Singh. His pavilion also has twenty pillars, but the carvings are limited to a few peacocks. West of Jai Singh's tomb, on a separate platform, is the tomb of Pratab Singh, son of Madhu. His pavilion of Alwar marble has three rows of carvings in low relief under the dome. We saw no monkeys in the enclosure, but many big ones were to be seen outside. The photograph of Jai Singh's pavilion is taken from the platform of Madhu Singh's, and shows the fortifications on the hills behind. Visitors are not admitted to Tiger Fort.

One of the palace gates opens into the Sira Deorhi Bazar, on the west side of which rise the turrets and balconies of the Hawa Mahal, or "Palace of the Winds," an extraordinary architectural whim constructed by Jai Singh. Opposite the palace gate, under an archway, is the entrance to the Maharaja's Temple with its tall vimana. Under a pavilion in the south-west corner of the forecourt is the marble figure of a horse; but it is necessary to remove one's shoes to penetrate farther. Opposite the Hawa Mahal is the Maharaja's College at the corner of the Manak Chauk. Continuing south, the street changes its name to the Jauhari Bazar, on the west side of which are the High Courts. Outside the south gate is the Ram Nawas Garden, with an area of seventy acres, containing a menagerie. In the middle of the garden is the modern Albert Museum, a building of pyramidal form, rising to five stories in the centre; and east of it is the Mayo Hospital.

In the Tripoliya (or Tripauliya) Bazar, at the

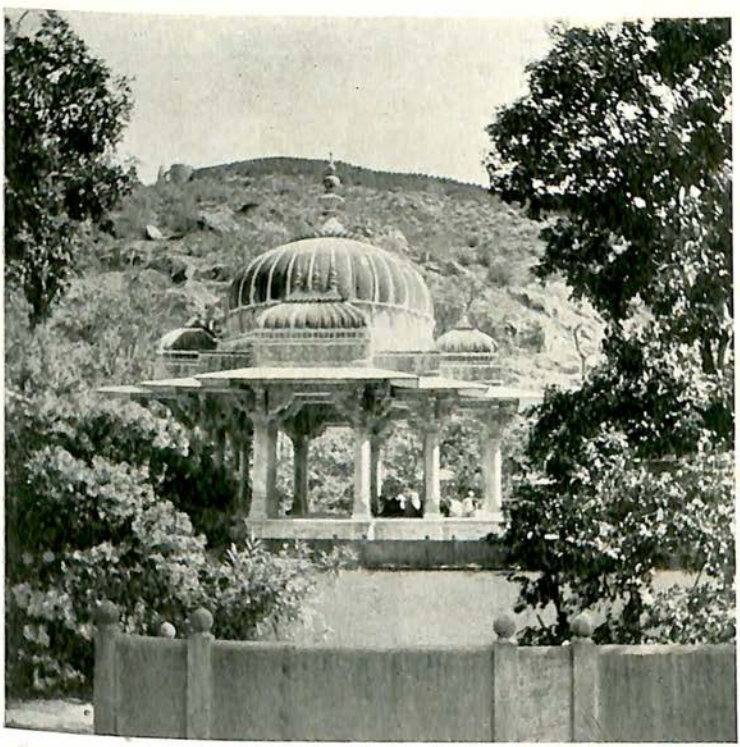
corner of the "Chaura Rasta," is the Public Library, opposite the Tripoliya Gate of the palace. Within the gate the stables lie to the west, in the direction of the great three-storied watch-tower; and there we saw a goodly number of Arabs, "Walers," and country-bred horses. Passing through another gate we came to the "European Dining Hall," a modern building with a handsome balcony extending all around the second story. Then comes the inner gateway with a splendid pair of brass-plated gates, and we arrive at the seven-storied Chandra Mahal, in the ground-floor of which is the Diwan-i-Khass, whose roof is supported by marble pillars placed in pairs, except in the middle, where there are four single pillars. The apartment is gaudily painted above the pillars. On the cement floor is a Kabul carpet, said to be three hundred years old. The Diwan-i-Amm has twelve single pillars around the centre, double pillars outside, and similar gaudy painting above. It is lit by gas from crystal chandeliers, and has a double row of private boxes on one side. In the garden behind the Chandra Mahal is a very pretty "panbari" or open conservatory, and under a small pavilion is a black stone figure over the grave of a favourite dog. At the end of the garden is a crocodile tank and a Vishnu temple.

To the east of the Chandra Mahal is one of the five observatories built by Jai Singh II., the founder of Jaipur, who received the title Siwai (or Sawai) from Mohammed Shah. The astronomical instruments and structures were restored in 1901 by the present maharaja, "Sawai Madho Singhji II.," who was born in 1861, and succeeded



Photographed by the Author.

OBSERVATORY, JAIPUR.



Photographed by the Author.

JAI SINGH'S TOMB, JAIPUR.

in 1880. The most easily understood of the instruments erected here is the great gnomon, ninety feet high, which forms the biggest sundial in the world, and is called the Samrat Yantra. The two bronze circles or wheels to measure the declination of the heavenly bodies are called Chakra Yantra; the bronze circle revolving over a stone circle to find the distance of heavenly bodies from the ecliptic and equinox is the Kranti Vritta; and the suspended bronze plates for observing altitudes are called Yantra Raj. The Unnatansha Yantra is a bronze wheel to find the zenith and altitude of celestial bodies; and the circular plane, with the bottom inclined inwards to find if they are in the northern or southern hemisphere, is the Narivalaya Dakshin Gola. Then there are twelve Rashivalayas, one for each constellation of the zodiac; two sunk marble hemispheres, named Jai Prakash Yantra, representing the celestial sphere; the Digamsa Yantra, for observing the azimuth; and the two Ram Yantras, restored in 1891, to determine the altitude and azimuth of heavenly bodies.

February is a lucky month for marriages, and we saw many wedding processions and feasts in the streets. One feast was given in a space screened off on one side of the main street, and another wedding party of high degree had monopolised the whole of a side street, screening off the ends with cotton cloths.

Our pass informed us that "elephants are not supplied by the State for the use of travellers visiting Amber"; but we were pressed to order a private elephant, to cost twelve rupees, or two rupees above the established tariff. Having had

some experience of the discomforts of riding on elephants, we resisted the temptation to engage one, and drove in less than an hour from the railway station to the foot of the hill, where the elephants were in waiting. A walk of thirty minutes brought us to the Kali Temple in the palace, begun three hundred years ago, in the eleventh-century capital of the Rajputs, and completed by Jai Singh. The elephants, driven by a longer road, were an hour coming up. The Kali Temple is by the side of the inner gate, and every morning at six o'clock a goat is sacrificed. Then the temple is closed until four in the afternoon; but there is nothing much to be seen there, except the swords used to kill the goats and two pictures of Kali.

The Diwan-i-Amm has an outer row of double columns having heavy bracketed capitals, and sixteen interior columns; and there is an upper story completely enclosed with pierced screens. From the Diwan-i-Amm there is a pretty view of the lake, and the ornamental garden in it, below the palace. Back of the Diwan-i-Amm is a large "billiard-room." From the courtyard the richly decorated gateway erected by Jai Singh leads to the Jai Mandir.

The gateway has a figure of Ganesa over the arched entrance, which is closed by a pair of new doors plated with brass, and there is also an old pair of doors decorated with the same metal. The Jai Mandir or Hall of Triumph is a massive building surrounded by a colonnade of double columns. The dado is formed of panels of alabaster carved in relief, the borders inlaid with black marble, and the ceiling is covered with

glass mirror mosaics, while the walls have carved and painted ornaments. The interior double chamber is of stucco inlaid with coloured-glass mosaics, and the ceiling is covered with mirrors arranged in designs. There are three coloured-glass windows, the two side ones painted with flowers in a vase, and the centre one representing Krishna and the Gopi. Two of the three opposite windows are of pierced work. The maharaja's bedroom is adorned with mirrors, and the dressing-room has three coloured-glass windows, of which the central one is old. The doors are of wood, with brass ornaments, and the walls are of white chunan above a marble dado. In an adjoining room is a "compass stone" showing that the side of the palace facing the lake runs south-east and north-west.

Then we went down a passage to the marble bathrooms for the ladies, and up again to the balcony above the Diwan-i-Khass, where we got a view of Akbar's Mosque on the Delhi road to the north, and of the Ajmer road by which we had come from Jaipur. Then we mounted over the Diwan-i-Khass to the Jas Mandir, which has a dado of white marble inlaid with black, and three marble lattices, through which the ladies could watch the proceedings in the courtyard below. The lattices have each tiny wood and brass doors in the centre to use as a window. On nearly the same level as the Jas Mandir, over Jai Singh's Gateway, is the Suhag Mandir, from behind the three pierced screens of which the ladies could look down on the Diwan-i-Amm. The Sukh Nawas, opposite the Jai Mandir, has two pairs of badly damaged doors inlaid with ivory and small

pierced windows, one filled in with coloured glass. A room decorated with pictures of Indian cities is shown as the ladies' dining-room. Leaving the palace by the "Khiri Gate," we came to the old temple locally known as Jagasbandi, which has a toran ornamented with elephants at the entrance. The temple itself is a single large chamber of no special interest; but in front of the door is a small but finely carved detached porch of white marble, whose architrave is supported by double zigzag struts of Jaina form, and whose shrine contains a small figure on a cobra. The porch is attributed to Bhagwandas, the Raja of Amber, whose daughter married Prince Salim in 1586, and became the mother of Khusru. The latter was assassinated by his younger brother Shah Jahan, and he and his mother lie buried in the Khusru Bagh, Allahabad. We rambled about the ruins of old Amber, which was founded over a thousand years ago, but saw nothing striking beyond a great number of peacocks and monkeys and a frisky coolie returning home intoxicated from a wedding feast.

If one could arrange to have the passes ready in advance, the usual sights of Amber and Jaipur could be done in a day; but we were fortunate enough to be in Jaipur on the 11th of February, the day upon which the Spring Festival was held, and the day upon which H.H. the Maharaja goes to worship at the temple and makes a state progress through the city.

We started out early to see the crowd, and finally took up our stand, a little after nine o'clock, in one of the windows of the Library opposite the Tripoliya Gate. Policemen with staves patrolled

part of the route, foot-soldiers lined some of the streets, and detachments of lancers were posted at different places. The streets through which the procession was to pass had been swept clean, and now a line of bihishtis came along sprinkling the roadway from the water-skins under their arms. Afterwards coolies, bearing oil, grain, and other offerings, began to enter the palace, and then the various personages who were to take part in the proceedings arrived at the palace gates in two-horse phaetons, in one-horse gigs, in ekkas drawn by a pair of bullocks, on horseback, or on foot. The populace in their holiday attire formed a most picturesque crowd, and from time to time bahals, drawn by bullocks, would pass carrying *pardanishin* women who had come to peep at the show from behind the closely drawn curtains. Then the elephants were paraded through the streets, some bearing howdahs (*haudahs*) of State, some with side-seat howdahs, and some ridden by natives sprawling over their broad backs. Most of the elephants had handsome trappings hung with bells, and one was covered with a gorgeous cloth of gold. A few had metal ornaments on their tusks, and many had their heads painted with designs in bright colours. Meanwhile the crush within the palace had increased, and the elephants were driven in to take their place in the procession. When the maharaja started from the palace, the camel corps fired a salute, which frightened the elephants, and caused a general stampede; but it fortunately led to no casualties, although it afforded much amusement to such of the spectators as were out of harm's way. About eleven o'clock the cavalcade ad-

vanced up the Tripoliya Bazar from the east. A handsomely decorated elephant bore the maharaja's banner, the other elephants followed flanked by officials on horseback, and then came the well-mounted cavalry. Preceded by a band, the silver temple-image, wearing a dress of silver brocade, was drawn in a car under a velvet canopy, and behind it walked two priests waving chauris. Immediately behind this car were a number of litters, having arched tops hung with bells, slung on stout poles, and carried by coolies. In each litter sat a priest, and chauriwalas walked by their sides. Then came the handsome new state-coach drawn by horses, and containing, under a fringed canopy surmounted by a metal crown, H.H. the Maharaja, dressed in a velvet coat embroidered in gold and wearing his orders, and with him the diwan. With the driver sat another minister, and by the side of the carriage walked the maharaja's chhatra-bearer, his shield-bearer, and other officials. The maharaja halted in front of the palace gate to receive a loyal address, and then drove in and was lost to view, while the cortége passed up the street, the rear closed by the camel corps, each camel being saddled with an antiquated matchlock swivel-gun.

CHAPTER XVIII

AJMER, CHITOR, AND MOUNT ABU

Ajmer—Dargah of Khwaja Chishti—Ana Sagar—The sacred lake of Pushkar—Chitorgarh—The Tower of Victory and the Tower of Fame—The Jaina temples on Mount Abu—Achilgarh.

FROM Jaipur to Ajmer is eighty-four miles, covered by the mail in about three hours. Between the two cities the line runs at the base of the Aravali range, which is to be seen most of the time on the right-hand side. When the great high road from Agra is in sight the kos minars, built by Akbar to mark the distances on the pilgrimage, may sometimes be distinguished. A kos is about two miles. Ajmer, which boasts a population of about 75,000, is the capital of the District of Ajmer-Merwara, which has been in British hands since 1818.

The city is believed to have been founded in the year 145 A.D. by Aja Pal, and is surrounded by a masonry wall with five gates. Thirteen hundred feet above it towers Taragarh, which rises to the height of 2850 feet above the sea. The fort on the top of the hill is about two miles away and is used as a sanatorium. Ajmer is notable for its thirteenth-century mosque and dargah, and

for the artificial lake constructed in the eleventh century, as well as for the taste displayed in its modern public buildings and its picturesque old streets. Among the modern buildings is Mayo College, opened in 1875, the Municipal Buildings, the Hospital, and a clock-tower near the station. The Naya Bazar is the main thoroughfare in the old town, and there Jat and Gujar peasants and Rajput landholders may be seen driving bargains with the Jain baniyas and dealers in grain.

The dargah or shrine of the Ajmer saint Khwaja Chishti is entered through a courtyard, in which are two large iron cauldrons, one capable of holding nearly 5000 pounds of rice and the other twice that amount. These are used to cook the offerings of those pilgrims wealthy enough to fill them up for a feast. On the west side of the courtyard is Akbar's Mosque. The main entrance to the shrine is in another courtyard, and on the east side of the building which is of white marble with a gilt spire to the dome. None but the faithful are admitted to the interior. Near it are the tombs of the saint's daughter and a daughter of Shah Jahan. West of the shrine is Shah Jahan's Mosque, of white marble with seven bays. To the south of the enclosure is a deep tank and well.

The Arhai-din-ka-jhonpra ("Hut-of-two-and-a-half-days") had as beautiful a façade as any of the red sandstone mosques in India. What is left of it is a screen of seven arches about 200 feet long, the central and end ones having plain pointed openings, and the other four arches being scalloped. Above the sides of the central arch, which is fifty-six feet high, are the stumps of fluted minarets. The bay behind it is of white marble,

and at the sides are beautiful slender Jain columns supporting five low domes built in horizontal courses. The ceiling panels between the domes are handsomely carved, and one of the domes has been restored. In a corridor to the right of the gate entering the courtyard are collected bits of old sculpture, including some horses and elephants covered with what looks like representations of armour. The mosque was completed by Altamsh, who extended the screen of Kutab's Mosque at old Delhi.

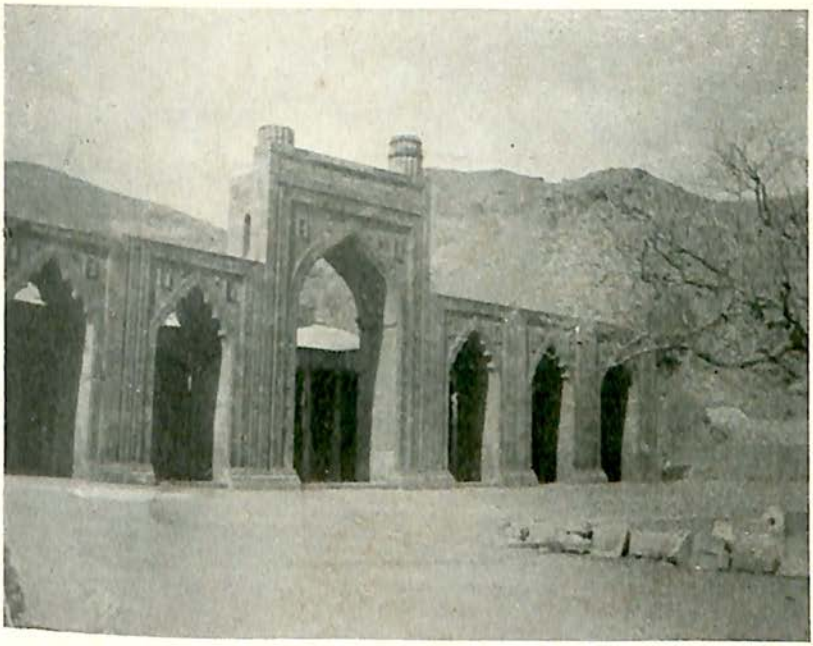
On the bund or dam of the Ana Sagar, the artificial lake constructed by Raja Ana, are three beautiful white marble pavilions or baradaris, with heavy bracket capitals to the columns, erected by Shah Jahan and recently restored. South of the baradaris is the public garden, and east of this the residence of the Commissioner, perched on a hill over the lake. From here there is a good view of Ajmer, the barren mountains surrounding the town, and the more picturesque hills nearer the lake. In other drives around Ajmer we noted an octagonal marble pavilion in front of the Ajmer Club, a marble tomb just south of the railway, and Akbar's Palace, on the north side of the city, now used as the tahsildar's office. There is also a curious red sandstone building, which the local guide called "Multan Nasiya," containing in its central chamber a fanciful gilt metal cosmos with Ajmer as the centre of the universe.

Seven miles from Ajmer is the sacred lake of Pushkar, and the drive there and back, including visits to the temples, takes under three and a half hours. It is a tiring walk, in heavy sand, from where the carriage stops to the Brahma

Temple. The houses on the road have curious balconies, and on the right-hand side going towards the temple is a mandir, to which Europeans are not admitted, having carved balconies to the right of its scalloped archway. There is also a Ganesa shrine on the way; and outside the gate of the Brahma Temple are many "sacred footprints" in marble. Over the gateway is a marble carving of a *hans* or sacred goose with a rosary in its beak. In the courtyard are two marble elephants, Brahma's footprints, and steps leading down to an underground lingam shrine. In the main shrine, on an ivory base, is the four-headed image of Brahma with jewelled eyes and four arms. Before it is a table plated with silver; and the shrine is ornamented with many silver trinkets. To the right of it is a shrine to Brahma's "third wife."

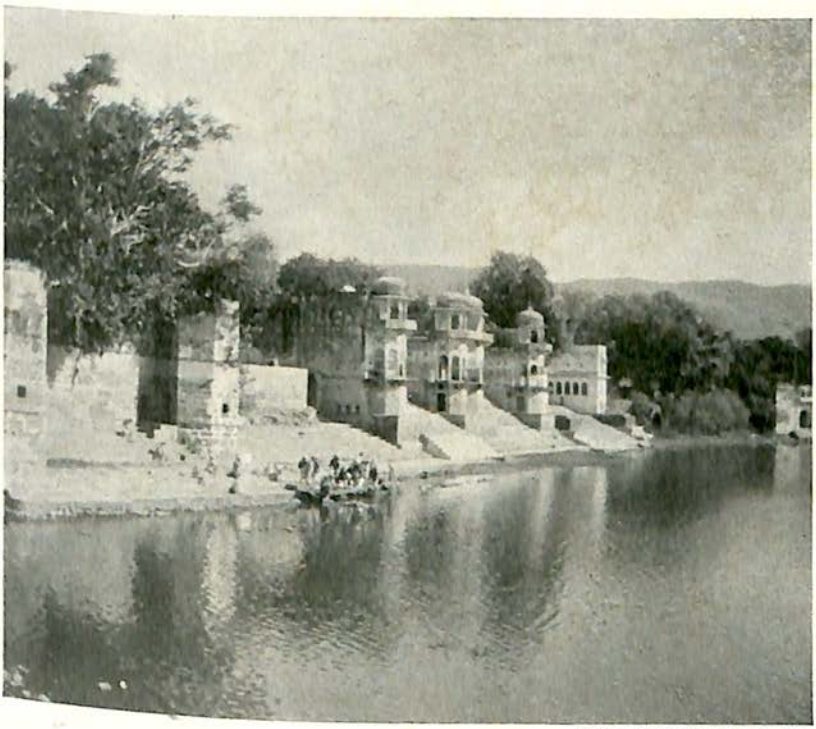
We spent a day in Ajmer on our way south, and some hours on the way back; but, including the excursion to Pushkar, everything of interest to a tourist, except Taragarh or "Star Fort," can easily be seen in less than six hours. We happened to be in Ajmer on the coldest day on record, when the thermometer on the grass in the open registered a minimum of 22°, and a thin layer of ice was to be seen in the morning on the shallow side of the lake. From Ajmer to Chitor is 115 miles, and the fastest train, leaving at 11.30 P.M., takes over six and a half hours to do the journey. By writing ahead to the Hakim of Chitor we found breakfast ready for us at the dak bungalow, and an elephant placed at our service to visit Chitorgarh.

The fort is three and a quarter miles long



Photographed by the Author.

ARHAI-DIN-KA-JHONPRA, AJMER.



Photographed by the Author.

SACRED LAKE OF PUSHKAR.

from the Lakola Darwaza at the north end, where the floor of the chhatri (chhatr) is 1761 feet above the sea, to the Gun Platform, which is 68 feet higher, at the south end. The top of the wall at the highest point, near the Chhatri Mori Ka and Chhatri Chogan, is 1840 feet above the sea, and at the Nol Ka Bandar Bastion, the lowest point, 1502 feet above the sea, or only 190 feet higher than the dak bungalow and camping ground, which is about half a mile from the station. The city of Chitor lies between this bastion and the river Gambheri, which falls into the Berach about a mile north of the fort. South of the fort is a small detached hill whose summit is 1684 feet above the sea. Before leaving the dak bungalow at half-past eight we ordered our coolies to be at the station with our luggage to meet the mid-day train back to Ajmer, and just had time to visit the fort. Our elephant was driven by a rough road across the fields to the old bridge, and through the walled village to its southern end, where the ascent to the fort begins. There are seven gateways on the way up, the first of which is the Padal Gate. Then come the Broken Gate, rebuilt about 1890; the Monkey Gate; the Ganesa Gate, of which the crown of the arch is gone; the Jorla Gate, with a brick radiating arch; the Gate of the Rana Lakhshman, laid in horizontal courses, the stones being cut to form a perfect pointed arch; and the Ram Gate. Facing the latter is a pillared hall with pavilions on top, from which there is a good view over the plain. From the dak bungalow to the Ram Gate, where we dismounted, the elephant brought us up in fifty minutes.

North of the Ram Gate is the jail, which the guide informed us was formerly the palace of Ratan Singh. Then we turned to the south and visited the Singar Chauri Temple, to the west of which is the palace of Rana Kumbo, whose reign extended from 1418 to 1468. South-east of the latter is the Vriji Temple, built by Rana Kumbo, and the larger temple built by his wife Mira Bai. The latter has detached shrines with sikras, to the north and south of the main shrine. In the courtyard in front of the entrance is a tall square platform with stone footprints on top. The struts under the doorway of the Vriji Temple are beautifully carved, but are slightly out of position. South of these temples is the famous Jai Stambha, or Tower of Victory, built by Rana Kumbo to celebrate the defeat of Mahmud of Malwa in 1439. The tower, which is nine stories high and rises to the height of 120 feet, is highly ornamented with carving, but the upper stories overhang the lower ones, so as to give it a top-heavy appearance. South of the tower is the Mahasati or cremation place of the ancient ranas of Meywar.

Here we got on the elephant again and went south to the Padmani and Bhim Singh palaces, the former standing in the middle of a tank. Then we went over to the east side, past the Gate of the Sun, to the tower called Sri Allat or "Tower of Fame," which narrowly escaped being pulled down preparatory to the restoration at present going on. This tower is about 80 feet high, of seven stories, and was built in honour of the first Jaina Tirthankar, Adinath, in the year 896 A.D., being therefore one of the earliest

examples of the golden age of Jaina architecture. Next to this tower is a modern temple with a broken sikra. On our return to the station a gift of three rupees between the guide and the mahout was well received. The Maharana of Mewar, or Meywar, whose elephant had been placed at our disposal, is the chief of one of the most ancient States in India. When the Moguls conquered India some of the Rajput chiefs alone retained their position as rulers, subordinate, it is true, to the dominant power, while the other Native States of India owe their origin to the break-up of the Mogul Empire. It is curious that the Gurkhas of Nepal claim descent from the rulers of Chitorgarh.

It was a great disappointment to us that we were unable to visit Udaipur, the present capital of Mewar. From all accounts it is the most beautiful city in India, and we had come to Chitor intending to go there by the branch line. It is barely sixty-three miles to Udaipur; but there is only one train a day, and it takes nearly five hours. When we arrived at Chitor we found an official notice posted in the station to the effect that travellers were warned away from Udaipur on account of the plague; that the tongas, the only mode of conveyance, were infected; and that travelling was difficult and at your own peril. We were told on inquiry that, although the hotel was open in Udaipur, the public buildings were closed, and that the maharana and his court had left the city; so, acting on the best advice we could get, we reluctantly gave up seeing Udaipur, and returned to Ajmer.

Our next journey was from Ajmer to Abu Road, a distance of 190 miles, which takes a little over seven hours by the mail train; but we travelled by the slower night train, arriving at Abu Road about 9.30 in the morning. At Rohira station, Achilgarh, on one of the highest peaks of Mount Abu, and the pass to the west of it leading to the Abu plateau, come into sight to the right, and remain in sight until just before arriving at Abu Road station.

From the station to the Abu post office is seventeen miles; and two of us went up in a tonga, for which the charge was ten rupees, in two hours and forty minutes with three changes of horses, our servants following in an ekka (Rs. 4.8.0) with the luggage. On the way up there are extensive views back over the plains to the south-east, while ahead to the right rise the cliffs and the white temple of Achilgarh, on the saddle near the top. From the tonga office we walked to the hotel (luggage coolies two annas each), and after tiffin walked about a mile and a half, by a good road available for rickshaws, to the Dilwarra Temples. Having written ahead and secured our passes from the magistrate of Abu, we were able to visit the temples, although it was Sunday and no passes are issued on that day.

As seen from the road the temple enclosure shows a plain whitewashed exterior and a platform built out from the side of the hill which forms the background of the picture. Close to the entrance is a rest-house for pilgrims, whose door, at the top of a flight of steps, was locked. Before arriving at the guard-room, where your passes are given up, you go down a passage, to

the left of which is the enclosure of the temple to Ajitanath. This is said to have been built, from the surplus material left from the other temple, by the artisans who undertook it at their own cost. Ajitanath is the second of the twenty-four Jaina Tirthankars or saints, and his emblem is the elephant. His shrine is of white marble with a beautifully carved background of Nagas whose heads form a canopy over the figure of Ajitanath. The sikra above the shrine and the dome over the porch in front are larger than those of the other temples, but the carving is not so elaborate. There are no cells surrounding the courtyard, and in this respect the temple is unfinished.

After passing the guard you turn to the right into a passage, on the right-hand side of which is the temple to the twenty-third Tirthankar, Parswanath, whose emblem is a snake. The shrine contains a gilt marble figure of the saint, and the dome over the porch in front is gilded. The supporting pillars are fewer in number than those of Ajitanath's temple. At the corners of the courtyard to the right and left of the entrance are about twenty-four cells, one—near the right corner coming in, being a shrine to Santaneth, the sixteenth Tirthankar, whose emblem is an antelope. On the opposite side of the passage is an archway, decorated with crude paintings of tigers, leading to the Adinath and Neminath temples. To the right of the archway is an enclosure containing about a dozen marble elephants and a marble horse with a rider. To the left is the entrance to the temples.

The first of these is Vimala Sah's white marble

temple to Adinath, the first Tirthankar, whose emblem is a bull. This temple dates from 1031 or 1032 A.D., and is believed to be the most ancient Jaina temple in India. The dome in front of the shrine is supported by eight columns, and there are forty more supporting the roof of the porch, not counting those in front standing in line with the front of the cells surrounding the courtyard. The courtyard is about 140 by 90 feet, and is entirely surrounded by a row of fifty-five cells, in each of which is a seated figure of the saint. In front of the cells is a double colonnade of small pillars supporting nearly a hundred small domes, and the pillars, the interior of the domes, and their beautiful pendants are all elaborately carved. The pillars of the porch have bracket capitals at the height of the colonnade pillars and upper dwarf columns supporting the architraves, while from these bracket capitals spring diagonal or zigzag struts to the centre of the beams supporting the dome. The carving is of extreme delicacy, and quite wonderful in its great variety and bold relief. In the shrine is a white marble seated figure of the saint, with jewelled eyes and silver toes, decorated with jewels and silver ornaments and having a gold crown over its head. In one of the smaller domes to the left of the entrance is carved a nude female figure.

In another enclosure is the temple, built by the brothers Tejpala and Vastupala, to Neminath, the twenty-second Tirthankar, whose emblem is a shell. The shrine contains a black marble seated figure of the saint, which has jewels for eyes and is covered with trinkets. The carving

is generally less elaborate than that of Vimala Sah's temple, but it is similar in plan, and the diagonal struts under the architraves of the dome are more highly finished. We employed the rest of the afternoon walking about Abu and around Nakhi Tal, the pretty little lake, which is about half a mile long by a quarter of a mile wide.

Mount Abu is a detached mountain of the great Aravali range, which runs south-west from the Ridge at Delhi through Rajputana, separated from the mountain chain by a valley about fifteen miles wide. The plateau on the top is about 4000 feet above the sea, the height of the Observatory being 3945 feet, and the peaks of Gau Mukh, Achilgarh, and Guru Sikar rise another 1500 feet, the highest of all, Guru Sikar, attaining an elevation of 5653 feet above the sea. It has been decided to improve the road up from Abu Road station, although we found it very good as it is; and there is some talk of building a light railway.

The next morning we went to Achilgarh in rickshaws, with four coolies each, doing the six miles from the hotel—the last mile or two being rather rough—in an hour and a quarter, and returning for tiffin. Between the third and fourth milestone on the road from Abu to Oria the plains to the north can be seen through a break in the hills. At the bottom of the hill, where we left the rickshaws, is the Agni Kund, on the shore of which is the stone figure of Pramar with his bow aiming at three standing buffaloes, also carved in stone, the fourth buffalo having disappeared. There is a Siva temple near the tank, another Hindu temple with a

golden chhatri on top, and a new Jaina temple dedicated to Santaneth.

At the top of the stone steps leading to the Achilgarh temple we were required to take off our shoes and put on cloth ones provided for the purpose. Inside the temple door one of the stones is engraved with a svastika enclosing conventional flowers in its arms, and on it were laid the offerings of rice brought by the pilgrims. At one side of the shrine was a veritable Christmas tree, its branches laden with toys and artificial flowers and fruits. The shrine contains, placed back to back, four figures of the first Tirthankar, Adinath. Our guide informed us that they were of solid gold. The eyes are of crystal, and they are hung about with silver ornaments. The figure seen from the back of the shrine has a smaller saint on its left. In the second story is another shrine over the one below, and the saint represented here is Parswanath. On the pedestal of this figure is an emblem which looks like a mermaid.

From the platform is an extensive view over the plains to the south, through which the course of the Banas River and the railway can be distinguished. The view to the north is cut off by Guru Sikar, and the view to the west is also obstructed. From the temple we scrambled up to a double cave formerly inhabited by a hermit saint, who, being immortal, could not be, our guide insisted, talked of as being dead. The caves are in the north side of the precipitous cliff near the top, and the outer cave has two window openings. Above this is the ruined fort, which contained the palace of "the last king of

Abu," and from the top is a fine view of Abu, embosomed in the hills to the west.

We came down from the tonga office to the railway station in one hour and fifty minutes. On the road most of the men we passed were armed with swords, some of them worn without scabbards. The women were above the average height, and a few of them quite tall. We caught the mail leaving Abu Road at 4 P.M. for Ahmedabad, 115 miles south in the Gujarat Division of Bombay, arrived in Ahmedabad at 8.20 P.M., and took up our quarters in the retiring-room at the station. At Mehsana Junction, forty-three miles from Ahmedabad, the new palace of the Gaekwar of Baroda, built in 1902, can be seen quite close to the station. The Maharaja of Baroda's title of Gaekwar literally means Herdsman. We found that Ahmedabad was suffering badly from the plague as well as from an epidemic of smallpox, and, as the station rooms were very noisy, we only stopped two nights, crowding the principal attractions into one full day's sight-seeing.

CHAPTER XIX

AHMEDABAD

Sarkej—Windows in Sidi Sayyad's Mosque—Rani Sipari's Mosque and Tomb—Ahmad's Mausoleum and Mosque—The Animal Hospital—Swami Narayan's Temple—Hakim Singh's "All Saints' Church."

AHMEDABAD is a bustling city of over 185,000 inhabitants, situated on the left bank of the Sabarmati River. In the early part of the fifteenth century Ahmad Shah, the grandson and successor of Muzaffar Shah, first Mohammedan king of Gujarat, removed his capital to a town called Ashaval and rechristened it after his own name. This dynasty reigned until Gujarat was conquered by Akbar in 1573, and during the two centuries previous to this date Ahmedabad was embellished with many mosques and tombs whose exquisite architecture shows the details of Hindu art imposed upon the bolder construction of their Mussulman conquerors. The old wall, with its dozen or more gates, was restored in 1832, fourteen years after Gujarat fell into the hands of the British. Under the Moguls Ahmad Shah's tomb was repaired and other tombs and mosques built; and during the last century the

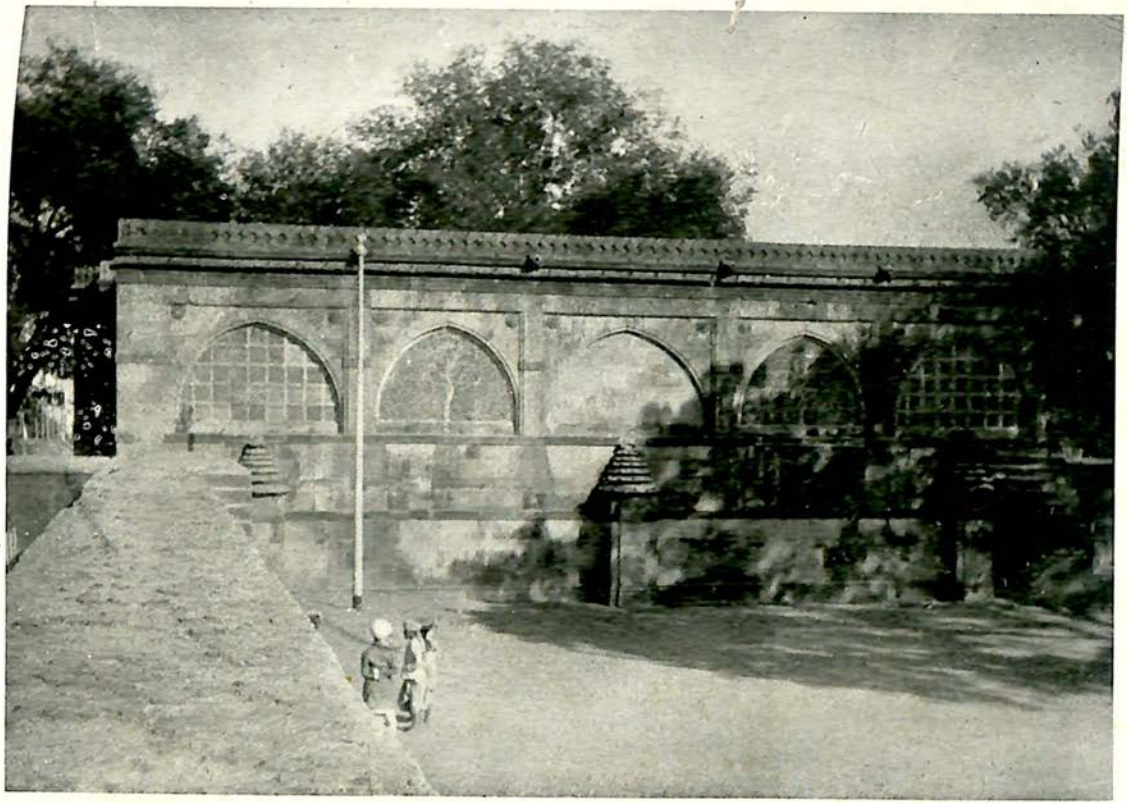
modern Jains have added to the architectural beauties of the city.

Following our usual plan, we began our sight-seeing at the most distant point by going out, in a landau with two horses, to Sarkej by way of the carved stone Tin Darwaza or Triple Gateway, built by Ahmad, and over the bridge. At the bridge foot is the Manik Burj, enclosing the foundation-stone of the city. The river-bed is five to six hundred yards wide; and the greater part of it was dry and covered with cloths of many colours spread out to dry on the sand by the *dhobis* who thronged the waterside. From the bridge it is hard-going through heavy sand. Camels are largely used, those from Bikanir and Marwar being most highly esteemed. The trees lining the road were full of monkeys; and we saw flocks of ring-doves and countless paraquets. The massive fort-like tombs of the two brothers Azam and Muazzam, the architects of Sarkej, with their brick walls and domes, are passed on the way. About five miles from the bridge a turning to the right from the main road brings us to the entrance of Sarkej at the north end of the tank, which was quite dry when we saw it, and had had no water in it for three years.

To the left of the entrance facing the tank is the mausoleum of Mahmud Bigarah, the third successor of Ahmad, who built the tank, and the harem and palace at its south-west corner. In the mausoleum are the carved white marble cenotaphs of Bigarah, his brother, and his son; and farther on, connected by a colonnade, is the mausoleum containing similar tombs of their three wives. The columns supporting the roofs

over the tombs are of brick covered with chunam. On the other side of the enclosure, to the right of the entrance, is the tomb of the saint Maghrabi, Ahmad's adviser, who died in 1445. This tomb was begun by Ahmad's son, Mohammed Shah, and finished by Bigarah in 1473. The mausoleum is square, and the central octagonal shrine is enclosed with beautiful brass lattice-work. The interior of the central dome is gilded, and a silver chain is suspended from it. The central dome and the smaller domes are built on the Hindu plan of horizontal courses, and the pillars have bracket capitals, while the floor is of diversified marbles. In front of the mausoleum, on a platform, is an open pavilion with sixteen columns, the square shafts of which support a roof having nine small domes. Beyond the pavilion is the chaste mosque completed by Ahmad's son in 1451. It has a double row of five domes, and the courtyard is entirely surrounded by cloisters.

On the way back we stopped at Ahmad's Mosque, built, in 1414, in the south-west corner of the Bhadar, Ahmad's citadel. There is little worth seeing of the latter except the north entrance; but at the north-east angle of the walls is the back of what was formerly Sidi Sayyad's Mosque, consisting of a wall with a range of five arches, the central one blocked in and the two outer ones filled with pierced work in small square panels of various patterns. The other two have pierced tracery exceeding in beauty of design anything to be found in India, and executed in sandstone with the utmost delicacy. The photograph of these arches was taken from the side wall.



Photographed by the Author.

SIDI SAYYID'S MOSQUE, AHMEDABAD.

From there we drove south to the Jamalpur Gate to see the Mosque of Haibat Khan, built in Ahmad's time; but the fine old stonework has been covered with a thick coat of whitewash, leaving nothing worth seeing. Then to Dastur Khan's Mosque, belonging to Bigarah's period, whose cloisters are screened with pierced work in small square panels of different patterns. Close to this mosque is the mosque and tomb of Rani Sipari, the wife of Bigarah. Like most of the buildings in Ahmedabad, these are of sandstone; but they are nevertheless among the most dainty and beautiful buildings in India. The tomb is only about twelve yards square, but all four walls, except the space occupied by the doorway facing the mosque, are of pierced stonework cut in small panels. The five spaces between the pillars are unequal, the corner and central ones being wide enough to take seven panels in a row, while the other spaces only contain five; and there are five rows of the panels, except at the corners, where a peculiar sort of dado cuts off the lower row of the corner spaces. There is a small dome at each corner of the building, and behind them rises a second story, with sixteen columns, above which is a large central dome. Light is admitted to the interior through a space left open under the dome, between the top of the shafts, and the top of the capitals of the columns supporting the dome. The mosque on the west side of the tomb is considered to be the gem of Ahmedabad, and the minarets to surpass all others in richness of carving and grace of outline.

Near the centre of the city is a raised platform with a colonnade surrounding a courtyard con-

taining a number of graves. Here lie two of Ahmad's queens, Mughali Bibi, mother of Bigarah, and Murki Bibi. The former's tombstone is of white marble; and the latter's has a black marble base inlaid with white marble, and a white marble top. The pavement of the courtyard and the portico are being restored.

Across the street to the west is the Mausoleum of Ahmad. Under the central dome are the tombs of Ahmad and his two successors, Mohammed and Kutab, and in the corridors under the side domes are the tombs of two of Ahmad's teachers. Light is admitted through square panels of pierced stonework. On the south side of the mausoleum is a portico supported by eighteen columns. A gate leads from the tomb enclosure to the east side of the courtyard of the Jama Masjid, built by Ahmad. The courtyard measures 382 by 258 feet over all, and is surrounded by cloisters. The elevation of the mosque proper shows five domes, and there are three rows of them, making fifteen in all. The central arch is higher than the others, and is flanked by towers, formerly surmounted by minarets, which have now disappeared. The arches on each side of the central arch are again higher than those at the ends, so that the coping is on three levels rising pyramidically from the sides, and the domes rise from platforms of different heights, giving to the whole a most pleasing outline. There are 260 pillars in the mosque; and in the north-west end is a raised screened platform for the women.

After tiffin we had another look at the carved screens of Sidi Sayyad's Mosque, and visited the

tomb of Wajih-ud-din, built during the Mogul period. Then to Sayyad Alam's tomb and mosque, built in Ahmad's time. The mosque is richly decorated, and the central dome is built in radiating courses, while the two side domes are built on the horizontal principle. The Mosque of Rani Isni, in the Mirzapur quarter, has three domes supported by thirty-six columns. The light is admitted under the central dome in a very artistic and effective manner. The minarets have been thrown down, but the bases are richly carved in the best Hindu style. The restored tomb, to the north-east, is uninteresting. The Mosque of Muhafiz Khan dates from Bigarah's reign, and is admirably preserved. The minarets at the front corners are beautifully worked in fine patterns and designs, from their bases to the top pavilions over the higher of two bracketed galleries. There are three narrow arches in front, each with a pretty little imitation balcony over it. The interior is in two stories, and the roof, which is nearly flat, is supported by six short and two tall pillars, and there are tiny domes scarcely seen from the outside. The Swami Narayan's temple is an extraordinary combination of fine carving and gaudy paint, of good stonework and poor decorations.

The Panjrapol, or animal hospital, is in this quarter, and there we saw sick and ownerless cattle, dogs, goats, cats, and birds housed and cared for. These hospitals are supported by contributions from the baniyas or merchants, and are a feature of all towns having a large population of Jains, whose religion is to-day a compromise between Buddhism and Brahminism.

Peculiar to Ahmedabad is the large number of feeding-places for birds; but we noticed that the more enterprising squirrels got most of the food.

Near the Delhi Gate we looked at another sandstone mosque, and then drove out to the white marble temple built by the Jaina merchant Hathi Singh, to the fifteenth Tirthankar, Dharmmanath, and finished in 1848. The entrance is through a porch flanked by fluted towers, where woollen slippers are put on. The porch is in two stories, the upper story having seven bracketed balcony windows. The elaborately carved stonework of the porch has been covered with whitewash. The cloisters surrounding the courtyard contain thirty-two cells, each terminating in a sikra. In the central cloister cells behind the shrine are four—black marble and gold—seated figures of Parswanath, and in the corner cells to the right and left are standing figures of the same saint. There is also a figure of Dharmmanath in red stone, and in the central side cells are figures resembling Buddha. The other cells have white marble seated figures of the Jaina saints, only distinguished from one another by their emblems. The emblems of the first six Tirthankars are the bull, elephant, horse, monkey, red goose, and lotus; of the second six, the svastika, crescent, crocodile, tree, rhinoceros, and buffalo; of the third six, the bear, porcupine, thunderbolt, antelope, goat, and fish; and of the last six, the spire, tortoise, lotus on a stalk, shell, snake, and lion. All the Jaina Tirthankars are said to be represented here, so that Hathi Singh's temple might well be called "All Saints' Church."

In front of the shrine is a double porch, the outer one of which is domed and supported by twenty pillars. The inner one is two stories high and has twenty-two pillars. The shrine is also in two stories surmounted by three sikras, and there are in all fifty-three sikras or domes to the temple. The shrine chamber has three pairs of metal doors, and there are three pairs of brass doors to the shrine within. The figure of Dharmmanath is of marble covered with silver, and stands out from a gold background. The eyes are made of jewels, and on the head is a gold tiara. There are some fine carvings over the doors of his shrine. The general effect of the exterior of the temple is very fine, but on the other hand the elaborately carved arches are not satisfactory. A short drive east of the temple is the Mosque of Dada Harir, now being restored, and near it the octagonal well built by "the Pady Shri Harira." The well is approached from a platform by three fine flights of steps leading down to underground galleries, but the smell arising from it was so foul that we spent little time in examining its details. On our way through the city we noticed many well-carved white wood struts and carved rafter-ends in the houses. The women and girls of Ahmedabad are rather better looking than those of Rajputana, and many of them wear trousers fitting tightly to the legs. At the end of the day we had a look at the minarets and central arch of a mosque close to the station, the rest of the mosque having disappeared. Returning through Rajputana to Delhi, we remained there a day, and then started north by the Punjab mail.

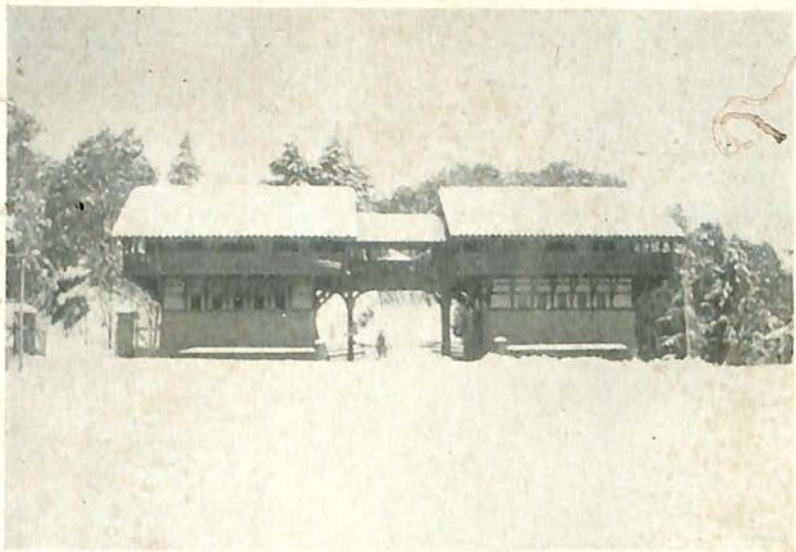
CHAPTER XX

SIMLA AND AMRITSAR

Panipat—Simla in winter—"Under the deodars"—A day and night in a snow-drift—Amritsar—"Ranjit's Clubs"—The Pool of Immortality—The Golden Temple—The Holy Granth—The Baba Atal.

THE mail train over the Delhi-Umballa-Kalka Railway does the 162 miles from Delhi to Kalka in six hours. Fifty-five miles out of Delhi is the small town of Panipat, from which three of the most famous battles in Indian history take their name. Here Babar defeated Ibrahim Lodi in 1526, and established his dynasty at Delhi. Thirty years later Akbar distinguished himself in the defeat of the Afghan army in the great battle which consolidated the Mogul conquest of India. In 1761 the Afghan invader Ahmad Shah Durani defeated at Panipat the Marathas, who had captured Delhi two years before.

After breakfast at Kalka we took the train for Simla, seventy miles away over the two-foot-six railway, opened on the 9th November 1903. The distance was covered under eight hours, and we enjoyed remarkably fine views from the carriage going up. The journey was also notable for an altogether new experience in India, the



Photographed by the Author.

GATES OF VICEREGAL LODGE, SIMLA.

Photographed by the Author.

CHAURA MAIDAN, SIMLA.

gross incivility of the guard in charge of the train. The line runs from Kalka, 2400 feet above the sea, through Taksal, Gumman (3082 feet), and Koti (3600 feet), after which there is a long tunnel. Then follow Jabli and Sonwara (4378 feet). Beyond the latter station the line crosses a high viaduct, makes a loop and runs through a tunnel to Dharmpur (4818 feet), and on to Kumarhatti, twenty-six miles from Kalka and 5180 feet above the sea. The railroad runs most of this distance above the tonga road, and there are views, first on the one side and then on the other, of secluded valleys terraced with green paddy-fields. After Kumarhatti comes the longest tunnel on the line, No. 34, which is about three-quarters of a mile (3732 feet) long and takes four minutes to thread. Then we descend slightly through Barogh (5020 feet), after which the tonga road is seen above the railway, to Solon (4900 feet).

After Solon station there is a level crossing over the tonga road, which then runs below the line. After Solon brewery and Salogna, forty miles from Kalka, there is another long tunnel before Kanda Ghat. Then we cross the tonga road again, and pass over the highest viaduct on the line just before Kanoh. After Kathli Ghat the tonga road is seen across the deep valley on the hills opposite. The views become more extended, and between Shoghi and Tara Devi Simla opens up across the valley to the N.N.E. from tunnel, No. 85. Then comes a long tunnel, and between Tara Devi and Jutogh there are magnificent views down into the valleys to the south and west. From a brick viaduct Simla can be

seen on one side and these valleys on the other. At one time we saw a thunder-storm ahead and flashes of lightning, while the sun was shining brightly behind us; but it had cleared before we reached Jutogh, so that we had fine views of the distant snow-covered peaks; and after passing Summer Hill we threaded the last tunnel, No. 103, about three furlongs in length, arriving on time at Simla.

The night before we arrived it had snowed heavily, and we found nearly a foot of fresh snow on the steep path up from the station to the hotel. During the next night it snowed another six inches, and our first impressions of India's summer capital were decidedly arctic. It is unusual for the thermometer to fall below 32° F. at Simla; but the winter before had been exceptionally severe, and this winter was the coldest on record. On the night of the 15th of February 1905, on the balcony outside our rooms at the hotel, the thermometer registered 24° F. or eight degrees of frost. We knew that we should see nothing of the summer life of Simla, for the Viceroy and the staff of the Supreme Government only come up from Calcutta at the end of March and go back about the beginning of November; but we hardly expected to find toboggans in the streets and people in fur-lined coats climbing the hills with alpenstocks. However, the mean height of Simla is 7075 feet, and Jako, the peak at the east end of the town, rises over 8000 feet above the sea, so that it is apt to be cold in winter. We tramped about in the snow all day, going first to Observatory Hill and the Viceregal Lodge, which latter was under-

going repairs. Jako lies over two and a half miles to the east as the crow flies, and the centre of the cantonment on Jutogh is nearly two miles to the west, the distances being, of course, longer by road. The town, which dates from 1816 and has been the summer capital since 1864, lies on a crescent ridge, the horns pointing south. The western horn is Prospect Hill (7140 feet), and going from there to the eastern end we passed Boileauganj, where the road forks to the west to Jutogh, and Observatory Hill, and went on by the Chaura Maidan past the Government Offices, Town Hall, and Church, to the United Service Club, on the slope of Jako. The views from the streets are mostly to the south, but at one place on the Chaura Maidan there is a pretty view to the north over the racecourse at Annandale, 1200 feet below. The weather was not clear enough to see Mount Chor, the monarch of the district, which rises to the height of 11,982 feet above the sea. The hills around are covered with cedars, pines, and rhododendrons; the most characteristic tree being the deodar or "Himalayan cedar" (*Cedrus deodara*), really a pine with tufted leaves like the larch, and botanically like the cedar of Lebanon. It is found at elevations ranging from 7000 to 12,000 feet above the sea. There is another tree in India of somewhat similar name, the debdar or *asoke*, which is, however, allied to the custard apple. One of the most interesting events of the month previous to our visit to Simla was the safe arrival there of the British mission sent to explore Western Tibet. They had come from Gantok, crossing the Ayi La, 18,400 feet above the sea, in this

exceptionally severe weather, and had re-located the source of the Sutlej.

There was more snow during our stay in Simla; and the train came in four hours late, being delayed by snow-drifts between Jutogh and Simla; but the three mail tongas were only an hour late. It began snowing again the morning we left just as the train should have started; but it cleared later, although we were nearly two hours and three-quarters late in getting away. We had two locomotives to the train, but we had hardly emerged from the tunnel at Summer Hill before our troubles began, and we plunged from one snow-drift into another, sticking, backing out, sticking again, and pulling through, every few hundred feet. At half-past ten at night we had done about three and a half miles and were stuck fast in a snow-drift on a curve half a mile from Jutogh station.

Fortunately there was one tiffin-basket in the party or we should have fared badly, although the railway people sent us a supply of tinned fish, biscuits, and butter at 6 P.M. We had no water, but made tea by first melting the snow in our tiny kettle. Our compartment was only about five feet square, and in this four of us spent the night with the thermometer below freezing-point; but we had plenty of warm wraps, and our discomforts did not prevent the enjoyment of a beautiful sunset, a glorious moonlight night, and a brilliant sunrise. Moreover, the other three were men who had travelled much and were disposed to make the best of everything. About eleven in the morning some warm food was sent to us, and after disposing of it we got out and

walked along the track to Jutogh station. There we heard that a relief train which left Kalka yesterday, with two engines and a supply of water for our locomotives, had only been able to get up as far as Shoghi, nine miles below Jutogh, and had gone back to Kathli Ghat for the night. About noon, when it began snowing again, this train arrived at Jutogh, and the two locomotives left it and went ahead to pull out our train. This they accomplished by uncoupling it and getting it out piecemeal, first our engines, both of which had failed for lack of water, and then the carriages.

When we first went to Jutogh station we found a mob of coolies who had been sent to clear the track hanging about the station unable to get to work, because the *chaukidar* who had the key to the tool-box was not on hand to issue the shovels; and when the carriages of our train had to be shifted to the sidings this mob without any guiding head was wasting precious time and making useless efforts. When our train finally left Jutogh, about 1.30 P.M. or twenty-nine hours late, it was without the luggage van containing all our heavy packages; but this we only discovered on arriving at Kalka. We had other troubles, however, on the way. Just below Kanoh, close to tunnel No. 65, there was a fall of earth on the line from the cliff above, and a further delay was occasioned by the landslip. At Kanoh the hills on our side of the valley rise very precipitously, and we could refresh our eyes with the rich green of the lower valley below the line of snow. We only got below this line ourselves about seven o'clock, between Dharmpur and Sonwara.

It was amusing to hear the passengers who were waiting at the stations complain of the train being three or four hours late. They were somewhat mollified when they learnt it was the train of the day before. The final discomfort was the failure of the electric light in the carriage, so that the last hours were run in the dark to Kalka, where we arrived at 9.15 P.M., twenty-eight hours and ten minutes late. We heard afterwards that the relief train had stuck in the drifts not far from where it had pulled us out, and only got into Simla the next day.

We travelled all night from Kalka to Umballa (Ambala) and on to Amritsar, crossing the Beas between eight and nine in the morning. This river, known to the Greeks as the Hyphasis, marks the eastern limit of Alexander the Great's march when he invaded India in 327 B.C. From here he retreated to the Jhelum or Hydaspes, and followed the Jhelum and Indus down to the Arabian Sea, founding on the way the towns of Alexandria, the modern Uchh, and Patala, the modern Haidarabad, Sind. We only spent one day in Amritsar, and we saw all the monuments in that time; but we left it with regret, as the people are very attractive, and we should have enjoyed another day wandering about the streets.

Amritsar, founded in 1574 by Ram Das, the fourth Guru or spiritual teacher of the Sikhs, and destroyed in 1761 by Ahmad Shah Durani, is to-day a city of over 162,000 inhabitants. For its size it is far and away the richest city of the Punjab (*Panj-ab*, or "five rivers"), and its wealth is manifested in the substantial character of its private houses, the brilliant and costly costumes worn by

the women and children, and the general appearance of well-being and contentment to be seen on all sides. Ranjit Singh, the great Sikh leader who reigned from 1801 to 1839 as Maharaja of Lahore, seized Amritsar in 1802, and it is to him that the city owes the restoration in its present form of the Golden Temple, which he embellished with marble taken mainly from the mausoleum of Jahangir at Shahdra near Lahore. Ten years after Ranjit Singh's death the British annexed the Punjab, and pensioned the young Maharaja Dhulip (or Duleep) Singh with an allowance of £58,000 a year.

Although Amritsar is the religious capital of the Sikhs, they only form eleven per cent of its inhabitants, and its population is largely Mohammedan. In fact, the whole Punjab is Mohammedan, over fifty-three per cent of its inhabitants being of that religion. Amritsar takes its name from Amrita Saras, the Tank (Pool or Fount) of Immortality, in the middle of which the Golden Temple is built.

A drive of ten minutes from the station brings one to the Hall Gate, and thence we drove to the Kaisar Bagh. Close to the white marble statue of Queen Victoria is the Saraghari Memorial to twenty-one men of the 36th Sikhs who were killed to the last man while bravely defending the fort on the Samana ridge on the 12th of September 1897, during the "Mad Mullah" campaign. This is a building covered with chunam, and having carved wood doors and tessellated pavements. In the central chamber is a copy of the sacred Granth. The Sikhs have no idols; but in their shrines are copies of the Adi Granth

or Old Testament compiled by the fifth Guru, Arjan (1581 to 1606 A.D.), and the New Testament or Book of the tenth and last Guru, Gobind Singh (1675-1708 A.D.). The High Priest of the Sikhs, Baba Sir Khem Singh Bedi, who died this year (1905) at the age of seventy-three, claimed direct descent from the first Guru.

By the north (really north-east-by-north) side of the Tank is a brick-paved platform from which rises an ugly brick clock-tower, and here we were given brocade slippers to wear in place of our shoes. While we were changing our foot-gear a police havildar gave us an exhibition of club-swinging with some of the fifteen "mungli" or "Ranjit's Clubs," standing by the entrance of the guard-room. These clubs are of wood, shaped like a pavior's rammer, and bound and ornamented with metal. From the platform we descend by brick steps and under a marble archway to the Tank. This is a rectangle 470 by 510 feet, and is said to have at one time been supplied by natural springs. The pavement around the Tank is of white marble, with ribs of brown and black marble, and about thirty feet wide. Although the oldest portion of this pavement is only about seventy years old it is sadly out of repair. Here under the shade of the trees was an old priest reading from the Granth to a group of attentive worshippers, and here were hawkers of miniature weapons and temple souvenirs.

On the west side of the Tank is the great gateway, on the left side of which is engraved an account of the miraculous "ball of fire, about two seers in weight," which burst in the temple on the 30th of April 1877. The gates are

covered on the outside with silver plates, and the backs are of sandalwood and ivory. Over the gateway, which is in bad repair, is the temple treasury, which can be visited with an order from the Deputy Commissioner, who requires forty-eight hours' notice, or upon application to "Sardar Aroor Singh, Honorary Civil Judge and Magistrate, Nangli Noshera and Manager Golden Temple, Amritsar," who requires twenty-four hours' notice to get the six key-holders together. From the gateway runs a causeway, over two hundred feet long and about eighteen feet wide, paved with tessellated marble and having at each side a marble lattice-work railing and nine gilt lamps on marble pillars. The temple platform is about sixty-five feet square, surrounded with the same marble lattice-work railing as the causeway, and has a small square pavilion at each corner.

The temple itself is only about forty feet square; but there is an extension to the east which projects beyond the square of the platform, and has steps leading to the water under an awning between two square pavilions, while above this is a large three-sided bay window. The outer walls of the temple are of inlaid marble up to the height of about ten feet, and above that are covered with reliefs in copper-gilt. In each face is a door sheathed in silver, and through the north door visitors are admitted to the Darbar Sahib or central shrine, where the Granthi sits reading from the Adi Granth or waving a *chauri* over it. This is an extremely pretty scene. The holy book, bound in gold and folded in a handsome cloth, rests on a stand with

silver legs in the centre of the chamber. Under a canopy sat an old priest receiving offerings of yellow flowers, cowries, pice, and silver coins from the worshippers, who, when they had made their offerings, backed out of the chamber by the eastern door, rubbed the door-sill with their hands, and kneeling down touched it with their foreheads, and then washed their hands and feet in the Tank. Pigeons flew in and out of the blue and gilt chamber, where the musicians were playing stringed instruments on the right side of the old priest, who sat nodding as the offerings were thrown on to the cloth in front of him.

In the south-east corner of the building a staircase leads to the floor above, where restorers were busy repairing the glass mosaics and mirror decorations. Above this is the roof with a tessellated floor, and under the central dome a room in which are eight bunches of peacock feathers used as brooms. All those parts of the roof, the pavilions above the roof, and the domes, which can be seen from below, are covered with heavily gilded copper plates—a form of exterior decoration which is very effective and not very expensive. On top of the central dome is an umbrella-shaped ti ornamented with bells, and there is a similar one in the centre of the side facing the causeway; and at the corners of the roof on this side are square open pavilions, while the back corners are ornamented with octagonal ones. From these pavilions can be seen the, generally, unattractive *bungas* and other buildings surrounding the Tank.

Opposite the great gateway is the Akal Bunga with a handsome gilded dome, and near

it two gilt flagstaffs. On the east side of the Tank are some pavilions with gilt domes, and to their north the two high towers of the Ram Garhia Bunga. In the courtyard in front of the Akal Bunga were seated a few Akalis with steel *chakkas*, like thin quoits, in their tall conical turbans of blue cotton. These fanatics, who at one time were somewhat troublesome, are slowly dying out. To the south-east of the Tank is the Baba Atal, an octagonal tower containing the gilt cenotaph of the son of Har Gobind, the sixth Guru. Over the entrance is a representation of the Ten Gurus, and there are frescoes in the lower gallery, from which six flights of steps lead to the roof. Above this again rises a three-storied octagonal pavilion topped with a gilt dome and bearing an electric light. Stairs lead up to the first stories, and the top is reached by a ladder. From here there are excellent views over Amritsar with its high houses and flat roofs, most of them being used on the day we looked down on them as platforms for kite-flying, and on the top of the tower we found a newly made kite which had escaped and fallen there. The kites are lozenge-shaped and have no tails. The string is wound on an ornamental reel made of basket-work or cane.

The city itself is very flat, but there are hills to the north, and to the west are the walls of Gobindgarh, the old fort built by Ranjit Singh. At the foot of the tower, to the west, is the Kaulsar or Lotus Tank, upon whose borders are trees thick with "flying-foxes." To the north is the Guru's Garden, and the Golden Temple and the buildings around the "Pool of Immortality"

lie not far away. A drive through the city confirmed our first impression that these Punjabis were the best-looking race, men, women, and children, we had seen in India; and that for richness of dress and cheerfulness of manner the good people of Amritsar could be favourably compared with the inhabitants of any other city in India. From Amritsar we went to Lahore, where we spent the best part of three days before going north.

CHAPTER XXI

LAHORE AND RAWAL PINDI

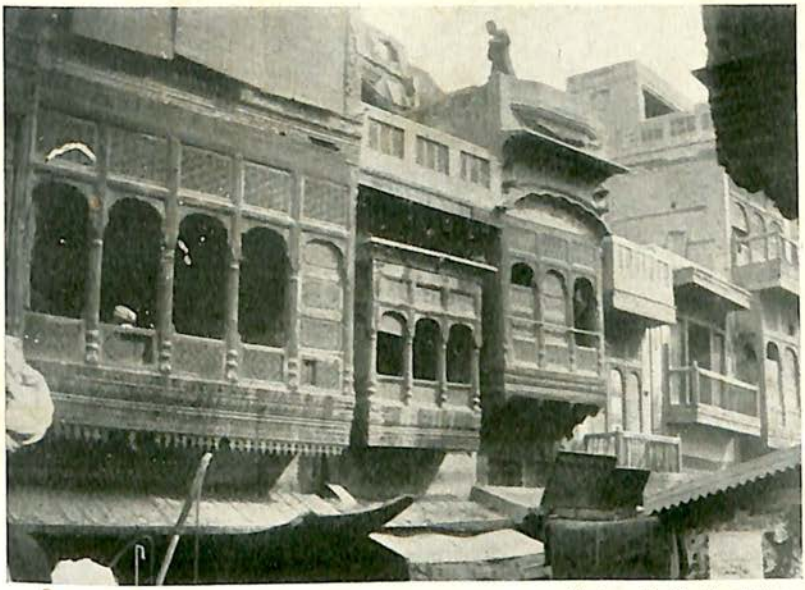
The Tombs of Jahangir and Nur Jahan—Ranjit Singh's Mausoleum—Sati—The Shrine of Arjan—Shalimar Bagh—The Cenotaph of Ana Kali—The Golden Mosque—"The Wonder House"—The Fort—"The Guard-room of the Empire."

LAHORE, the capital of the Punjab, is a city of nearly 203,000 inhabitants. "The City," within the ancient brick walls rebuilt by Akbar and repaired by Ranjit Singh, is about the same size as "the City" of London, namely, one square mile. Jahangir made Lahore his capital, and at Shahdra, on the banks of the Ravi, five miles away to the north-west, is his tomb, built by his Empress Nur Jahan in 1630, three years after he had died of asthma on his way back from Kashmir.

Before visiting "The City" we drove out to Shahdra, crossing the Ravi by the railway bridge and returning by the bridge of boats. The entrance to the octagonal chamber containing Jahangir's white marble tomb is through a passage with a damaged dado of inlaid marble and coloured enamels, a painted ceiling, and a handsome coloured-marble tessellated floor.

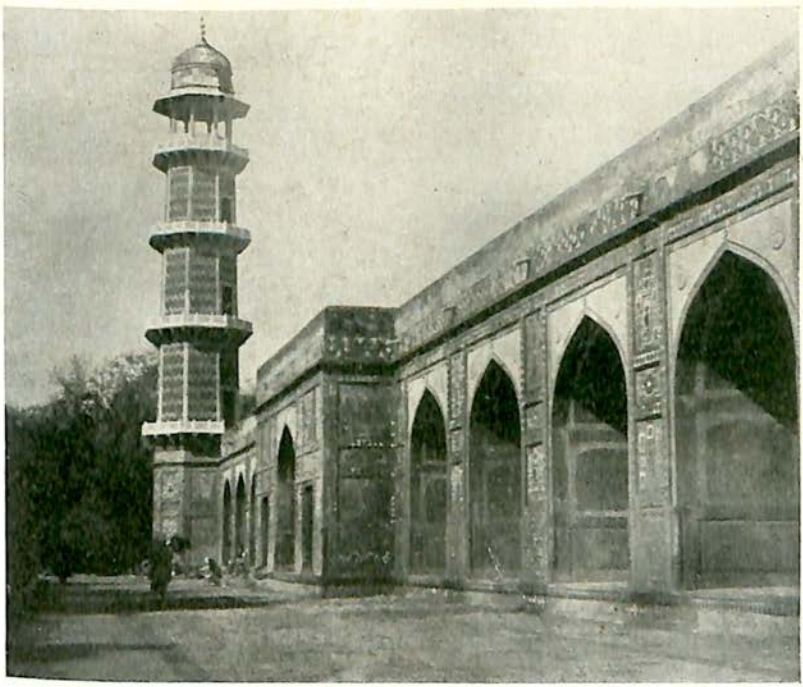
There are four pointed archways to the sepulchre, each filled in with pierced marble screens in eight panels, except the one used as the entrance, where a wooden door takes the place of the central panel. The tomb itself is of white marble, carved with the "ninety-nine names of Allah" and beautifully inlaid.

From the diversified marble floor to the spring of the dome the walls and arches are of inlaid marble. Above is stucco, and the whole is roofed over with a modern wood and glass top in place of the dome, which, it appears, was never built. Ascending to the roof, which has a tessellated marble pavement, this top is seen to have a base faced with marble. The marble lattice dwarf rail which formerly ran around the roof, and was taken by Ranjit Singh for the causeway to the Golden Temple at Amritsar, is restored in places, and the streaked marble pavement of the platform on which the mausoleum stands is in process of restoration. At each corner of the mausoleum is an octagonal minaret, four stories high, rising ninety-five feet from the platform. The basement walls of the minarets are inlaid with marble mosaics, and the walls of the other stories with a horizontal zigzag pattern. Each story has a gallery supported on brackets and protected by a pierced marble dwarf rail, and on the top is an open octagonal marble pavilion. The minarets are entered from the roof; and from the pavilions can be seen the tree-covered plain, the two bridges across the river, the towers of the city to the south-east, the ruins of Shahdra, the tombs and the workmen engaged in the restorations below.



Photographed by the Author.

STREET BALCONIES IN LAHORE.



Photographed by the Author.

JAHANGIR'S MAUSOLEUM, SHAHDRA.

The brick archway between the tomb and the sarai is faced with marble inlay on the sarai side, and the front of the sarai mosque is of red sandstone inlaid with marble. Behind the mosque is the octagonal brick mausoleum of Asaf Khan, erected in 1632 by his sister Nur Jahan. The brick dome built on a stone base was faced with marble before the Sikhs used it as a quarry. In the outer arches are some remains of beautiful enamel work in floral designs. The tombstone is of white marble carved with "the ninety-nine names." Asaf was Wazir under two emperors.

Nur Jahan's mausoleum lies on the other side of the railway. The building, which dates from 1650, was never completed; but what remains is in a good state of preservation. Nur Jahan's cenotaph is on the west side of a cenotaph to one of her female cousins. Nur Jahan was the daughter of Chaja Aiass, or Ibrahim Husain Mirza (Itimad-ud-daula), by his wife Gulrukt Begam. In her early youth, when she won the love of Jahangir while he was still Prince Salim, she was known as Mihr-ul-Nisa, "The Sun of Women." Akbar married her off to Sher Afkun, a Turkoman noble, and when Prince Salim became the Emperor Jahangir he killed Sher Afkun upon his refusal to divorce his wife. The widow became Empress, first under the name of Nur Mahal, "The Light of the Harem," and afterwards under the name of Nur Jahan, "The Light of the World." As Empress she wielded unbounded influence in the State, and enjoyed the unique distinction of having her name joined with the Emperor's on the imperial coinage. She survived Jahangir, and died eighteen years

after him at Lahore in 1645. In the seclusion of her later years she is said to have discovered the process of making attar of roses.

From Shahdra we drove back to Ranjit Singh's mausoleum and the *dargah* of Arjan, the fifth Sikh Guru, who died in 1606 A.D. The outer doors of the mausoleum are of carved wood, and over the doorway is a stone figure of Ganesa. The mausoleum itself is of brick covered with a thin coating of chunam and trimmed with marble. It was finished in 1849, and also contains the cenotaph of Ranjit's son Kharak, and of Nau Nihal, who succeeded the latter. Very deep and delicate inlays adorn the entrance, and the corridors around the central chamber have silvered glass in the middle compartments of the ceiling and gilded glass in the corners. The dome over the cenotaphs is also decorated with mirrors. Under an inlaid marble canopy is the cenotaph of the little one-eyed "Lion" who died in 1839. It is in the shape of a marble lotus surrounded by the memorials of his four wives and seven concubines, the former represented by small marble lotuses and the latter by smooth marble bulbs. In the corners are two more smooth bulbs in honour of the pigeons who also committed *sati* on his funeral pyre.

Sati (*sutee*) or the burning alive of widows on the funeral pyres of their husbands was practised by the Hindus from time immemorial, and is not yet completely stamped out. By a regulation in Council carried by Lord William Bentinck on the 4th of December 1829, any one abetting was declared to be guilty of culpable homicide, and from time to time the relatives of women

who have performed *sati* are prosecuted. We heard of one woman, who had lost her husband and eleven other members of her family through the plague, committing *sati* as recently as last year (1904.)

You must take off your shoes in order to visit the shrine of Arjan and see the small, but very white, marble cenotaph. Opposite the shrine is the entrance to the Fort by the Roshnai Gate, and west of the Hazuri Bagh Gate is the white marble *baradari* built by Ranjit from the spoils of the tombs of Shahdra. The low platform upon which the *baradari* is built is paved with diversified marbles in irregular patterns. The ceiling of the lower floor is inlaid with mirrors, and the painted ceiling of the square pavilion on the roof, with three arches in each face, is being restored. The bracketed coping of the building, as well as the top of the pavilion, is surrounded by a pierced marble dwarf rail. In the basement of the *baradari* is a tunnel said to lead into the Fort.

West of the *baradari* is the magnificent gateway of the Badshahi (Royal), or Jama, Masjid. Within the courtyard big trees are growing and worshippers are few; but the mosque itself is the finest building left by Aurangzeb, who, in spite of his enormous revenue, estimated to have been as much as eighty millions sterling in 1695, was not a great builder. Curiously enough, this mosque was built during the very period—1673-80—when the Marathas under Sivaji were giving trouble in the Deccan and Aurangzeb's youngest son was in rebellion. The front of the mosque is of red sandstone inlaid with white marble, and

the inlay is raised in the central arch, but flat around the five smaller arches on either side. The raised inlay of flowers on the inside of the central arch is particularly fine. The contral doorway behind is a scalloped arch in a square frame of white marble, and the mehrab is also of white marble. Otherwise the lower part of the interior is of dark marble or stone, inlaid in horizontal bands, and the upper part of stucco painted in imitation. Above the mosque rise three white marble domes of graceful form.

If we had been in a hurry, and had known how to get our passes for the Fort in advance, we could have seen the principal sights of Lahore in a day; but the senseless muddle of the pass system led to an unnecessary waste of many hours. A sign on the Fort gate stated that no one was admitted without a pass from the A.A.G. at Mian Mir. We, however, saw the commanding officer of the Fort, who informed us that it was indeed necessary to apply in person at Mian Mir, but that the A.A.G. was no longer the proper officer. So we drove out to the cantonment at Mian Mir, six miles to the south-east, only to find that our passes must be got from the Deputy Commissioner in Lahore. We drove through the grounds of Government House and the Lawrence Gardens, saw the shrine of Mian Mir, the religious teacher of Shah Jahan's son Shiko, in the distance; and through the unhealthy cantonment north to Shalimar Gardens. It is believed that these gardens were begun by Kamran, the brother of Humayun, who also built a palace at Naulakha, east of the city; but Shah Jahan had the three terraces, covering

an area of about eighty acres, laid out by his engineer Ali Mardan Khan, whose tomb we afterwards saw on the left of the road returning to the hotel. The two upper terraces of the garden are cared for, but no restorations are in progress. The fountains play on Sundays, while under the mango-trees, on the marble platforms, and in the *baradaris* with coffered ceilings by the side of the tank, the good citizens of Lahore have their picnics in the pleasure garden of the Great Mogul. There is another Shalimar Bagh, built by Jahangir and improved by Shah Jahan, on the Astawhol Dal in Kashmir. To the left of the Grand Trunk Road on the way back to Lahore is the gateway of the Gulabi Bagh or Rose Garden, a square two-storied building whose front is covered with brilliant-coloured enamel on stucco. The gateway is all that remains of the garden laid out in 1655 by Sultan Beg, the cousin of Itimad-ud-daula and son-in-law of Shah Jahan.

When we finally got our pass to visit the Fort we found that the hours of admission were three to five in the afternoon, so we spent the morning seeing some of the minor attractions of Lahore and investigating the exhibits in the very interesting Museum. Close to the Deputy Commissioner's office is the mausoleum of Anar Kali, erected by Jahangir in memory of the ill-fated lady of Akbar's harem who was buried alive for the crime of "smiling upon" Jahangir, who was then known as Prince Salim. The building, which is now a storehouse for records and other official papers, was formerly used as a church, and on the central dome was placed a

cross. The cenotaph, to be seen in one of the side bays, is of white marble, most beautifully carved with "the ninety-nine names." In the Anar Kali quarter is the Victoria Jubilee Hall; the Government College, with an octagonal clock-tower; the Mayo Hospital; the Cathedral; the Law Courts; and the Museum.

Much more interesting than any of these modern buildings are the picturesque streets of "The City," within the old brick walls, sixteen feet high, pierced by thirteen gates, most of which are still in use. The buildings facing the narrow streets are most of them of rough brick, two or three stories high, with projecting balconies built of wood and elaborately carved. Near the centre of The City, at a fork in one of the main streets, stands the Golden Mosque (Sonahri, or Tilai, Masjid), on a platform high above the street. Its graceful minarets, topped by octagonal pavilions, and its three golden domes have looked down the picturesque street for a hundred and fifty years. The fronts of the three scalloped arches of the mosque are highly decorated, and the interior is painted. In the quarter near the Delhi Gate is the Mosque of Wazir Khan, built by Shah Jahan in memory of his court physician and minister. The gateway, the four sides of the courtyard, the front of the mosque itself, and the four minarets are all covered with the fine enamel work known as kashi or nakkashi (naqqashi). In places the enamelled tiles are set in cement; but in most cases the brilliant enamel appears to have been applied direct to the stucco or pieces of cement. The interior of the mosque is painted, and there is a handsome pulpit

(*mimbar*) presented by Lord Curzon. In the courtyard is an underground tomb.

There are several other mosques and tombs in Lahore decorated with kashi work as well as the Chauburji, or Four-towered Gateway to the garden of Aurangzeb's daughter, about a mile south of the Museum. The arch of the gateway is cracked, but some of the enamelled panels are quite perfect. Near the Kashmir Gate is the mosque built by Jahangir's mother. There is a little three-domed mosque, with a front of kashi work, built by Shan Jahan's foster-mother, close to the railway station; and west of it is the ruined tomb of Mir Mannu, while to the south-east, between the Mayo Road and Empress Road, may be seen the tomb of Bibi Pakdaman, "the chaste lady."

East of the station are the railway workshops, where the native workmen may be seen engaged in various occupations and using all sorts of implements, from the prehistoric hand-bellows made of goatskins, opened and closed at one end by means of two sticks fastened at the opening, and the curved saw for cutting logs, to modern machine tools. When the Punjabis use a European spade or shovel it takes two of them to wield it, one to push it in, and another to pull it out by a rope attached to the bottom of the handle. They are much more handy with the native mattock or spade called pharua.

The station was a substantial stone building with battlements and loopholes like a fort, and evidently intended to offer a stout resistance to any ordinary attack; but within four weeks of the date we last saw it, it was shattered by the earth-

quake which caused such deplorable loss of life on the morning of the 4th of April 1905.

The Museum was in disorder, owing to extensive alterations, and the new catalogue was still in manuscript, when we made our visit; but we saw many fine specimens of carved ivory, of silver filigree, of inlaid brass-work, and of gold and silver lace, the latter made in Lahore. A large room is used to exhibit articles which may be bought at reasonable prices. In another room is an old birch-bark book from Kashmir, and in the archæological section many sculptured figures plainly showing the influence of the Greek artisans who followed in the wake of Alexander's army. There is a statue of stone which looks as if it were carved in wood (No. 6); an adoration of Buddha (No. 1135); two statues of Buddha, from Sikri, wearing moustaches and having disc haloes (Nos. 1134 and 1137); and a curious anatomical saint (No. 1325).

When "Kim" was introduced to us "he sat, in defiance of municipal orders, astride the gun Zam-Zammah, on the brick platform opposite the old Ajaib-gher—the Wonder House, as the natives call the Lahore Museum." The old bronze gun, with its four carrying rings and five inscriptions, is mounted on a wooden carriage, which has three wheels, one at each side and one at the back under the end of the stocks. The wood of the carriage is rotting away, and some of the brass mounts are missing; but the gun remains as a shining example of intelligent anticipation, for we are gravely informed that, according to one of the inscriptions on the gun, it was cast in 1762, and in the same breath that

it was used at the battle of Panipat, which took place in the previous year!

We were warned that we must take no photographs and make no notes in Lahore Fort, but we were unable to discover any reason for these stupid regulations, or any sense in giving us as a guide a soldier who had not learnt to distinguish a mosque from a palace. However, we went in by the Roshnai Gate, and to the left, in front, are the walls of Akbar's palace, covered with enamelled tiles, representing hunting and other scenes. An incline leads up from the Roshnai Gate to the interior Hathi Paon Gate, inside of which, to the left, is the Moti Masjid, built by Prince Salim in 1598. Under its three white marble domes Ranjit Singh once kept his treasure; but it has been restored to its proper use as a place of worship again. Around the top of the mosque and its courtyard is an inlaid marble dwarf rail.

The Shisha Mahal, commenced by Shah Jahan and finished by Aurangzeb, is famous as the "Scene of the Transfer of the Sovereignty of the Punjab to the British Government, March 1849." It was here on the 29th of that month that the resignation of the Maharaja Dhulip Singh was accepted. One of the rooms in the Shisha Mahal has a dado of inlaid marble, the "dining-room" has a carved wood door, the bath-room is painted, the room with a fireplace overlooking the moat has some beautiful lattice-work, and the room for the ladies' servants has wooden rafters covered with lath and plaster, with mirror-work stuck in the plaster, and gilt decorations on top of all. The inlay work on the inside of the five main arches is quite perfect. The

white marble Naulakha, with its graceful curved eaves, was built by Shah Jahan, and was covered with beautiful inlay work, which has nearly all been picked out. The armoury contains many curious weapons, including some cannon brought from Kabul. The Diwan-i-Khass is a white marble building, with thirty-two columns; and the Diwan-i-Amm is a red sandstone building, with twelve pillars, near the centre of the Fort. The former was used as a church; and the latter, still adorned with a flagstaff, was used as barracks.

The Akbari Mahal, east of the Diwan-i-Khass, and the Khwabgah-i-Kalan or Sleeping Palace built by Jahangir down in the north ditch, are both of Hindu architecture, and both built of red sandstone. South of the entrance is a *baradari* with marble panels carved in low relief. In the north-east corner of the Fort was the Temple of Loh, elder son of Rama, from which Lahore takes its name; but we were not allowed to see if the temple was still standing.

From Lahore to Rawal Pindi is 180 miles, which the mail takes nearly seven hours to accomplish. At first we traverse the fertile wheat-growing plains of the Punjab, which extend on both sides of the railway from Umballa nearly to the Jhelum. We pass through Gujranwala, the birthplace of Ranjit Singh, and cross the wide bed of the Chenab River at Wazirabad, the junction for Sialkot and Jammu. Before crossing the Jhelum, about forty-one miles beyond Wazirabad, the surface of the plains becomes curiously cut up by deep water-worn fissures which extend in every direction. The foot-hills of the Himalayas also appear in sight

Photographed by W. W. Schumacher.

JAMA MASJID, LAHORE.

to the north, and twenty miles beyond the Jhelum the railway is fairly in the midst of the hills. Then comes more broken country to Rawal Pindi.

Rawal Pindi, "the Guard-room of the Empire," and the largest military station in India, is situated on both banks of the river Leh, 1726 feet above the sea. There we were told that it was then impossible to get into the Kashmir Valley over the Murree route, owing to snow-drifts, so we continued our journey to Peshawar, 109 miles farther on. During the night we crossed the Indus at Attock. North of Attock station, on the left bank of the river, lies Akbar's Fort, and half a mile farther north the Kabul River empties into the Indus, and it was near their junction that Alexander the Great, coming from Afghanistan, crossed the Indus and invaded India.

CHAPTER XXII

PESHAWAR AND THE KHAIBAR PASS

Peshawar "City"—The Pathans—Kabul coats—Imperial blackmail—The Afridis—Jamrud Fort—A "tum-tum"—The Khaibar Pass—Ali Masjid—A frontier incident—Home again.

PESHAWAR, created capital of the new North-West Frontier Province on the 9th of November 1901, is 1552 miles from Calcutta and 1583 from Bombay by the broad-gauge lines *via* Tundla Junction. It is built on a plateau on the left bank of the Bara, 1165 feet above the sea, and has a population of over 95,000. The railway, which formerly terminated at Peshawar, has now been extended eleven miles to Jamrud Fort, at the entrance to the Khaibar Pass.

The old town has a mud wall ten feet high with sixteen gates, and a square, brick and mud, fort, with walls rising to the height of ninety-two feet. Our first care was to get our passes and make arrangements for our visit to the Khaibar; and after that we drove around the city within the walls for some hours. The Ghor Khatri and Old Palace are uninteresting; and the fort, with a single gun mounted in each of the four corner bastions, was only remarkable for the view of the

snow-covered mountains on the frontier and of the flat roofs of the houses in the old city at one's feet. The timber framework of these houses is filled in with brick; and the roofs are walled round with screens of brick, wood, or "wattle and daub," so as to form unroofed rooms.

Peshawar claims exemption from the influence of the monsoons, and instead of a regular rainy season takes its showers as they come. During December and January there are dangerous floods in the Khaibar, and after heavy rains the road is slippery and treacherous for driving. In our drive around the cantonment—pronounced can-toón-ment—we noticed a great number of transport waggons and mules, but we did not inquire whether their number was abnormally large on account of the mission to Afghanistan or whether transport on a large scale is always ready here. But the people in its streets are more interesting than anything else in Peshawar. It is there you will see the men of the various clans and tribes forming the race of men known as Pathans—pronounced Pat-táns—or Afghans, who speak the Pushtu language and live on both sides of the border. Peshawar city bears a bad name, and we met people living in the cantonment who had never been within the walls, and others who went there in bodily fear. One of our party walked through it from one gate to another without seeing another sahib, and was much interested in the people, who on their part reciprocated his sentiments.

In Peshawar we bought Kabul—pronounced Káw-bull—coats or *postins* made of sheepskins with brown wool, the skins dyed yellow and decorated with coloured stitches. They asked thirty-five

rupees for short coats and fifty rupees for long ones, and pointed to the circular customs mark of the Amir as a proof of their genuineness.

For Imperial purposes the borders of India and Afghanistan are conterminous; but as a matter of fact the borderland is only nominally "under the influence" of the British; and the fierce and lawless Mohmands and Afridis—the ones to the north and the others to the south of the Kabul River—are very difficult to keep in order. To keep the Khaibar Pass open for the safe passage of caravans and travellers during two days in the week, regular blackmail is paid to the Afridis, in the form of an annual subsidy, for which the Afridis furnish soldiers to guard the Pass from themselves. These tribal levies are commanded by British officers and have answered the purpose very well. At any rate the Khaibar is quite safe for those who travel through from Peshawar on Tuesdays and Fridays; and tourists are given, without any charge or toll, a pass to go as far as Ali Masjid, half-way to Lundi Kotal. Some influence is required to get permission to go as far as the latter place, which is at the summit of the Pass, 3600 feet above the level of the sea. The clan of Afridis who live in the Khaibar are called Zakka Khels, and the Khaibar Rifles who guard it are drawn from other clans.

Our permit read, "Season 1905 Khyber Pass. Messrs. Walter Del Mar, George F. Norton, and Wm. O. Hickok have permission to visit the Khyber Pass on Friday 24. 2. 1905, proceeding as far as Ali Masjid and returning the same day. [Signed] G. Roos Keppel, Major, Political Agent Khyber, Peshawar.

"Notice (1) This pass should be shown at the Khyber tolls office at Jamrud. (2) Visitors will not be allowed to pass Jamrud on the outward journey later than 11.30 A.M. (3) Visitors should arrange to leave Ali Masjid not later than 2 P.M. for the return journey. (4) Visitors are not allowed to enter the blockhouses and defence works."

It is only an hour's drive from the hotel to Jamrud Fort, and we left the latter place at ten o'clock; but in order to go as far as Lundi Kotal and back in the same day a much earlier start is necessary, and a pony should be engaged to ride between Ali Masjid and Lundi Kotal. There is a caravanserai on the road opposite Jamrud Fort, and there we found the "tum-tum" we had ordered to meet us. The tum-tum, a two-wheeled vehicle, is a sort of light tonga with cross-seats back to back, holding three and the driver, and drawn by a pair of ponies, one in the shafts and one hitched on the right side. The road from Jamrud rises at first, and then descends to the nearly level bed of the Khaibar stream, which it follows up to the base of Kadam Hill, about three miles from Jamrud.

Less than three weeks later, on the 14th of March, Major Roos Keppel surprised at Kadam a party of Afridis who had made a raid into British territory and carried off a quantity of loot, securing both the robbers and the stolen goods. Near Kadam the rugged slate rocks form a narrow gateway to the Pass, and there are some famous caves close by. The first pair of guards were seen at the top of the incline leading down to this gateway, and the second pair were at the gateway itself. Facing the gateway within the

Pass is the first fort or blockhouse, built of brick, on a hill along whose flank we wind up high above the stream. Then comes a ruined brick blockhouse, and farther on another brick blockhouse, beyond which is a ruined tower. After ascending about a thousand feet above Kadam the road enters a basin of slate hills surrounded by rugged cliffs. On the right, or north, are the sandstone cliffs of the Safed Koh range of mountains, which forms the southern watershed of the Kabul River.

Ahead rises Ali Masjid Fort, over 2700 feet above the sea; and 300 feet lower, at the base of the spur on which the fort is built, is the mosque, a tiny little white-washed building, on a raised platform by the side of the stream. To the right of the mosque the road to Lundi Kotal winds up the flank of the mountains; but when there is not much water in the stream the caravans use the lower road in the bed of the stream, which runs on the other side of the mosque, and there are many such short cuts used by the caravans in good weather. In spite of the heavy rain of the day before, the road was in excellent condition, and we had the advantage of a lovely clear day for our drive, although the cold wind, which usually blows out of the Pass, was exceptionally piercing. On the way up we saw no caravans, and if there were any going into Afghanistan that day they probably had gone on ahead; only patient asses carrying heavy loads of firewood, and a couple of pack-mules, each with a pair of leather-covered and metal-bound yakdans or "Peshawar trunks."

We arrived at Ali Masjid at twenty minutes

past eleven, and we had a look about before unpacking our tiffin-basket under the lee of the stone wall surrounding a small enclosure, which you are free to enter if you wish, between the mosque and the stream. The fort above us was captured by the Afridis on the 27th of August 1897, during the "Mad Mullah" campaign; and the Khaibar saw some fierce fighting in that year. The tribesmen dearly love a fight now, but for two days in the week the British officer at Peshawar is confident of his power to answer for your safety while you go and picnic in the home of the brigands. We remained at Ali Masjid a couple of hours, and about one o'clock the caravan from Lundi Kotal came in, along the bed of the stream, in charge of half a dozen guards, who were relieved at Ali Masjid by another set who convoyed the caravan to Jamrud Fort. There were about an even hundred camels —not more than one in every three being loaded, however; and their drivers were big dirty men who were not otherwise ferocious in appearance, although one or two of them looked after us in a manner so forbidding that we concluded it would not be wise to go beyond Jamrud on any of the five "off" days.

The camels themselves are not to be trusted on any day of the week, as they are always, in spite of their meek looks, ready to kick or bite. When on the march the head of each camel is usually tied by a six-foot rope to the tail of the one ahead. Some camel drivers ride their beasts lying flat on the camel's back, with their heads on the hump and their feet hanging over the tail. Our driver gave the distances as follows:—From

the hotel to Jamrud ten miles, and thirteen miles more to Ali Masjid. From Ali Masjid to Dhaka, on the Kabul River, is about twenty miles. Dhaka would therefore be about thirty-three miles from Peshawar; while Jalalabad is fifty-eight miles beyond Dhaka, and Kabul a hundred miles the other side of Jalalabad.

It is quite against the regulations to take photographs in the Pass; but the prohibition is not always enforced, and nearly everybody carried cameras and took photographs the day of our visit. When the last convoy arrived at Ali Masjid from Jamrud, one of the guards got in a rage with one of the men in the party under his charge, and after pelting him with stones, caught up with him and struck him, with the butt-end of his rifle, a heavy blow which glanced from the man's shoulder and hit him a nasty whack on the side of the head. We feared a tragedy at first, but the victim offered no resistance, and after a few angry words peace was restored. During tiffin we were entertained by a poor daft creature whose clothes were hung round with empty cartridge-cases and strips of leather, from which were suspended bits of metal. He was a man of about thirty-five, and carried in one hand a whip, which he cracked from time to time, and in the other a small ornamental axe. He seemed to be a great favourite with the guards, and occupied himself in striking attitudes, alternately wearing a fez, a cap, or a hat, and hanging the unused head-gear in his belt.

We drove back from Ali Masjid to the hotel in two hours and a quarter, and left that night by the Calcutta-Punjab mail for Rawal Pindi,

where our carriage was detached from the train, and at a convenient hour we sallied forth. From Rawal Pindi we made our excursion into Kashmir; and, on our return, after enjoying the kind hospitalities of friends, we left by the Calcutta mail for Agra, to see the Taj once more before our departure for Bombay and England.

From Agra to Bombay, by the G.I.P., is nearly 840 miles, and the Punjab mail is supposed to do it in something under twenty-seven hours; but, as a matter of fact, we were over an hour late in leaving Agra, and lost another hour before the end of the journey. Gwalior, Jhansi, and Bina are seen in the daylight, the Tope at Sanchi could just be distinguished in the dark, and about midnight we passed through Midghat, on the watershed of the Satpura range, between the Tapti and Narbada Rivers. After chhota hazri at Bhusaval in the early morning, we stopped at Chalisgaon, Munmar, Nasik, and Igatpuri; and descended the Thal Ghat, arriving in Bombay about midday.

Our last impression of Bombay, as the steamer weighed anchor, was of a young native in European clothes, decked out with garlands of flowers after the manner of the Hawaiian Islanders, who decorate departing friends with similar garlands (*leis*) when they come to bid them "farewell."

CHAPTER XXIII

'TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN'

The time to go—The climate—Choice of route—Discomforts—Distances—Cost—Money—Kit—Native servants—Tips—Railway travel—Preventions and cures—Works of reference.

THE ideal tour in India would begin in one cold season, would include a stay in Kashmir from early March until after the rains, and would be finished in the following cold season. But the great majority of tourists cannot make so long a visit to India, nor is it necessary that they should do so in order to see the principal objects of interest. The four cold-weather months from the 15th of November to the 15th of March will give ample time, and if another fortnight is considered necessary, begin the tour on the 1st of November rather than extend it beyond the middle of March. If you have the time and don't mind a rough trip, by all means visit the Gersoppa Falls on the Malabar Coast; and continue the excursion to the Kolar Gold-fields in Mysore. There are several falls, one of which has a sheer drop of over 800 feet.

The normal Indian seasons are: The Cold Weather, from November to the middle of

March; the Hot Weather, from the middle of March until the south-west monsoon breaks in June. When the Hot Weather begins, all who can do so leave The Plains, go to The Hills, where they can see The Snows, and remain until after The Rains, which usually finish in September. October is a hot month, but by the middle of November it is usually cool again. The winter of 1904-5 was exceptionally severe, and low-temperature records were made in Northern India; but it is important to remember that Northern India is always cold in winter, and it is absolutely necessary, both for health and comfort, to have your HEAVIEST UNDERCLOTHING AND WARMEST CLOTHES—including a thick overcoat and rugs. Cardigan waistcoats are also useful. From Allahabad north you may expect frosts at night, although the maximum daily temperature may range between 60° and 80° in the shade, and 120° to 140° in the sun. The great difference between the temperature in the shade and in the sun is somewhat trying. A pith helmet (*sola topi*) should *always* be worn when out in the sun; but it is well to keep in mind the dangers of a chill, and remember that one-third of the deaths in the native army are due to pneumonia. During our whole tour we never had a day when the thermometer got above 90° in the shade; but before we left Bombay 100° had been registered at Poona, 101° at Bijapur, and over 102° at Trichinopoli.

Visitors to India from the east usually arrange their tours with Rangoon or Colombo as a starting-point, those from the west generally land at Colombo or Bombay. If Ceylon has not

been previously visited the tourist will do well to go to Colombo direct, and work north through the Peninsula afterwards; but a tour confined to India can be most conveniently planned from Bombay, and by going south first, not only will the heat of early spring in Southern India be avoided, but you will travel in the contrary direction to the stream of tourists from Ceylon, and thereby enjoy the comforts of empty railway carriages and possibly more accommodation at hotels. In the Bombay hotels on the Bandar one should avoid the rooms facing the harbour, as the glare is very annoying. The best hotels in the various cities are usually very full during the winter season, and it is advisable to book your rooms in advance, unless you are prepared to take the risk of being obliged to put up with an inferior hotel. Rooms in dak bungalows cannot be engaged in advance.

Much bad food may be avoided by relying upon a well-stocked tiffin-basket; and a good bedding-roll should be carried, to be used in railway carriages and in places where the bedding provided is unclean or uncomfortable. The tourist has to be patient with ignorant and dishonest servants, and his only refuge is to trust them as little as possible; but he can keep his temper with the shopkeepers by simply refusing to purchase goods which can be bought in London of better quality and at lower prices than those usually offered to him in India. If he follows the precautions commonly taken by travellers, he will so far reduce the risk of disease that he need never be nervous; while during the winter the snakes are hibernating, and he

will be free from one of the risks of the hot and rainy seasons.

On the whole, if the tourist is exceptionally delicate or fastidious, he had better not make a long tour in India, for he will be sure to suffer some discomforts, and he cannot avoid seeing something of the poverty, misery, filth, and disease in the midst of which a great majority of the natives live and die, or help noticing the sufferings of the domestic animals doomed to lingering deaths by reason of religious prejudices.

The distance covered in our round trip in India, including Burma, Assam, and Kashmir, was about 13,500 miles. Of this, about 10,250 was by railway, 2000 by steamers, 800 by river boats, and 450 by road.

The cost of a tour in India to a bachelor, travelling first-class, and having the best of everything, including whisky and cigars (Indian), works out at exactly two guineas a day. This does not include cost of outfit, or purchases of curios or souvenirs, but covers all other expenses.

The currency is extremely simple. A British sovereign is legal tender throughout British India, and is accepted in all the Native States, for fifteen rupees; and you can save all losses in exchange if you care to take the risk of carrying enough gold with you for the trip. Bank of England notes are not legal tender and are subject to a discount. Indian bank notes are only good in the "circles" in which they are issued; and we had to pay four annas at Ellora to get change for a Rs.10 Bombay note. Small change is generally scarce, and should be husbanded for tips. The tiny pie coins are equal in

value to one-third of an English farthing, the pice (paisa) or quarter-anna to a farthing, the half-anna copper is equal to a halfpenny, and the rupee of sixteen annas to one shilling and fourpence. A hundred thousand rupees (value £6666) is called a lakh and is written Rs. 1,00,000, and a hundred lakhs of rupees or "crore" is written Rs. 1,00,00,000.

In *Around the World through Japan* will be found a complete list of clothes and other articles required. For a tour in India should be added a thoroughly waterproof bedding-roll which will contain a pair of blankets, rugs, an air-pillow, pillow-cases, and at least two pairs of sheets, each pair sewn up nearly to the top to form a sleeping-bag. At Bombay add one or two quilts (*razais*) to the bedding; and buy a metal wash-basin (*chilamchi*) with a leather cover, and face and bath towels. We found some dak bungalows without wash-basins, and most of those in railway carriages were too dirty to use. Clean towels are difficult to get in many hotels. At Simla clean towels were only provided twice a week, the excuse being that no washing was allowed to be done in Simla; and at Lahore we were informed at one hotel—not, however, the best one—that clean towels were only provided once in four days. Have a linen bag made to hold your *topi* if you desire to keep it clean during long railway journeys. You should bring an aluminium-fitted tiffin-basket with you, and a spirit-lamp for making tea; and you should buy your supplies before leaving Bombay. Biscuits, sardines, anna tins of potted meats, tea, sugar, dried milk, chocolate, salt, pepper, marmalade,

and chutney will be most useful. Be sure you have a good tin-opener and corkscrew. Your whisky flask should be a large one, and you can take it into the railway restaurants and dining-cars, and even into the dining-rooms of most hotels.

The resident sahibs do not carry sun-umbrellas; and they seldom wear gloves except for driving. A warm pair for winter wear in The Hills (mine were fur-lined) and a dogskin pair for railway travelling are additions to comfort; and a pair of tan gloves and white ones if you are to attend social functions. The latter should be wrapped in flannel to keep out the damp. The calling hours in Calcutta and Bombay, by the way, are between 12 noon and 2 P.M.

The selection of a servant is a matter of importance. You will be lucky if you are able during your first day in Bombay to secure a good servant. If you speak even a few words of Urdu, that mixture of Sanskrit with Arabic and Persian, which is more or less understanded of the people throughout India, you will be able to get better servants at half the wages demanded by those who speak English and act as interpreters and guides as well as valets. The English-speaking "guides" to be found in Bombay demand Rs.30 to 45 a month plus Rs.10 "clothing allowance" before starting. Up country an equally good servant can be got for Rs.6 to 12 a month. Examine the candidates' "chits" (chitthi) carefully, always bearing in mind that they may be downright forgeries or that they may refer to an entirely different person to the one presenting them. If genuine they are of the greatest value

to the servant; therefore when you engage a servant take his chits from him and deposit them with your agent or banker in Bombay with instructions to deliver them only on your written order. If you take the chits with you the servant may get hold of them and bolt, with some of your property as well. The deposit of his chits is the best protection you can have against robbery. You will be expected to pay the servant's fare back to the place where you engaged him; but have it understood that you do not do so if he leaves your service or falls ill, otherwise he will be "very sick" whenever he finds his "squeezes," which he calls "dasturi," fall below his expectations. Call him "boy" or "bearer" instead of by his own name, which will probably be some equivalent to chief, lord, or master. Have it understood, *and put all the terms in writing*, that he travels third-class on the railways, and rides with the driver when you are out driving. See that the fringe of his turban is not inordinately long, and *insist* that he takes off his shoes whenever he enters your room or railway carriage. You may prefer to see his black feet covered, but an Indian servant wearing shoes in your rooms assumes an attitude which might be compared to that of an English butler who came into your presence, hat on head and hands in pocket, whistling "Britons never shall be slaves." It is better to send your bearer a chit after you have returned home rather than give him one when parting with him; the fact that you have not yet given him a recommendation will keep him up to the mark to the last moment.

You will save many rupees and keep your

bearer out of much temptation if you will take the trouble to do your own tipping. The scale of tips given below has been arrived at in two ways: first, by asking the advice of resident sahibs; and secondly, by diminishing the tips until dissatisfaction was shown, or increasing them until the recipient thought he had found a gold mine and tried to work it for the advantage of himself and his friends.

Roughly, the tips to Indian servants should be about one-quarter of those given to English servants. The charge established by the railway company for the coolies who transfer your luggage from the steamer at Sara Ghat to the railway carriage is half an anna per package, which is one-quarter of the customary twopence per package at English railway stations. One anna per coolie was usually satisfactory; a tip of two annas was too much. At hotels and dak bungalows where the usual stay is one to three days, a rupee is sufficient to distribute between the sweeper (*mehtar*), butler (*khansaman* or *khidmatgar*), and any other servant who has been useful. A good pankha-wala may get a tip up to four annas. At private houses tips may run up to a rupee to each of the head house servants and to the groom (*sais*). At railway restaurants two annas is enough; and on long railway journeys by the mail trains eight annas may be given to the butler of the dining-car.

On the steamers from London to Aden, or Marseilles to Bombay, the following tips are expected:—Cabin steward, ten shillings; table steward, ten shillings; smoking-room barman, half-a-crown; bath-room steward, half-a-crown to five

shillings; baggage steward and deck steward, up to half-a-crown, according to services rendered. If you are not a good sailor the tip to the cabin steward may be increased. From Aden, if you change to another steamer to go to Bombay, half the above tips are customary.

Cook's railway coupons have advantages on some Indian railways in the way of stop-over privileges, which the tickets bought at the booking-offices do not entitle the traveller to, so that they should be given the preference. The railway station-masters are, as a rule, very obliging. Letters may be addressed to their care, and conveniences in the way of through carriages, reserved seats, and so on secured through them. On many railways the holders of three first-class tickets can have a compartment reserved. The guard of your train will wire ahead free of charge to order meals at railway stations. Until you are sure that your servant attends to it, always see at railway junctions that your luggage remains on the train you are going on with or is duly transferred when you change.

The most satisfactory railway guide is the *Indian A.B.C.*, and it will be noticed that the hours are numbered in the time-tables from 1 to 24, as in Italy, so that the hours after noon run from 13 to 24. The natives also beckon in the same way as the Italians, with the back of the hand up. The Government of India have ordered the introduction of a universal railway and telegraph office time, to be called Indian Standard Time, which is exactly five hours and a half in advance of Greenwich. This takes the place of Madras Time, formerly used on all the

Indian railways. The new Standard Time is the true time for places on the meridian of 82°30′ east, and Allahabad is the only city near it. The true local time of places to the west is slower than Standard Time, while it is faster in places to the east. Bombay, for example, is 39 minutes behind and Calcutta about 24 minutes ahead of Standard Time.

We had read that in British India alone there had been nearly 22,000 deaths attributed to snake bites during the year 1903; but outside the museums we only saw one snake in all India, and that was a poor harmless reptile we nearly rode over when bicycling near Moulmein. But there are other dangers to be avoided, and it is well to take certain precautions as well as to be provided with certain remedies.

My precautions are:—First, a flannel stomach band worn next to the skin from Port Said until returning there; second, take only warm baths in India, since many people get fever as the result of cold baths there; third, daily doses of four grains of quinine; fourth, drink no milk and no water unless boiled and passed through a clean Pasteur filter. My quinine was in two-, three-, and five-grain gelatine-coated pills; but it is well to note that seven-grain quinine powders can be bought at all Madras Presidency post offices for a quarter-anna, and quinine pills may be had at other post offices.

Carry a supply of boracic powder and lint, carbolic acid, court-plaster, and adhesive tape plaster. Great care should be taken with cuts or broken skin. We heard of deaths at Haidarabad and at Calcutta from tetanus developing from

hands cut in falls from horses. A few drops of carbolic acid in warm water is very useful for washing wounds. The above was all I had occasion to use; but I also carried a dozen other drugs, of which fellow-travellers were glad to avail themselves. These were:—Cockle's pills, opium (half-grain compressed), chlorodyne (ten-drop capsules), sodium salicylate (five-grain compressed), lactopeptine, solution of ammonia, glycerine of tannic acid, oil of eucalyptus, sulphate of zinc eye-lotion, mustard leaves, a clinical thermometer, and camel's-hair brushes.

Soda-water, or as the natives call it *vilayati pani* or *belaiti pani* ("foreign water"), is to be had in most towns and railway stations throughout India. There is nothing to show that the aerated water is not full of microbes or dangerously impure; but it is certainly better than ordinary drinking water, and it is generally considered to be quite safe. However that may be, it is very cheap, usually only a few annas a dozen; but the bottles are expensive. You may pay four to ten annas for a single bottle of soda-water; but if you return an empty bottle when you buy a full one the difference in price should never be more than one anna. Your bearer will, of course, charge you the full price, and forget to credit you with the empty bottles unless you know their value.

To convert Mohammedan dates, "A.H.," to our era, "A.D.," deduct three per cent and add 621½. For example, 1000 A.H. less three per cent. = 970, plus 621½ = 1591½ A.D.; that is, the first day of 1000 A.H. would be in the middle of the year 1591 A.D. The exact formula

is "multiply A.H. expressed in years and decimals by .970224 and add 621.5774."

The standard works of reference on India, which have been freely consulted for the facts contained in this book, are the following:—*The Imperial Gazetteer of India*, which is twenty-five years old and therefore out of date, but a new revised edition is expected to be finished in 1906; *The Reports of the Archæological Surveys*, and similar works, by Gen. Cunningham, Dr. Burgess, and Major Cole; *The Geological Survey of India*; *The Census of* 1901; the annual *Statement exhibiting the Moral and Material Progress and Condition of India*, which may be called the autobiography of the Indian Government; *Asiatic Transactions*; Fergusson's *History of Indian and Eastern Architecture*. This last is a bulky volume, but it is worth taking out to read on the steamer, even if you leave it behind when touring. Handier books are: Hunter's *Brief History of the Indian Peoples*; *The Tale of the Great Mutiny*, by W. H. Fitchett; Arnold's *Light of Asia*; Dutt's translation of the *Mahabharata*; *The Sikhs*, by Gen. Sir John Gordon; Strachey's *India*; Townsend's *Asia and Europe*; Kidd's *Control of the Tropics*; Lyell's *Asiatic Studies*; *The Making of a Frontier*, by Lydekker; and Major Roger's *How to Speak Hindustani*, which can be bought for ninepence, and is worth the price for the chapter on pronunciation alone.

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